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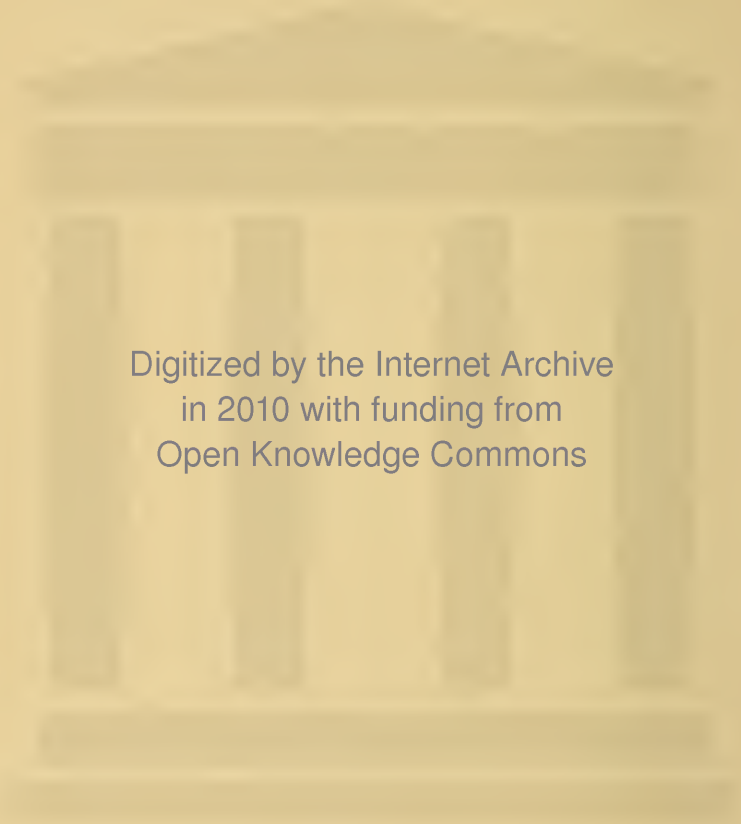
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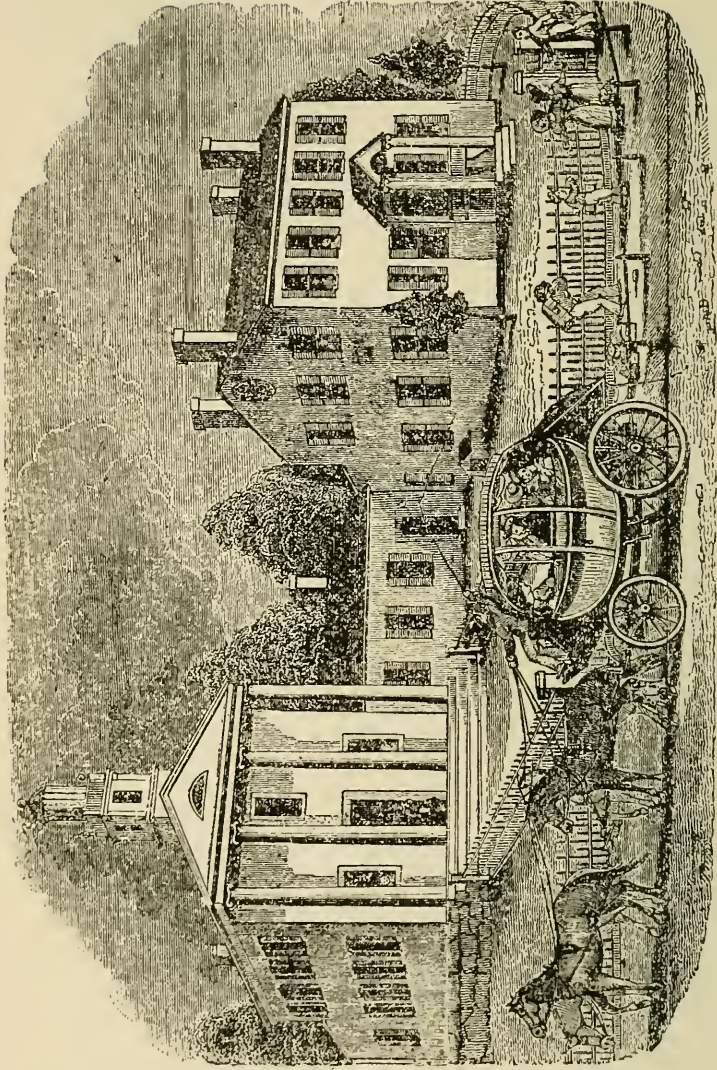


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THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE AUTHOR, THEN KNOWN AS THE NEW CANAAN SEMINARY  
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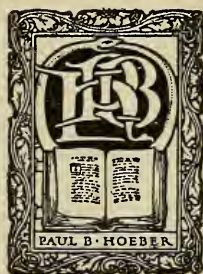


# RAMBLING RECOLLECTIONS

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY

A. D. ROCKWELL, M. D.



NEW YORK

PAUL B. HOEBER

1920



JUN 20 1951

DLG

THESE RECOLLECTIONS  
ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED  
TO MY WIFE AND CHILDREN

My thanks are due to my friend  
Mr. Charles Hardy Meigs, to whom  
I am indebted for many valuable sug-  
gestions and much helpful aid in the  
preparation of these pages.

## FOREWORD

The sun nears the western sky, and sitting by my peaceful fireside, memories come trooping on to cheer and comfort me. One has said "in the circle of life the nearer we are to the end, the closer are we to the beginning," and so in the following pages I have lingered long, perhaps too long, over my boyhood days. They have ever brought pleasant thoughts to me—my only apology for their prominence in these recollections. Written originally for the perusal of my children only, this story of my life has unwittingly crept between these two covers. If any other readers can find a grain of pleasure herein in whiling away a few hours, I shall be doubly repaid for my efforts.

A. D. R.



# CONTENTS

BOOK	PAGE
<p>I.—CHILDHOOD AND EARLY YOUTH . . . . .</p> <p style="padding-left: 2em;">Earliest Remembrances—The New Canaan Seminary—My Father's School—Boyish Escapades—The Country Doctor—Summer Excursions and Winter Sports—Visits to My Grandparents—"Old Sarah's" Cave—The Boys' Parlor—Church Going—Comstock's Pond—First Attempts at Composition—The Coming of the Bishop—Visits to My Aunt in Cherry Time—My Uncle and His Country Store.</p>	13
<p>II.—YOUTH AND EARLY MANHOOD . . . . .</p> <p style="padding-left: 2em;">Enter the Employ of Ball, Black &amp; Company, N. Y.—New York in the Fifties—Henry Ward Beecher and Plymouth Church—Return to New Canaan—Teach in My Father's School—Enter Kenyon College—Description of College Days and College Friends—Begin the Study of Medicine—Teach in a Country School—First Army Experiences, Guarding Prisoners at Camp Chase—Enter the Medical Department of the University of Michigan—Final Course of Lectures at the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, N. Y.—Description of the Faculty—Graduation—Again Enter the Army as Assistant Surgeon of the Sixth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry.</p>	63
<p>III.—A RIDE WITH SHERIDAN . . . . .</p> <p style="padding-left: 2em;">General Sheridan—The Crossing of the Rapidan—Battle of the Wilderness—Sheridan's Raid—A Surprise Attack—Battles of Yellow Tavern—Hawes' Shop—Cold Harbor—Trevilian Station—St. Mary's Church—Capture of the Weldon Railroad—The Siege of Richmond and Petersburg—The Fall of These Cities—Pursuit of the Confederate Army—Appomattox.</p>	137
<p>IV.—CIVIL LIFE AND PRACTICE . . . . .</p> <p style="padding-left: 2em;">Begin Practice in New York City—Dr. George M. Beard—His Early Life and Characteristics—Become Interested in the Relation of Electricity to Medicine—Form Partnership with Dr. Beard for the Purpose of Its Development—Our Early Work—My Marriage—Old St. James'—Dr. Beard and I Dissolve Partnership—Dr. Beard's Experience as a Popular Lecturer—Professorship in the New York Post Graduate Medical School.</p>	177

BOOK	PAGE
V.—ELECTRO EXECUTION . . . . .	221
<p>My Official Connection With It—Experiments at Edison's Laboratory and the Prisons of the State to Determine the Best Method of Procedure—Opposition to the New Law by the Westinghouse Company—Experiences as a Witness for the State.</p>	
VI.—A TRIP ABROAD . . . . .	233
<p>The Bromide of Sodium as an Antidote for Sea Sickness—Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Bristow and Boss Shepherd—A Cycling Trip Through the Valley of the Wye—Studies of Characteristics in the Tap-Rooms of English Inns—An Accident—London, Paris and Home.</p>	
VII.—PERSONAL SKETCHES . . . . .	253
<p>Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase—Edwin M. Stanton—Rutherford B. Hayes—Theodore Roosevelt—General Wm. T. Sherman—Commodore Vanderbilt—Henry Ward Beecher—Benjamin F. Tracy—Senator Grimes—The Potters—Moses Taylor—David Hoadly—Wm. E. Dodge—Peter Stuyvesant—General Niven—George Francis Train—Burroughs Lewis—Simon Sterne—Charles Scribner—E. Delafield Smith—Albert Bierstadt—General S. Wylie Crawford—Mark Twain—Wm. M. Tweed—Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr.—Judge Henry E. Davies—Wm. S. Mayo—Dr. Gilbert—Frederick Loeser—Benj. Altman—John Jay—Captain Zalinski—Rev. Thos. B. Slicer—Moncure Conway—William Astor—J. K. Emmet—Isaac K. Funk—Robert McCurdy—Alex. Graham Bell—Adrian Iselin—George Kemp—James B. Haggin—J. Hooker Hamersley—The Colgates—Asa Packer—Lieutenant General Adna H. Chaffee—Major General Wm. H. Carter—Stewart L. Woodford—Dr. John T. Metcalfe—General Thos. B. Sweeny—Joseph Cook—Rev. Wm. H. H. Murray—Governor Daniel Henry Chamberlain—Marc Klaw—Captain Frederick Hobart.</p>	
EPILOGUE . . . . .	324
INDEX . . . . .	327



## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE AUTHOR, THEN KNOWN AS THE NEW CANAAN SEMINARY . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE OLD ROCKWELL HOME, RIDGEFIELD, CON- NECTICUT, BUILT IN 1800 . . . . .	<i>Facing Page</i> 42
LAKE WACCABUC . . . . .	“ “ 46
KENYON COLLEGE, BUILT IN 1828 . . . . .	“ “ 84
A. D. ROCKWELL, M.D., SURGEON AND MAJOR IN THE SIXTH OHIO CAVALRY, U. S. V., 1864	“ “ 136
A. D. ROCKWELL . . . . .	“ “ 176
GEORGE M. BEARD . . . . .	“ “ 182





## CHILDHOOD AND EARLY YOUTH



WAS born in New Canaan, Conn., May 18th, 1840, and was christened Alphonso David Rockwell. This, however, was not the name by which I was first known. My parents evidently had a strong Biblical tendency, for the Prophet Elias came near being perpetuated through me. Alphonso Elias was the name with which I started on this earthly pilgrimage, and indicated my identity for the first six years of my life. One day my father called me to him and said he was thinking of changing my middle name from Elias to David. This was my father's name, and he wished me to share it with him. To this I strenuously objected, but he pacified me by saying that we would "just call it so." This, I remember, satisfied me; since "calling it so" would not in reality make it so, I thought, and so I made no further objection. On the following Sunday, however, with my four brothers, I was christened in church, and in my case "David" substituted for "Elias." I do not remember that I was much disturbed about it.

One's earlier remembrances are scattered and few. It is my idea that all mental impressions are permanently retained. The brain cells are innumerable, millions of them, and each one capable of storing away for future use the imprint of every event and thought. Some cells are active, others dormant, and as the years go by the active cells become relatively less, so that the mind can, at will, call to light but an infinitesimal number of the happenings of the past. But, just as in the physical world no particle of matter is lost, so also in the realm of mind and spirit. The brain may be compared to an old garret, where are stored away in its musty recesses things of the past. In the case of the mind, only *some* few events as memories remain permanently with us; and a few others

are revived only through some fitting association of ideas. The vast overwhelming majority of the occurrences of life remain dormant and consciously will never more exist.

My earliest recollection relates to the latter part of my third year. I remember one pleasant spring morning marching around the house with a book under my arm, and singing out "Four years old next May!" One other event only do my brain cells liberate. I am conscious of a cloudy morning. I am alone in the yard in front of the dwelling-house with a kite flying high in air, very high it seems to me, for it is above the house. The string breaks and away it goes to regions unknown. At this time my father was, I believe, out of business. He was a teacher, and after following his profession in a number of places,—Reading, Conn., being one of them—he bought this New Canaan place and established his school there. Two or three years previous to the time I am writing about, however, he had given up the school and had gone into the business of a general country store with my mother's brother, Seymour Comstock. As neither of them was a very good business man, the enterprise came to naught. My father desired to return to his regular business, for which he was by nature well fitted, but the lease of his property would not expire for two years and he must needs look about for another place. He decided on Ridgefield, his ancestral home, and my next recollection is that of playing with a ball in the yard of the house on the beautiful old village street where he had domiciled his family. The ball rolled into a cistern, and the scene closes. I remember also trying to go alone up the street to my grandfather's, about a quarter of a mile away. As we stayed in Ridgefield less than two weeks, the memory of these two incidents indicates that the mind was growing in retentive strength. For some reason it was decided that Ridgefield was not a desirable place for the school, and we therefore moved ten miles further on to Danbury.

How peaceful and primitive the little town of Ridgefield must have been in those early days! Some seven hundred feet above the level of the sea and fifteen miles from the waters of the Sound, it was indeed isolated and far from the madding crowd. Few of its industrious inhabitants had ever seen the great metropolis. There were no railroads in that

section of the country (1845), and to get to New York meant a long drive to Norwalk or Stamford, and thence by sloop or steamboat to the City. Everything was quiet and serene. If it cannot be said that nobody worried, as it cannot be said of any people, it can be said with approximate truth that nobody hurried. But more of Ridgefield anon.

Danbury, too, was not much of a town, but compared to Ridgefield it was a busy place. There was a hat factory there and a half a dozen stores, more or less. One actually saw people on the streets sometimes, and in going into a store it was not an occasion for surprise if one saw a customer or two buying goods. It was not necessary to wait until Sunday, as in Ridgefield, to see the people. In that town very few were ever seen on the village street, excepting on Sundays, when everybody went to church.

I have some pleasant recollections of the year that we spent at Danbury. How the boys of the school came from and went to New York I do not remember, but I suppose they must have come by steamboat to Norwalk, and by some sort of conveyance to Danbury. Although then but five years old, I distinctly remember the house, the grounds, the road and the general aspect of the surrounding country. We were on what is still called Deer Hill, directly overlooking the village street, down which we coasted during the winter. Evidently it was called Deer Hill because of some association with that animal, but the name has always seemed appropriate to me because of the cute little fawn that some of the boys had caught on the "mountain"—a high hill about a mile away. He was a beautiful little thing, still needing a mother's care, yet he thrived and seemed altogether contented with his environment. He never wandered away, but became a universal pet. One day some of the mischievous boys began to tease him, and, when the annoyance became unbearable, the deer, with one venturesome bound, vaulted over the high fence, fled down the road towards the "mountain" and soon disappeared from view. It was the "call of the wild," instinctive, stimulated to action by the teasing of human captors. I say we never saw him more, but one day on one of our excursions to the "mountain" we saw, not far away, quietly gazing at us, what all declared to be the very same animal.

We tried to lure him to us, but he turned tail, pushed into the woods, and so far as we were concerned that was the last of our little pet.

Many, many years after, a friend of mine, by name Dr. William C. Wile, amassed a fortune in Danbury. He gradually withdrew from the practice of medicine and engaged in the manufacture and sale of proprietary medicines. Up the side of this great mountain of my childish mind he built, in the midst of his domain of two hundred acres or so, a beautiful house overlooking the home of my early boyhood. Further up on the very summit of the "mountain" another mansion now stands, and between these two is the very spot, I fancy, where this deer was caught, and where afterwards we saw it quietly grazing in its newly found freedom.

Being but five years old when we migrated to Danbury, I do not recall much about the interior of the house; none of the rooms where we slept or studied or dined are visualized. But the large square house, with its yard and enclosing white picket fence, the outhouses, and especially the outlook to the Southern hills and over the little village nestling to the East and below us, have never been forgotten.

My father had been brought up in the faith of the Methodist church, my mother in that of the Episcopalian. It was here in Danbury that he transferred his allegiance to the latter. The Methodists at that time were not quite so decorous in their worship as at the present day. In their prayer meetings especially, noise was the predominating feature. The noisier they were, the greater the religion! The Indians of old, when they wished to exorcise the evil spirits, danced, howled, and beat their drums. It was good exercise and good fun, too. Similarly, our forefathers, in order to propitiate the Good Spirit, often did the same thing in a different way. They did not beat the drum nor dance, but they did a great deal of groaning, and with quite as good success for the time as their ruder brethren. But that these irrational and violent methods of procedure assisted very much in elevating the moral nature may well be doubted.

Emerson says, "To aim to convert a man by miracles is a profanation of the soul. A true conversion, a true Christ, is now, as always, to be made by the reception of beautiful senti-

ments." Some such conception as this must have entered my father's mind and discouraged him from further attendance at these noisy, yet evidently sincere, gatherings. He retained his orthodoxy to the end, but preferred worship that was orderly and quiet. He therefore joined the Episcopal church, and I well remember my first attendance at one of its services. The surplice of the minister I mistook for a nightgown, and in a far-reaching whisper to my mother, expressed my astonishment that he had not dressed himself before coming to church.

About three miles from the town there was a beautiful sheet of water, called Mill Plane Pond, now called Lake Kenosha, or some more euphonious Indian name. To this pond all the school occasionally went for an excursion and to sport in its waters. How my mind reverts to the peaceful quietude of those times. A lovely lake undefiled by an encroaching population, solitary and alone, with human habitations scattered along the road only here and there, just sufficient to keep one in touch with one's kind. Very few of the care-free boys that used to tramp so cheerily to the Pond still live. What commingled joys, sorrows, successes, failures, and even tragedies, may have been illustrated in their lives.

It is a cool October early morning. Looking out of the window before breakfast, I see three boys jumping up and down a bending board. My father sees them and appears not altogether pleased. He is about to call to them with some impatience when my mother, who is always ready to take the part of the boys, interferes, points out what a good time they are having and that they are doing no harm. Two of these boys were the brothers William and Edward Browning, afterwards heads of the great clothing house of the name, who amassed millions of money. Both are now dead. Edward, the younger, became blind and helpless. I have seen him, old and sightless, led through the streets by his attendant, and the two pictures of the extremes of life,—one the joyous, vigorous boy, the other the sad, helpless veteran at the end of his course,—were altogether pathetic.

In 1846, having resided but one year in Danbury, we moved to Greenwich. Why we moved again so soon, I do not remember, but probably because the town was so far away

from New York where most of the pupils lived. Greenwich was much nearer, directly on the Sound, and there was no long land transportation. Although I remember so many events connected with our stay in Danbury, I recall absolutely nothing about our leaving, as I remember nothing about our going there. Like Danbury, Greenwich was an exceedingly quiet, primitive village, with its plain country residents of small means, very different from the ambitious place of to-day, with its palatial mansions occupying every commanding height, and the home of wealth almost incalculable. Our house was situated on the main street, just south of the street that led down to the steamboat landing, about a mile away. In those days there were sister steamboats, named the *Cricket* and the *Catiline*, that made daily trips to and from New York. They were small boats, but how enormous and grand they seemed to me then. One was commanded by Alphonso Peck, for whom I was named. The house in which we lived is, I think, still standing, and was well fitted for school work, being large and square and with many rooms. Singularly enough, illustrating how capricious is memory, I cannot recall the name of a single one of the boys that were pupils at Greenwich, while I remember quite a number of those with us earlier at Danbury, and yet I was a year older, and a year in the first half decade of life is a long time.

About Greenwich itself, however, its streets, its houses, its people, I remember much more. I made my first acquaintance with the full moon at this time. I see myself standing on the back porch gazing, gazing, and wondering. To me there never was, nor ever can be, a man in the moon. I saw no face there, only a river bank with an overhanging tree, and that is what I see to this day when looking at the full moon. I was told by one of the boys that if, under the full moon, I looked at anything with sufficient intentness with my face turned towards my left shoulder, and wished for it, I should get it. Over the fence was a neighbor's yard that was forbidden ground. There were some fine large apples there, and I longed for one. I climbed on the fence and put the principle in practice one moonlight night, and waited longingly with some confidence that the apple would come to me. No apple came. I believe I was not entirely disillusioned at that



time, since it was explained that one could not always expect to be successful on the first trial. On another occasion, one frosty morning in autumn, a boy told me that if we walked on the top of a broad stone fence nearby, we should be more comfortable, since we should be nearer the sun. We tried it, but whether our imaginations helped us to get warmer, I do not remember. So it would seem that, as a child I was ordinarily credulous, ready to believe the thing that was told me; while as a man, I am more than ordinarily incredulous. It is difficult for me to believe anything that does not commend itself to my judgment; anything that is not in accordance with things known and understood, or that is beyond the pale of ordinary experience and understanding, must be weighed and well considered, and a reason given.

My father at this time joined the Episcopal church. The whole school every Sunday morning marched two by two in a long line to the church, situated half-way down Putnam's Hill. During the Revolution, when the British invaded this quiet hamlet, they found some Continentals there under Putnam. These retreated across a swamp at the foot of the hill, while Putnam made his way on horseback down some steps used by the people coming to church. I have an idea that some of these steps were pointed out to me in my boyhood time. If Putnam really did ride his horse down those steps, in all probability he went gingerly enough, but the popular representation was that of the general on a horse, wild with excitement, dashing down the stone steps at perilous speed, while from behind, the enemy were firing ineffective volleys.

This swamp through which our forces escaped became quite a pond in winter, and many were the fine times we enjoyed skating there. New Canaan was fourteen miles away and the steeple of the Congregational church near our old home was quite easily seen on a clear day. I well remember calling attention to it. It was a day of surpassing beauty, a clear blue sky, without cloud, mist or haze. We were on our way to church, and from the crest of the hill I espied the lone spire in the dim distance. I pointed it out to my father with some excitement, and I well remember with what interest and awe I gazed upon the familiar steeple, now a mere thread, so far away.

Th rector of the church was a Mr. Yarrington, and he and my father became fast friends. The rector was a good old-fashioned churchman, and my father being a new recruit, a convert, as it were, the minister took a special interest in fanning to a good fervent heat the churchly tendency in his parishioner. Mr. Yarrington was a finely bred man, a gentleman in every sense, and years after, when, with my wife and children, I was returning from my summer sojourn at New Canaan, I met him on the New Haven train. He was then an old man, so old that he was in possession of a cane that was and still is, I suppose, handed over to the oldest rector in the diocese. I found him the same interesting, genial man as of old, and an earnest advocate of church unity, to accomplish which, however, all other churches should be swallowed up by the *only true church*,—the little Protestant Episcopal Church. The good rector was sincere and meant well.

At this time the only way of getting to New York was by steamboat or stage, but the New York and New Haven Railroad was in process of construction. Just to the east of the Greenwich station is a rocky cut, and I well remember, as a boy of six, sitting high up on the rocks, watching the workmen as they blasted through. More than seventy years have rolled away since then, and yet I never pass that spot on the train without recalling the little lad sitting high up on the rocks, watching the blasting and the busy running to and fro of the dirt cars on their temporary tracks. The New Haven road gradually developed into one of the most profitable carriers of human freight in the country. Its dividends were so large that in order not to pay over to the State all above ten per cent. of profit, it projected all manner of improvements, in the matter especially of straightening and shortening the tracks. Its bonds and stocks were gilt-edge and no investment was more to be desired than one in it.

We stayed but a year in Greenwich, the school being profitable and successful, I believe, but the lease of the New Canaan place having expired, we moved to the old home for a long stay. This was about the year 1846, and I remember just one and only one event of that removal. My father bought a large load of young apple-trees and I had the inexpressible delight of going along with the one who drove, who-

ever he was. He has faded out of my memory, but the trees are forever green. These trees were set out in a good-sized lot in the rear of the Congregational church and our school house. I saw them develop to maturity. Every spring for years I watched for the budding of the apple blossoms, and then for the ripening of the apples.

Who can adequately describe the charm of an apple tree in full bloom, or the cherry tree, either, for that matter? Apples flanked our house on the right, and cherries on the left, these latter having been set out also by my father. Indeed on every side, there are great elms and maples yet flourishing, mute evidences of the good work of the long-stilled hand that placed them there. It has been said that he who causes two blades of grass to grow where one grew before becomes a benefactor of his race. How much more he who makes possible great century-living trees, lending their beauty to the landscape for generations, and others that give every season, not only their beauty, but also their delicious fruit. The apple orchard is still there, but the few trees remaining are old, decrepit, gnarled, with few apples to be seen as the summer and autumn come around. Many years after, when we were living in another house and the old place was in the possession of the distinguished surgeon Dr. Willard Parker, he did a kindly and graceful act. Remembering that my father planted the orchard, he gathered a bushel of the finest apples and brought them to us as a gift. A little thing, you say. Yes, truly, but it is only large and hospitable minds that do these gracious, graceful little things.\*

With the exception of a few months' sojourn in New York City, my days from that time, 1846-1857, were spent in New Canaan. What happy days they were! Unhappy he who cannot recall the experiences of his childhood and feel the

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\*In his time Dr. Parker was both respected and beloved by the townspeople and yet he did not hesitate to rebuke vigorously if occasion demanded. An old resident of the village, who was a most disagreeable grumbler, complained to the doctor about the unequal distribution of wealth. "Here am I," he said, "worth only \$5,000, while you, Dr. Parker, are worth \$200,000." "You never knew me," quickly replied the doctor, "to measure the worth of any man in this town by his money. But you complain that I am worth \$200,000, while you are worth only \$5,000—forty times more than you are worth—I will tell you *why* I am worth forty times more than you—it is because I am worth forty such men as *you*."

glow of fond recollections and the half sad yet sweet regret that such joys have forever passed away. Not that our youthful days, even in the most favored cases, are unassociated with many trying and humiliating things. In this respect nature is very kind to us. We speedily forget the bad, and remember only the good. The taunts of our fellows, the dreary hours of work along perhaps uncongenial lines, the misunderstandings and lack of sympathy, all these kindly Time in great part effaces. But who ever forgets the romance of youth? Given a perfect October day and the freedom of the fields and woods, what in life can surpass it? The bodily activities are in unison, so that one experiences not only a perfect physical life, but the spirits, too, are acting along the high-water mark. We roam the fields and the woods, climb to the topmost branches of the highest trees and rejoice in the free, wild life around—birds, squirrels, rabbits, and if we find a woodchuck's hole, what excitement in smoking the fellow out! It must be admitted that youth in its thoughtlessness is oft times cruel, and the average boy is the enemy, rather than the friend, of these companions of the woods. Barring these defects, boy life is pretty straightforward and honest. It is only in after life that the art of dissimulation and concealment is acquired.

## CHAPTER II

ABOVE my desk in my house in Flushing hang three pictures which are very dear to my heart. The first is of my grandfather's house in Ridgefield; the second of my father's house and school in New Canaan in the late forties, and the third of the same house in the early fifties of the past century. The picture here represented is the earlier of the two. New Canaan people will all recognize the dwelling house, lately occupied by the late Reverend Doctor Grosvenor, formerly Dean of St. John's Cathedral. Before that it was for many years the residence of Doctor Willard Parker, of whom I have spoken. The school-house and the connecting part are beyond the remembrance of the present generation, and I myself have but a faint recollection of the place with its picket fence and the old-fashioned coach which brought the boys of my father's school from the steamboat landing in Norwalk or Stamford before the days of the New Haven Railroad. The school as here seen was called the "New Canaan Seminary." Later my father changed it to the less high-sounding title of "Boarding School for Boys," and later still, because of the two churches, one on either side, it arose to the dignity of "Church-Hill Institute." What a view we had from what was termed the "Green" in front of the school-house. The trees did not at the time obstruct the vision. The Sound and the Long Island shore were distinctly visible for a long stretch, and I remember to have heard one of our household say that, when the steamboat *Lexington* burned in mid-winter with such terrible loss of life, the conflagration was distinctly visible. The New Canaan of that time was not the New Canaan of to-day, yet the village proper was in general effect very much the same. The greatest change is in the country around. Where the boys roamed is now in many places restricted ground. So many fine houses have gone up where once were sterile farms, and smart automobiles have replaced the one-horse shay.

We had a man of all work, named Patrick, a horse named Peter, and a cow who was simply "Boss." I remember Pat-

rick as a faithful man. We became great friends, and nothing pleased me better than to be with him when he worked, and especially to go to the barn and chat with him while he curried and fed the horse and milked the cow. Evidently he was but a young fellow, but I think of him as a mature man. I have often wondered what ever became of him. For Peter, the horse, I entertained a real affection, and when Patrick left us, it fell to my lot to care for the horse. I recall the genuine interest I felt in doing this, and because of this care I was given special liberty with him. He was at his best under the saddle, and many a glorious ride did I have along the roads over the hills of that sightly region, and the equestrian familiarity gained then stood me in good stead years after in my army life.

In addition to the care of the horse, when we had no hired man, I even fed the pigs. But the most trying thing that I had to do was to get up early, on cold winter mornings, to sweep the schoolroom and to make the fire in the big stove. It was necessary to get out of my warm bed long before daylight and I recall how I inwardly rebelled against the stern necessity. I did this for only one winter, when much to my relief other arrangements were made.

One of the boys in the school at this time was a psychological study. His name was Charlie Goin, and if submission and good nature were ever carried to greater extremes than by him, I have yet to know it. Charlie was the butt of the school. He was long and lean, with sharp features, red eyes and moist nose. He was obedient to the whims of anyone who had the notion to boss him, and he seldom balked. Now Charlie took quite a fancy to me, perhaps because I was the son of the autocrat of the school and was endowed with special privileges. One of these privileges was that of getting out of bed long before dawn, with the thermometer at zero, to sweep the schoolroom and build the fire in the big stove, as I have said. What peculiarity of ratiocination prompted Charlie to covet this job I never divined. True it was, however, that he was never happier than when I graciously allowed him to get up and help me in this work. He was always ready and on time and on the principle of the willing horse, I let him do much of it. He enjoyed it, and so my conscience acquitted me;

but in the light of a better-regulated conscience I am inclined to think that I carried things with too high a hand. I said to him one morning, "Charlie, you get up and make the fire, and I will come down later." But even the submissive Charlie seemed to think that this was going too far, and he demurred. However, he was quickly brought to terms when I replied, "Very well, then, you can't get up any more in the morning and help me at all."

I wonder what ever became of Charlie Goin? It is three-score years and more since I last saw him. His school days were then over. He was working in a cooper's shop on the East side in lower New York. In school he had been a boy of strange habits and queer little tricks; but at this time I noted a new peculiarity. Between every sentence, as he told of what fine work he was doing and of his hopes for the future, he would punctuate his remarks by spitting expressively through his teeth, with an uncanny dexterity as to range and accuracy of aim that would have won him the admiration and envy of his schoolmates in the old days.

The method of teaching and the management of boys differed greatly in that period from those of the present time. They would now be called little less than crude and uncouth, and yet they served their purpose, for many of the boys, if not the majority, went from my father's tutelage into business and became successful men. This was illustrated at a dinner given by the old pupils to their old teacher, years after, when he was on the brink of the grave. In the year 1886, twenty-five years after my father had given up his school, one of the former pupils, by name Marvin Pearsall, met me one day on the street, and said that a number of them would like to give a complimentary dinner to their old teacher, who was then seventy-five years of age and in feeble health. This invitation pleased my father very much, and it was accepted, and the dinner was given at Mazzetti's, where some forty of his old boys met to do him honor. It was an unusual and memorable occasion. Many years had elapsed since those men, as boys, had met together, and few of them had seen their former teacher again until this night. They were no longer young. Their ages ranged from forty to fifty or thereabouts. Some had been eminently successful as men of affairs, and as

the world measures success, while few, if any, could be counted failures. All of them had, of course, grown out of their teacher's recollection, but as one by one they came forward and were introduced by their last name, in no instance did he hesitate a moment in calling them by their first name, George, Tom, Harry, as the case might be. Good fellowship reigned. In a playful spirit hands were raised as of old, and, "Mr. Rockwell, may I go out?" or "Mr. Rockwell, John is tickling me, etc." Warm and sincere tributes to my father's faithfulness and efficiency as teacher and guardian were not wanting, and my mother, too, although absent, was praised with many expressions of affectionate remembrance.

She had ministered to them in their hours of pain, sympathized with them in their boyish griefs, and, on occasion, tactfully stood between them and punishment, even though deserved.

The old establishment consisted of a dwelling house, a large old-fashioned square building, and the schoolhouse with a steeple or cupola, and these two were joined together by a long two-story connection. The house had a long wide hall running through the centre, with spacious rooms on either side. The second floor was like unto it, and only when the school was filled to overflowing were any of the boys brought into the main house to sleep. The schoolhouse on the first floor was made up of a large room for study and recitation, a wash-room, and at the rear a good-sized room with boxes or little cupboards ranged about the walls. Each boy had a box in which he kept his extra boots, his slippers, blacking and brush, and whatever else pleased him. In the vacation time of October when all the boys had gone to their homes for the month, my cousin Steve Comstock and I were accustomed to keep in these boxes nuts that we had gathered. The nuts seemed to disappear with unnatural rapidity, and we wondered who could be the culprit. One morning when at breakfast, I heard my name called in great excitement. Rushing out I found Steve with a huge rat held tight in both hands with the blood dripping down. Suddenly opening the door, he had espied this rat and without hesitation grabbed him about the middle, whereupon the rat sank his sharp teeth deep into the flesh. Nothing, however, could loosen the grip of



the indignant proprietor of the stolen nuts, and the rat was crushed under the feet of his captor.

In the wash-room each boy had his bowl and stand where he kept all utensils of the toilet, and was expected to wash himself and brush his hair before each meal. Saturday evening occurred the general and more thorough wash-up, and at this function my father presided. Each boy was passed in review to be pronounced clean, or the reverse, and I well remember that the localities of special interest were the ears. These were examined thoroughly and I can hear my father say, "John, go back and clean your ears." In the school-room each boy had his individual desk with its revolving seat, the iron frame being screwed to the floor. In the desks we kept our books, and almost everything else under the sun. It required the utmost diligence on the teacher's part to keep these desks in any semblance of order. To this end there was every little while a general inspection, which resulted in a big pile of trash, such as only boys can find any interest in collecting. The dining-room and kitchen occupied the first floor of the long connecting link between the two houses. Here some thirty-five boys were seated on either side of a long table, while my father at one end served the food, and my mother at the other end, the tea or coffee.

I can appreciate now what a task it was to serve twoscore hungry boys. Each boy was in turn asked what he would have, and the answer would be something like this, "Meat, potato and gravy, if you please"—or "meat, potato, and turnips and gravy," or "meat, potatoes, turnips and no gravy," as the case might be. Butter, bread and often cheese were on the table, and these were passed from boy to boy on request.

The boys were kept in pretty good order, for my father was an excellent disciplinarian, but they would have their fun. One boy was named Edward Pease, and with great gravity of countenance another boy would say, "I will thank you for the cheese, Edward Pease, if you please." This afforded so much amusement and chuckling that it had to be interdicted, but always new ways were found here and there. We had pancakes, too. Not daintily served, one at a time, just off the griddle. They were brought in a great pile a foot high,

more or less, and the way those cakes disappeared was marvellous. Bob Leonard boasted of having eaten nineteen, which beat the record. Evidently they were kept on no starvation diet, even if the food was not quite so dainty as that served at Delmonico's. All boys are fond of sweets, and a little trick was played on my mother. In pouring tea or coffee for the boys, her habit was to put in the sugar first and then pour the tea. As soon as the sugar was in, the watchful boy, for whom the cup was intended, would say, "Only half a cup, Mrs. Rockwell." The tea was, of course, twice as sweet as ordinarily, and he would again work the trick, for the boys were allowed two cups if they wished it. This evasion was, however, soon discovered and discountenanced. If a boy asked for only half a cup, no more was forthcoming.

The school terms were five months each, the vacation months being April and October, and the tuition, as I first remember, was \$180 a year, or \$90 a term. By steps this was finally increased to \$250 a year, and it must be remembered that this amount included board, tuition, washing and mending. It seems incredibly low as measured by present-day charges, and yet all school bills were paid and some money saved. During one of the most prosperous years, I remember my father saying that he had saved \$2,000. But the price of everything was low. Servants, for example, \$6.00 a month, and other things in proportion. And then again, we had our little farm of seven acres, and raised not a few things for home consumption. For this home my father paid \$6,000. When he sold it in 1861, to a Mr. Gilder, a connection of the poet, he realized about \$1,500 profit. A few years later Mr. Gilder sold the property to Dr. Willard Parker for some \$12,000.

Both the coming and the going of the boys were great days. As the time when the school was to close drew near, everybody was in an excited and expectant state of mind. The month at home and freedom from study seemed a long time, and I can yet hear the earnest discussions carried on between various ones as to where they would meet and what they would do. Occasionally some boy friend of mine would invite me to spend a few days at his home. In this way I had the opportunity of seeing a little of life beyond the boundaries of a

country village, in such places as New York, Brooklyn and New Haven. A boy named Charlie Owen was a very intimate friend, and we were very fond of each other. He was delicately nurtured, finely fibred, and distinctly clean in word and action. His father, Thomas Owen, was a merchant in South Street, New York, and his business entirely with Cuba. When the Cuban planters wished to send their sons to this country Mr. Owens was often consulted, and through his recommendation a good many Cuban boys came to our school. Two boys especially I remember, Emilio and Antonio Luaces. In after years they studied medicine, graduating from the Bellevue Hospital Medical College. Subsequently in the long-drawn-out Cuban Rebellion, these two became officers and one of them a general. Antonio, the younger, I remember as an exceedingly handsome fellow. His fate was sad. Taken prisoner by the Spaniards, he was ruthlessly executed. My friend Owen lived in Henry Street, which, with East Broadway and other streets in the Seventh Ward, was then very respectable. It was, however, beginning to wane. Some of the old residents had already migrated further uptown, and the transition from staid respectability, and even fashion and social ambition, to its present low state had fairly begun. When I think of the quiet, old-fashioned charm in that section of the city in those far-away days, and contrast it with what it is now, the thought is saddening. Not a few of my father's pupils came from this section, from good substantial families. Going to their businesses, the men would take the lumbering omnibuses which by devious routes transported them to their offices in Front, South and Wall Streets, or wherever they might be in the lower downtown district. Owen and I would wander about the streets of that part of the city. In the afternoon, we often enjoyed a *matinée* performance at Barnum's old Museum, corner of Broadway and Ann Street, and we especially enjoyed Christy's Minstrels, then all the rage.

In this reference to Barnum's Museum, I am reminded that on my first visit to this famous resort I was greatly disappointed not to see Mr. Barnum, and inquired of my father where he was. As we were about to leave, we saw the familiar face of the great showman, when my father introduced

me, adding that I had inquired several times for Mr. Barnum and seemed more interested in him than in his curiosities. Whereupon Mr. Barnum patted me on the shoulder and said, "That's right, my lad. You think I am the greatest curiosity in the lot."

When the vacation ended and it was time for the boys to come back, the air was equally vibrant with excitement and expectation. Two or three large stages brought the boys from the station at Darien. Out they would scramble and seem about as pleased to get back as they had been to go. They would be assigned to their rooms, room-mates chosen, and soon the wheels of school life were revolving as smoothly as of old.

No more delightful time of my life can I recall than these vacation months of April and October, especially the latter. October was the nutting month, and it was our ambition to secure an ample supply of both hickory nuts and chestnuts for the winter. Great as was our appetite for these toothsome tree fruits, the greatest joy was in the search for them, and our tramps over field and through wood, climbing the high trees, shaking them, and gathering the nuts in great heaps, putting them in bag and basket, and then trudging home, are never-to-be-forgotten incidents. We would spread the nuts on the roof to dry, and the sense of possession as we looked them over was very gratifying.

I am reminded here of a pretty episode relating to my father and two of my own sons. One October the two boys went on their annual fall trip to New Canaan to get nuts from the trees on their grandfather's farm. It so happened that it had been a bad season and there were no nuts. Their grandfather hated to have the boys disappointed and so very early in the morning before they were up, he took a pailful of nuts and scattered them broadcast under one of the trees not far from the house. The boys got up eager for their quest and rushed out. What a delight! The ground was covered with nuts, which they joyously gathered, doubting nothing. They returned home laden with their precious find and never knew of this affectionate kindly deception until told of it years after. How many grandfathers would have been so thoughtful?

Comstock's pond, some two and a half miles to the north, was one of our loved resorts. Starting in the morning with Steve, my cousin, and sometimes with others, away we would go. Just to be alive and out in the open was enough. Along the so-called ridge, then with few habitations, but now lined with the beautiful residences of the city people, we would trudge. At Hanford Davenport we turned to the left, and every foot of ground traversed became in time familiar ground. As we neared the pond we became more and more eager, and when at last we arrived at the top of the long hill, where we first caught a glimpse of the pond, away we went at a run. It seems to me that we never walked down that hill. Our walking was reserved for the return trip, when tired, yet satisfied and happy, we pushed homeward. There was an island or two in the pond, and in order to get to them we hired an old tub of a boat for sixpence. With our lunch and some potatoes which we would bake in a roaring fire, and an appetite that was never wanting, who could ask for more?

In boyhood and in manhood friendships are determined not more perhaps by similarity of disposition and common likes and dislikes than by propinquity and accidental association. Among the boys of the school there were a number with whom I became very friendly, but association with them was more or less transient; but with my cousin the situation was very different. We were the same age, and from our sixth to sixteenth years we were constantly together. Hardly a day passed without our seeing each other. Our houses were hardly more than a stone's throw apart, and we frequently slept together either at the one house or the other. We were congenial in that we both loved to play, to tramp the fields and woods, and to fish the streams. In all adventuresome attempts, however, Steve was without a rival. He could throw a stone farther and more accurately than any of the other boys. He was a venturesome swimmer. And when winter came he was always the first boy on the hill in the morning with his sled, and the last to leave it at night. He was a robust boy, with a constitution much harder than mine; and yet he has been dead some years, while I live on, in a fair degree of health.

As boys, Steve and I had many escapades, and running away from home was one of them. Inquiring of my own boys, I find that this idea never suggested itself. It would seem as if the country lad was more inclined to this sort of thing than the city bred. This may be due not only to the freer life led in the country, its greater amplitude of vision leading to adventure, but to less varied and interesting social relations. Be that as it may, we not infrequently talked of this matter, and on several occasions took steps to put it into execution. Our first vision of freedom was that of hunters. There was an old shotgun in our garret, and we conceived the delectable idea of starting for the wilds, wherever they were, and subsisting mainly on the proceeds of the chase. So we burnished up the gun and bought a pound of powder and a quantity of shot. We found an old powderhorn, and in the evening went to my room with a lighted candle, placed it on the soft, well-rounded feather bed—about as insecure a foundation for a candlestick as could well be found—and within a foot of the flame proceeded to fill our powderhorn. Could any boy do a more senseless thing than this? It is a wonder that we were not both blown up, and that we were not is strong evidence of a special Providence that protects the weak, foolish, and ignorant.

We were to start on our adventure about midnight, going due north, where, after a few days' journey, we expected to find a far more sparsely settled region. Long before midnight the wind began to rise, the sky darkened, the moon was hidden. Conditions had changed and our courage began to ooze out at our finger ends. At least mine did. As before remarked, Steve was always more adventurous than I. It was I, therefore, who first called attention to the unfavorable condition of the weather. To this Steve assented, but thought we ought to go. "It's awful dark," I suggested, "and it's going to rain." "Yes," he assented, "it is dark, and perhaps it will rain." He was weakening, too, and we both agreed that for the time being it was better to call the adventure off. There must be no telltale evidences, however, of our attempt. So we arose, took our powderhorn, and scattered our powder among the growing cabbages in the garden, and disposed of the shot elsewhere.

Another attempt, although failing miserably, had the merit or demerit of advancing a step further. This time we selected the rolling deep for our adventure. Our idea was to take the train at Norwalk for Boston, where we would ship as able-bodied sailors on some merchant vessel. I had in my possession two dollars in silver, which I regret to say I had purloined from time to time from the drawer where my mother kept her loose change. It took a little time to do this, because it would not be safe to take such an amount at once for fear of detection. Whether my companion contributed anything to the common pool, I do not remember, but two dollars seemed to be the minimum amount necessary to get to Boston. It was arranged that I was to get permission to stay with Steve that night, while he would ask to stay with me. In this way neither would be missed until some time the next day, which would find us in Boston. In the meantime we had taken our best suits, throwing them out of our windows after dark, and then had hidden them in holes in the broad stone fence on my uncle's place, where we had agreed to meet. Donning the new, leaving the old, we started on our way with no regrets or misgivings. On arriving at the South Norwalk Station, we found there would be no train for the East until the next morning. Here was a dilemma, and after consultation we decided to pass the night in an old barn nearby; but the barking of a dog frightened us away. Our enthusiasm again abated and after still further consultation, we decided to return home. I remember what a beautiful night it was. The moon was at its full and we were in decidedly good spirits, since our faces were homeward turned, and if we had failed to carry out our intentions we were rather exultant in doing something out of the ordinary. When about half way home, hearing men's voices coming from the opposite direction, we jumped over a stone fence, hiding behind it until the strangers had passed. After all these years I can place almost the exact spot, and never pass it without recalling the event. We reached home about two o'clock in the morning, so tired that we could hardly move.

I cannot but linger here to note the temperamental differences in families. Of the sons of my uncle, not one seemed to pattern after the other. The elder was a cautious, careful

man of business. His chief interest was in making money, and he seemed to desire money not so much for present uses and comforts, as for accumulation. I do not say he was mean, for he did many generous things in after life with his money; but in the making of his money he was distressingly economical. On the contrary, his brother had absolutely no idea of economy. He was deficient in what Emerson calls "the simplest expedient of private prudence." No money could cling to his hands. He wanted, and would always have, the best, and spent money with lack of proper forethought that sadly interfered with his expectations of wealth. A supreme optimism possessed him, while I gravitated to the other extreme. And yet he was endowed with a certain thoughtfulness. He became, not a great reader, but when he did read he liked solid and substantial food. Fiction he knew little of and cared little for, but of Matthew Arnold, Huxley, and writers of that type he never tired. And so in after life as we saw each other occasionally, we were still congenial because we could find a common interest along some lines of bookish tendencies and old memories.



### CHAPTER III

OLD Doctor Noyes was our family physician. He had indeed been the family physician of my grandfather Comstock for many years and presided at the birth of my mother. My grandfather paid him not by the visit, but twenty-five dollars a year, sick or well. He went around on horseback with his old-fashioned medicine cases balanced behind across his horse's back. I can see the kindly old doctor now as he rides up to the house, hitches his horse, and with saddlebags over his arm makes his way to the front door. The sick boy, whoever he was, dreaded the doctor's visit, for he knew that it meant a stiff dose of something dreadful. Unlike the doctor of to-day, he never was in a hurry. Every movement was deliberate and he had time to talk over the news of the day. If castor oil was called for it was given with little attempt at disguise, and as a small boy I see myself crying and hesitating over the dose, and my father standing over me, half amused and half angry at my hesitation. Ipecac was an awful dose! It was mixed in cold water and a more atrocious tasting substance never insulted a boy's palate. Powdered rhubarb was bad enough, but not to be compared with the other indescribable mixture. The most interesting performance, however, was the making of pills. Blue pill was called blue mass, and it came literally in a mass, and from it the doctor would take piece after piece and roll them into little pills, between thumb and first finger.

Dr. Richards was the rival doctor, and I recall that the two did not love each other any too well. Dr. Richards was the queerest man of the town. He had but one eye and talked in a high falsetto tone, which was very amusing and frequently imitated. Whenever he saw a stone in the middle of the street he would invariably and at considerable inconvenience dismount and throw it to one side, and so one of the favorite amusements of the boys was to place stones at different points and watch him get off his horse and toss them aside. But if these two old doctors felt some antipathy for each other, it was as nothing compared with their contempt and

dislike of young Dr. Roberts, a homeopath. To these two a homeopath was either a knave or a fool. He could be consigned to no halfway place, and to tell the truth this was the opinion of the profession generally. Intolerance held absolute sway. Little did these old doctors appreciate the fact that they were blind leaders of the blind, and in their bungling attempts they often did far more harm than good by interfering with Nature's kindly intent. The following fact bears on this point. One of the pupils, a boy by the name of Daniel Smith, had lately died. It was probably a case of appendicitis, name then unknown, but we called it inflammation of the bowels. It was suggested that the disease was caused by sliding down hill "belly-whoppers," and I remember that for a time the boys were afraid of that time-honored method of coasting.

Of course the sick boy was incessantly drugged, and although he might not have lived, yet perhaps gentler and better-directed methods would have had better results. When the next boy was sick my mother called in the youthful homeopath. He expressed some surprise when my mother in explanation said, "Well, doctor, I thought you might *let* the patient live."

Soon after this temporary conversion to homeopathy, my father bought a case of homeopathic pellets for home treatment. A younger brother got at them one day, and swallowed the greater part of the contents of the bottles. Dr. Roberts was called in great haste, but quieted the alarm of the household by the assurance that he "guessed they wouldn't hurt him."

The recollection of this incident recalls one like unto it, where the physician was of the other school. Our genial friend, Colonel William Pinckney, was given a prescription that called for a dose of a teaspoonful three times a day. Instead he took it all at once, for the Colonel was an odd man in some ways. His wife, when she saw the empty bottle, gave him an emetic and sent for the family physician. The emetic made the Colonel very sick and he thought he was about to die. When the doctor arrived, he assured the family that the medicine would have done no harm, even if no emetic had been given. The next day the Colonel, as he sat on the piazza of his pleasant home overlooking the Hudson at Nyack, re-

marked to his wife: "If I had died from the effects of the medicine I took yesterday, the most appropriate inscription for my tombstone would have been, 'He died because he was a d—— fool.'"

Oh! the delights of being a boy, or at least the remembrance of boyhood days. In the backward glance all its inconveniences and restrictions inward and outward, turmoils and griefs, are forgotten and only the real charm that attends the happy days of childhood remains. We forget the evil and distasteful and remember only the good. How often we hear it said that our climate is changing. Men yet young will say that the winters of to-day are not as the winters of their day a score of years ago. Then the winters were longer and more severe, the snowfall greater, with ice and skating the whole season through. They are mistaken. The seasons have not changed in any great degree, since many years before their time. Great snowfalls such as Whittier writes of in "Snow-bound," the broad ice ponds with their crowds of merry skaters, the delights of the long coasting hills, with the full moon and starry heavens above, are never forgotten; but we do forget the murky days with wet and soggy ground that would forbid any outdoor fun at all to any but the irrepressible boy. In retrospection we dwell mostly on those days which greatly impressed us, and from which we derived the greatest pleasure. In the winter of 1888 there was the same refrain that our climate was changing, and then in the early spring came the great blizzard, exceeding in severity any that had occurred for years. That winter everyone remembers, but who can recall what the preceding or succeeding winters were? And so the man in retrospection remembers not the humdrum things, the punishments and humiliations of school days, but only the free day in the fields and woods, the glorious swimming pools, the day he went fishing, the nutting days, and those days of summer or spring when the early strawberries were ripe and he returned home from his day's outing with a great basket of the luscious fruit. To eat them was well enough, but to pick them was the real pleasure. We all looked forward to strawberry time. The horse was harnessed to the old wagon, into which about ten boys could crowd, and the other twenty or more would follow on behind, or even go

ahead, for the horse with such a load was allowed to take his time. In about a mile ten other boys would take the place of the first batch and at the beginning of the third mile still another ten. Another mile would bring us to the famous wild strawberry field, where we wandered at will and when the time came to start for home, few baskets or pails remained unfilled. How balmy was the breeze, how genial the warmth of the sun! There were birds to see and bees busy gathering honey, and not infrequently a rabbit crossed our path. Occasionally we saw a woodchuck. A woodchuck's hole was a great find, and if any boy had a match, the first thought was to smoke out the animal. There was a stream that widened and deepened near one of our outing places, where we were allowed to go in for a swim or a splash on our way home. When the word was given by the teacher, only about one minute was required for every boy to get rid of all of his clothes and plunge into the water. It was a refreshment, it was a lark, and joy unspeakable to get thus near to Nature's heart, and the only drawback was that we had to come out so soon. On rare occasions when we could have our own way, free from supervision, an hour, even longer, was all too short a time for this fine fun.

As I write, a fierce snowstorm is raging, as if to confirm my recent assertion that our climate is not changing. This is the second blizzard of the month. How beautiful and wonderful are these raging elements! Early this morning, when the storm of snow was just beginning, and as if to emphasize the vagaries of Nature, there was a flash of lightning, followed almost immediately by the roll of thunder. Let not the coming generation be disheartened. There is for them in prospect the same alternations of the seasons as gave zest and cheer to their forbears. The rain and sunshine, forerunners of the fruits of the season, will come as before, and the soft snow will clothe hill and valley for the delectation of the boy with his sled, and the pond will be covered with its coating of ice as often as of old, for the merry skater.

How like a dream it all seems, the child life and the boy life of those first years of human existence. Some of the boys I recall but dimly, while others are well remembered. Not long ago at a meeting of the Military Order of the

Loyal Legion, I came across one of these old boys. He was a Colonel. He had fought in the Civil War and had been one of the volunteers for the forlorn hope in the proposed storming of Port Hudson. He had served also in Cuba and in the Philippines. Although much more than half a century had elapsed since we had played together on the "Hill," I had instantly for him the same old greeting of "Hello Bob." I see my father behind his desk on the platform in the big school-room calling the school to order. Every boy must read in his turn a verse from the Bible. What a labor it was to some of them. Peter was a dull boy at study, although lively enough at play. I can hear Peter as he laboriously spelled out the text, following each word with his finger. The verse was "He strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel." Peter read it, "He strained at a gate and swallowed a canal!"

In winter the schoolroom was heated by a big stove which stood in the center of the room. In the early morning the boys would gather around it several deep, with much pushing and shoving, but in summer happy was the boy whose seat was near the open window, where he could get the first breath of air that stirred. Those were golden days. I can even now hear the buzz of the flies, the hum of the bees and the chirping of the birds, and if it were not that Whately denies that there can be any definite conception of smell, I should say, too, that the odors wafted into the open window from flower and shrub, or new-mown hay, come fresh to my senses now. And in winter what joys were ours in the snow, on the ice with our skates, or with our sleds on the hill down its long incline to the village. Why, sometimes, with a first-class sled and a free and slippery hill, one might get to the village and beyond, if not actually to the next hill which went down to the "big pond." Our bodily activities were in perfect condition, which is to say they were the activities of the perfectly healthy boy animal. If there be any greater purely physical exhilaration than coasting with your felows in the moonlight down a long stretch of hill under such conditions, I have yet to know it.

And so each season had its special pleasures in those far-away days. In the summer the berrying season, of which I have tried to tell a little, with all manner of outdoor games.

But as I remember now, no outing quite equalled the two

or three excursions to the "Sound." These were always looked forward to with joyous anticipation. When the day arrived, what activity and eager expectation took hold of the boys and pervaded that part of the household that was to prepare the huge luncheon. To get ready the food and drink for twoscore hungry boys was no small matter and, as usual, my mother was the directing spirit. I see them now, quietly resting on the schoolhouse steps, two bushel-baskets, the white towels peeping from beneath the protecting covering, carefully guarded, and to be transported to the impatiently expected wagons by several boys detailed for the purpose. Finally someone shouts, "Here it comes," and dashing down the street, the long wagon drawn by two horses comes quickly to the front. Soon the other conveyance arrives and everything is ready. The boys pile in pell-mell, helter-skelter, with much shouting and shoving, special friends and chums all excitement to get seats together. The driver cracks his whip and we are off down the hill to and through the village. The town turns out to see us, for the boys so make the welkin ring with their shouts and hurrahs that the sleepy old town is bound to awaken for the passing moment. Six miles, perhaps seven, was the distance, but every mile of the country road was full of interest to us, and we excited interest in all the rustic observers. Everybody knew it was "Rockwell's school" out on a picnic. Think not that we kept up the good gait with which we started. The loads were heavy and the horses were no great shakes, and so, after the village was left behind, the walk or slow trot was substituted for the ambitious gallop. Every down grade was taken advantage of, however, and we greatly enjoyed the swifter movement as the horses were put to the test. One never forgets the pleasurable sensation induced by the first whiff of the salt sea air. As we approached the shore, we soon began to get it, and when the wheels were actually plowing the soft sands which led to the distant pines and the water, in an instant the wagons were emptied. Too impatient to wait on the slow progress of the faithful horses, every boy made it a point to get there first, and in a trice clothes were off and the little bay-like indentation was full of happy bathers. The boys were allowed to go in twice, once

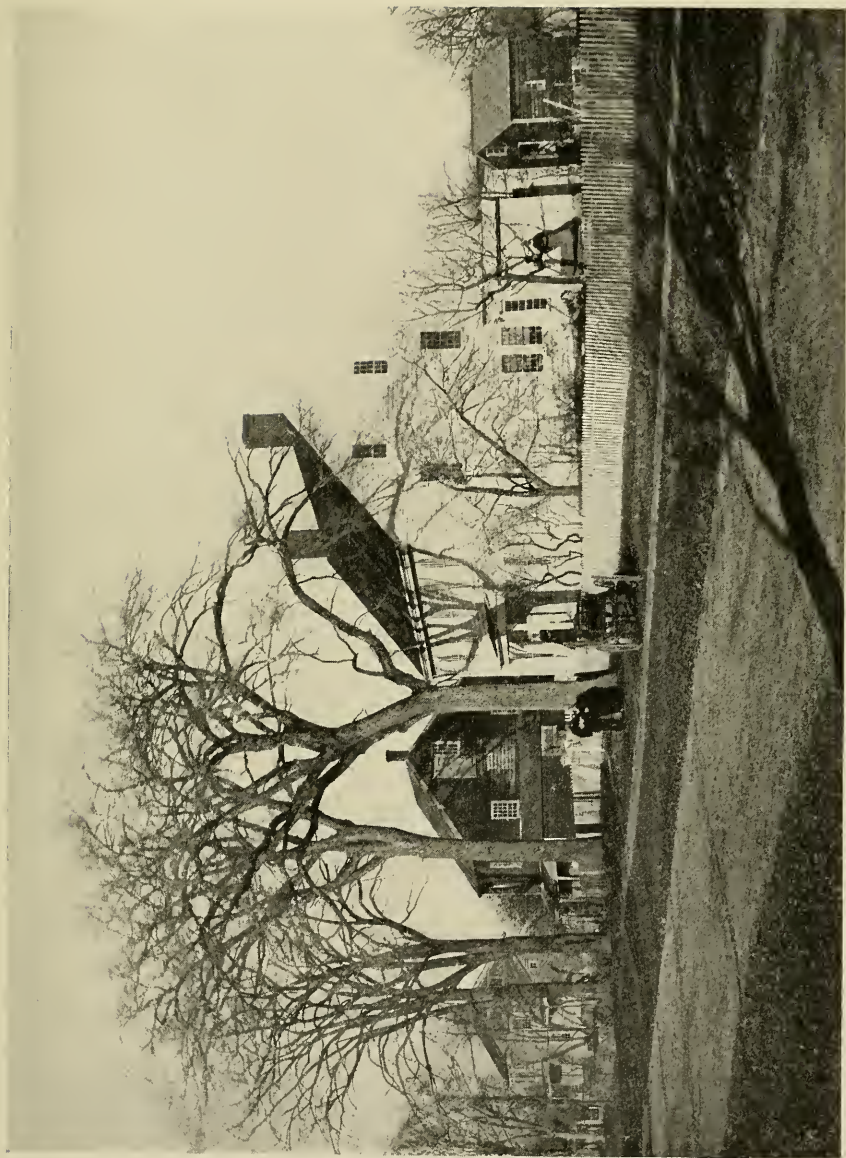
immediately on our arrival and again in the middle of the forenoon just before the starting for home. Hard as life often becomes with its labors, disappointments, and sorrows, yet it is well to have lived, if only to have experienced season after season these youthful excursions into the realm of romance and a larger liberty.

## CHAPTER IV

VISITS to my grandparents' home in Ridgefield, ten miles away, were warmly appreciated. My grandfather built this home in 1801 when but a young man of twenty-five, and just before his marriage. The three elms before the house he himself set out as saplings, and watched them as they grew into great trees. As he saw them slowly grow in size and strength so he saw the beginnings of decay. Now but one of the three remains. My grandparents lived happily together in the old homestead for sixty-five years. There I always had a welcome and a freedom even greater than in my own home. The ride to Ridgefield was somewhat over an hour, and I became familiar in time with every house, barn, or turn in the road, in the gradual ascent from New Canaan into the older, more dignified, and more aristocratic town of Ridgefield. The people were plain enough in the latter place, and hard-working, but they were people, many of them, whose ancestors had lived there since before the Revolution, and a few families, as the Kings and Hawleys, had achieved wealth and a certain social standing in the great world.

It is a bright October morning. I remember well the occasion of one of these trips. The horse and carriage is at the door and I am already seated. My father comes out, unhitches Peter and we are off. No automobile ride in after years was ever attended with the exhilaration of this one. What air, what freedom, what visions of beauty, were the common possession of us both as we sped along. To the right, to the left, for a mile or two were familiar places. To the right in the valley below was the pond, the scene of my boating fiasco,—to the right "Giant's Grave," where we gathered berries, and further on, "Indian Rock," one of our most fascinating resorts. The thoughts of these places, the scenes of so many tranquil delights in the past and of more to come, but heightened the delicious feeling of present enjoyment. There was an old-fashioned courtesy of the road in those days, but little seen in these times. For every traveler going in the opposite direction, whether on foot or in carriage,





THE OLD ROCKWELL HOME, RIDGEFIELD, CONNECTICUT, BUILT IN 1800



driving an ox-cart, or working by the way, my father had a word or bow of greeting. We did not talk very much. He was too busy with his thoughts and I with mine, as well as with my eyes. Nothing in nature escapes a boy and especially the chattering squirrels and the frisky chipmunks. How I loved to watch the antics of the little fellows, so different from the gray squirrels around the house here in Flushing to-day. The stone walls were their favorite running places, and in and out they would go with marvelous agility.

Within two miles of the town we catch sight of its first building, near the head of the long village street, and I always looked for it as a sort of beacon. Grandfather's house was at the other end of the street, a mile away. As we went along we began to appreciate what true solitude meant. On our way it is true we had passed through no town, but there were farms all along. An occasional man could be seen at work in the fields bordering the highway, an ox-cart would rumble along, or there was a boy picking berries; so in a way we felt in touch with our kind. But as we drove through the broad, beautiful old Ridgefield street, one could but think of the "Deserted Village." If a man was seen on the street or a woman in a doorway, it was an event. Whatever other day it might be, we knew it could not be Sunday, for the Sabbath was the only live day in the town.

Every time I went to Ridgefield and passed along its silent street I thought of the next Sunday, and was glad that it was a week day. On several occasions I had spent Sundays at my grandfather's, and according to universal custom had accompanied him to the services. For those long prayers, long Scripture lessons, and still longer sermons, boylike, I had a strong aversion, and so I preferred Ridgefield's week days to its Sundays.

My grandfather's place was a part of the battlefield of the "Battle of Ridgefield" so called. Some three hundred feet down the road is pointed out the spot where Arnold shot a Tory named Coon. Across the summit of the road near by was the barricade, at which the patriots resisted the march of the British, and into the old Stebbins house on the right the wounded were taken. I remember as a boy the dark stains on the broad board floor, and to have been told that they were

the stains left by the blood of the wounded. Almost every time we came to Ridgefield, especially if any stranger was with us, we would go to the other end of the street and see the British cannon ball still imbedded in the beam of an old house. I suppose the cannon may have carried half a mile, but it was a cause of unceasing wonder to us how anything could shoot so far.

In justice to Ridgefield it must be said that in the time I write about she was not absolutely asleep, but just somnolent, a condition from which even now she has not wholly emerged. Ridgefield, like New Canaan, is the home of wealth and style, too, with an admixture, perhaps, of less pretense and shoddy than country resorts in general. It is a lovely old nest, and as far from the madding crowd as one can well get and yet be surrounded by evidences of refinement and substantial and rational luxury.

Finally we get to the house and either my grandfather or Uncle John comes out to open the gate. We drive in, and there is my grandmother, as usual sitting by the living-room window, looking so kind and venerable in her simple dress and white cap. She certainly was always real glad to see me. How do I know it? Because she showed it, and because, unanswerable argument, I have now grandchildren of my own.

Once, if not twice, my cousin and I were permitted to walk to Ridgefield, and spend a few days with my grandparents. It was rather a long walk for boys of ten, but I can well remember the high enjoyment of it all, and the usual cordial welcome of the old people, and I especially recall the excursion we made in search of Old Sarah's cave. Old Sarah is more than a tradition; she is a fact of history. It is said that during the Revolution her father's house on Long Island was burned by the British. She came to Connecticut and to Ridgefield, and made for herself a home in the woods overlooking a beautiful lake some few miles from the village. Hers was not much of a house, simply a cleft in the rock, rounded out by piled-up stones and a covering of boards. In this miserable habitation she lived alone for years, gathering berries in summer, fishing, and doing odd jobs. It is rumored that she made friends with all manner of wild life, even snakes. Occasionally she would walk to the village to buy or beg, but always

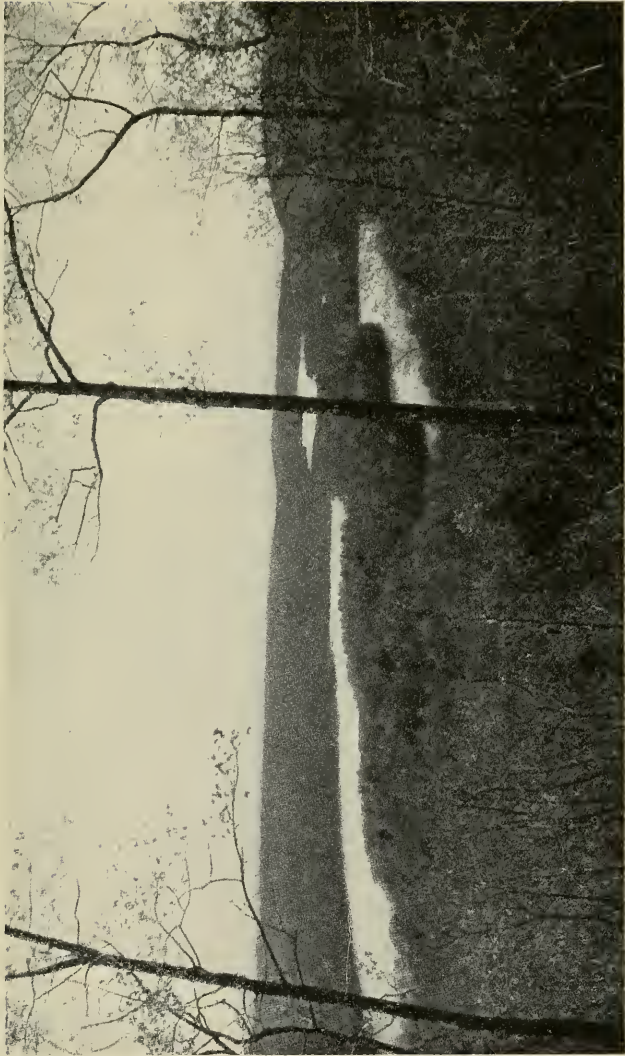
returned to her hut at nightfall. She was looked upon with fear by the small boy, and with pity, mingled perhaps with disdain, by grown people. There was a spring of water near her hut, and beside this spring she was one day found dead. Old Sarah's character and personality assumed a new and vital interest for me when I found that my grandmother knew her well, and I drank in eagerly every word she had to say. I do not remember much in detail, but grandmother told me a great deal about her and her periodical visits. She used to stop and talk and rest a while at grandmother's house on her way home. My grandmother described her as old and bent, and with a wild and haggard look not reassuring to the youthful imagination. When she resumed her homeward way, it was not without some substantial evidence of the goodness of my old grandmother's heart. We finally found the cave, but what a disappointment! We were looking for a real cave, but all that we found were a few loosely piled stones, like a section of a ruinous stone fence, guarding a triangular slit in the great rock. That any human being could have lived through a rigorous winter in such a habitation is almost beyond belief.

This visit of ours to Ridgefield was made in early April, one of our two vacation months. The day arrived for us to return by the same method of locomotion as we had come. The old shop that had been used by my grandfather as a cabinet-maker had been turned into a tinshop, and before we set out my uncle, with kind forethought, had fashioned out of thick wire two hoops, which he gave us to roll on our homeward way. We started joyously rolling our hoops, but before we turned into the New Canaan road the clouds began to gather and it grew cold. Soon the air was filled with circling snowflakes, and we thought it rare fun, but it kept on snowing; deeper and deeper it covered the ground until finally progress became more difficult. Still we struggled onward with the snow halfway to our knees. Finally we gave it up and stopped at a friendly house by the wayside. The good woman bade us welcome, gave us seats by a warm fire, having taken off our wet stockings, and better still, comforted us by something warm to eat and to drink. She insisted that we stay all night and sleep with her boy, Abraham. We did not say that we

would not stay, but in an hour or so when our shoes and stockings were thoroughly dry, instead of thanking our kind hostess and departing decently, we stole out into the shed, seized our hoops, and departed without a word of farewell. As I think of it now, the only inadequate excuse that I can give is that we thought she might insist still further on our staying all night, and stupidly could think of no other way to get out of it.

Lake Waccabuc, but two or three miles as the crow flies from my grandfather's house, was a loved resort, the memory of which is still green. The lakes are indeed, three of them, as seen in the illustration—three jewels in a charming setting. All are connected by streams, overhung by drooping trees, through which the voyager pushes his boat, from one to the other, until he gets into the last and the smallest. In these early years when with my cousin and later with my own children I frequented these lakes—this little sheet of water, the last of this chain of beauty spots—seemed the most romantic in all that region. I recall a delightful visit to these lakelets in the company of General Chaffee, then Major Chaffee, a few years after the close of our Civil War. I told him the story of "Old Sarah" and her cave to which I have referred and said it could not be far away. He suggested that we scale the steep and wooded heights and find it. It was a fruitless quest, however, for no cave rewarded our search on that day.

Another relative with whom I enjoyed many hours of pleasant companionship in my visits to Ridgefield was my cousin, Charles Lee Rockwell, now president of the First National Bank at Meriden, Conn. His mother was a Lee, and a cousin of the Countess Waldersee, wife of Count Waldersee, formerly chief of staff of the Germany army. For generations the Lees had been highly respected and prosperous farmers in Ridgefield, of excellent mentality and calm judgment. My aunt's uncle could not content himself with farm life, and so went to New York and accumulated a fortune. While abroad his daughter married an English prince, and after his death she married Count Waldersee. Although thus highly placed, her inherited good American common sense was never impaired, and her interest in Ridgefield and her relatives here remained always keen. It is a matter of history that when



LAKE WACCABUC





General Chaffee commanded the American forces in China, Count Waldersee being commander-in-chief of the allied forces, sharp letters were exchanged, because of Chaffee's blunt and rather undiplomatic arraignment of the brutal actions of the Germans.

In the amicable settlement of the matter by the two commanders "over a cup of tea," mention was made of their "buttonhole" relationship, the wife of the general being a Rockwell and a cousin of the cousin of the Countess.

## CHAPTER V

A PLEASING recollection of those old days is connected with the boys' parlor. The room was in the second story of that part of the building connected with the schoolhouse and the main or family house. It was a plain room, uncarpeted, with permanent seats along three of its sides. The other side was reserved for my father's desk and chair and a small bookcase filled with books, to which the boys had access. I remember the Rollo books, the Franconia stories, and "Masterman Ready," among others, and it seems to me that in after years no books ever gave me more delight than these of my childhood.

What simplicity and what good sense characterized these tales of Jacob Abbott. They, with the others, but they especially, left an eternal aureole and intangible charm, an indefinable something that remained through all the years a part of my very existence. It is, of course, explained by the fact that these tales recall to me, as do no other, the tranquil scenes and impressions of childhood. In that Franconia village where the simple, primitive scenes were laid, the children in imagination had their little pleasures and pains. They delighted in every phase of nature, the great storms of snow, the skating on the thick ice, the snowballing and romping in the deep snow in winter. In the spring the melting of the snow and the rains brought the freshets, and these I see now as in the quaint illustrations I saw them as a boy. In the summer these imaginary boys and girls—to this day real to me—roamed the fields for the red strawberry, climbed the mountain in quest of the blueberry, and fished the little streams. Phony, the hero of the Franconia stories, had his guide and mentor in the person of Beechnut, while Rollo, the hero of the Rollo stories, had in Jonas his guide and faithful friend. "Old-fashioned and stilted" these old stories, say some, and the characters priggish. Be it so, yet they have survived through three-quarters of a century, and are still read while the more artificial and exciting stories which followed had their little day and are dead. When my boys were little

I bought the books for them, and then again a generation later for my grandchildren. Those that I bought for my children are here within reach as I write. I have only to stretch out my hand, as I often do, and take one. I turn over its pages, read a few lines here and there, glance at its well-remembered old-fashioned illustrations, and get again the elusive but ever real aroma of the happy days of childhood. And then again how we reveled in those great classics, "Robinson Crusoe" and "Two Years Before the Mast." These two, it seems to me, are worth all the modern popular books for boys, and can be read time and again with ever increasing profit and delight.

To return to the boys' parlor and its associations. It was a very plain room as I have said. It had to be for the use of so many boisterous boys. Indeed it was so plain that when Josh. Albro, a new boy and a very odd one, was first introduced to it, he said with vigorous scorn, "Boys' *parlor*, is it? Humph! I should call it the boys' *kitchen*." In this "Boys' Parlor" the boys assembled after the study and play of the day, and my father would read or talk to them. Sometimes he would call upon some boy to read, and this was considered a great honor. Those who thought they could read pretty well coveted it. This excited ambition among them, and each boy that was called did his very best in clearness of enunciation and emphasis. If any of the listeners wished to comment or to ask a question, he would hold up his hand. The reader would be silenced for the time, and whoever wished could have his say. Original composition was encouraged, and one of the boys wrote a story of several hundred pages entitled "The Robbers." The author duly read it to us in the course of several evenings, and thereby gained great local fame. He was encouraged to publish it, and gain both fame and money. But to this there seemed insuperable obstacles, even in those days of few periodicals and few aspirants for literary reputation. The young author is dead long ago, but I wonder if that boy's story, to which we all listened with breathless interest, still exists! I would like to read it again.

After the reading, and sometimes instead of the reading, my father would talk to the boys, and they would talk to him. It would be something like a conversational prayer meeting,

questions and answers, such as they would have in old Plymouth Church with Mr. Beecher presiding. I remember that on one occasion the talk drifted to the money question, on which my father gave the boys some good, sound advice regarding expenditures and economy, and what constituted a competency in life. One of the boys asked him what he considered a competency. My father said that if he had twenty thousand dollars, he would feel like a rich man. On that he could live comfortably, have a little for charity, and something left for travel and amusement.

When the clock struck nine, a few verses from the Bible were read, after that a prayer, and then to bed. Each boy, when his name was called, would get up, walk to the door, face about, say, "Good night, Mr. Rockwell," and the teacher would reply with a "Good night, John" or "George" as the case might be.

These friendly and informal talks and readings were undoubtedly of value in the moral and educational sense. Old scholars have often spoken of them with appreciation and delight. My father liked boys then and always, and this liking was reciprocal, for no one more than a boy appreciates friends and knows who are his friends.

Sundays, as I remember them, were by no means tedious days. We went to church twice, both morning and afternoon. We formed in line two by two, and at a given word the procession moved across the green to the Episcopal Church near by. The school filled five or six seats, and my father sat in the rear seat where he could see everything that went on among the boys, or at least where he thought he could. A watchful eye was necessary, for the boys became restless at times, and what wonder. On one occasion there was quite an altercation, during the Litany, between two boys on the front seat. It was difficult to get to them, and I well remember our astonishment when my father threw his Prayer Book as an admonition. He was impelled certainly by a thoroughly unconventional impulse, and the incident was observed by few, since heads were mostly bowed. The book struck one of the offending parties, whose astonishment was as great as the reminder was effectual. The long service was often somewhat tedious, and I remember how we inwardly applauded and ap-

proved on one occasion, when the visiting clergyman, halfway up the pulpit steps, paused and said he would have to dismiss the congregation, as he had unfortunately left his sermon at home.

The first rector of the church was a Mr. Short, and he was followed by a Mr. Long, but Short was long, and Long was short, reminding me of "Mr. Knott and Mr. Shott," where "Knott was shot and Shott was not." Occasionally, for a change, we were allowed to go to the Congregational church, where we sat in one of the galleries and so had a good view of the people below. The bearing and the features of many of them come to me as distinctly as if the event were yesterday. There was Mr. Bradley, still comparatively young, portly, with eyes that half closed when he smiled, and whose daughter married my brother. Mrs. Silliman comes in with her two boys, Joseph and Justice. Mary Crissy sweeps up the aisle to her place in one of the cross seats. She was very lively and pretty, and a great favorite. She married Mr. Wheeler of the firm of Wheeler & Wilson of sewing machine fame, and for many years lived in a beautiful house at Bridgeport, quite different from her humble New Canaan home. Near Mr. Bradley sits Edgar Raymond, one of the pillars of the church, and jolly Sam Comstock with his wife and three daughters make their way to a pew on the other side aisle. He was a second cousin of my mother's, and in the interval between the two services they, with the children, frequently came into our house and were served with pie and cheese. Besides being jolly, he was jolly fat. He was not one with Bacon, whose advice was "to read, not to confute, but to weigh and consider." Sam's one idea was not to weigh, but to dispute and confute. No sermon suited him, and it was great fun to hear him pick it to pieces. After working on his farm all the week, it was a recreation for him to get to church and dissect the sermon. How well I remember his portly form, florid face, and drooping muscles, as he sat in argumentative mood, eating his pumpkin pie. His wife, a warm friend of my mother's, was a gentle, quiet woman, quite the opposite of her somewhat boisterous, assertive husband. She was soft-voiced and gentle, and would sometimes seem disturbed at the loud tone in which her good-natured

spouse gave utterance to his oracular sayings, and the loud laughter which accompanied them.

The Comstocks lived four miles from town on the way to Ridgefield. They lived in one of those spacious, old-fashioned farmhouses so characteristic of the fast-disappearing New England life. The family consisted of one son and four daughters. Sarah was the oldest and seemed to be the dominant spirit. They were all ardent Democrats, with Southern sympathies. By birth, education and religious training they were true children of New England and yet, strange to say, the outbreak of the Civil War found them in sympathy with the South. They were excellent people, kind and hospitable and ever ready to give a helping hand. In those earlier days farming was still not altogether unprofitable. Produce had not yet begun to pour in from the West, and the New England farmers still got living prices for what they raised. Late summer and fall found them ready to dispose of what they had labored to gather, and just as we see here in Flushing to-day the farmers from the outlying districts taking their produce to the city markets in big lumber wagons, so then we saw the farmers on the way to Five Mile River, there to ship their precious cargoes to New York markets.

The most familiar sight to me on these occasions was Sam Comstock. His big figure, with his fat, rosy cheeks, perched high on his load of hay, slowly making his way to the landing, stand out as vividly now as if the day was only yesterday. Sam, long years ago, returned to his fathers, but "young" Sam (now some seventy-odd) remains. Sarah is dead, too, and all the girls save one, and the old house has gone into other hands. Within a few years the effects of the house were sold at auction. From far and near gathered the smart and intrusive summer residents, eager to get some of the fine, solid, old-time pieces with which the house abounded.

## CHAPTER VI

**A**BOUT this time I began to indulge in a little reading of a more serious character than I had before attempted. Among other books I wanted to read was "Two Years Before the Mast," and having saved up two dollars, its price, I enclosed it to my brother, who was then in a store in New York, and requested him to get it for me. In reply he said he could not get "Two Years Before the Mast," and sent me instead "Jack Sheppard," one of Ainsworth's blood-curdling tales of murder and robbery. I well remember how displeased my father was at his selection. Composition writing began to be a favorite pastime, and I made several ambitious attempts. One composition on the "Ruins of Time" was so commended that surreptitiously I sent it to the *Norwalk Gazette*, with the signature simply "By a School Boy." What was my delight on opening the paper the following week to find it in print! Soon after I sent another, entitled "The Past, the Present and the Future," and to this I appended my initials. Encouraged by its publication, I sent another article, entitled "The Approach of Autumn," signing my full name with fear and trembling. It, too, appeared, and as I saw my own very signature at the end, my satisfaction was complete, and I think my mother and father were very much pleased also. Since then I have seen my name attached to hundreds of articles, medical and otherwise, but never with the thrill with which I saw it in print for the first time in the *Norwalk Gazette*. I sent still a fourth article. I eagerly scanned the pages of every issue for weeks; but my diligence was not rewarded, for, alas, the article never appeared. The editor evidently had enough of a good, or most probably, a bad thing. Of course, it was sorry stuff, and I often wonder that the paper had the temerity to print any of these youthful efforts. As a boyish production and novelty, it might perhaps have been worth while for once. A few years after, when in the Grammar School of Kenyon College, I re-read before the school the composition entitled "Past, Present and Future," having neglected to prepare a

new one. The principal in comment said that when I announced my theme covering all the ages, he was prepared for something unusually comprehensive. He found, however, that the title was far more comprehensive than its treatment, and intimated that if I had confined myself to one division of the great subject, I still would have found sufficient scope for all my powers. The veiled sarcasm, if it could be called veiled, was not lost upon me.

One of the occasions, and to me always an eventful occasion, was the annual visit of the bishop of the diocese, Bishop Williams. I looked upon him with the greatest awe and reverence, and, indeed, he was worthy of any man's respectful consideration. At the time I knew him the Bishop was, I should say, in his early forties. Tall, with a magnificent presence and princely bearing, he seemed to my boyish mind to personify greatness, goodness and graciousness. I suppose I felt towards him then somewhat as the poor Irishman felt toward Phillips Brooks. Said he, "Whenever I think of God, I think of Phillips Brooks." These two men were indeed in their way ideal representatives, both spiritually, mentally and physically, of the highest type of manhood. They illustrated the power of personality, and under their benign and uplifting influence men and women were impelled as by an unseen force to give their hearts and strength to the cause they advocated. To me what the Bishop said was mandatory, with an authority next only to God himself. Withal, the Bishop was not at all pietistic, as I learned in after years, but in a way he was a man of the world, as all true men should be.

When it was announced from the pulpit that the Bishop was to come, there was a more or less flutter of excitement in our household. By virtue of my father's position as a warden, our proximity to the church, his character as teacher and well-to-do man relatively, the Bishop generally dined at our table. In the best sense of the word he was an aristocrat in thought, as well as in bearing, and my mother, I always imagined, was a trifle afraid of him. The Bishop liked good things, and he was always accustomed to his daily glass of wine, according to the English custom. We never had wine on our table. Indeed, my mother did not at all approve of it,



although in her old age she came to a high appreciation of the virtues of her own home-made, delicious, fermented grape juice. She would, therefore, every time the Bishop was to come, declare that she would have no wine, Bishop or no Bishop, and yet as often as he came the wine was ready at his plate, and he enjoyed it, altogether in ignorance of his hostess's momentary hostility.

I do not remember much that the Bishop ever said, but his manly, inspiring figure in the pulpit and out, his sonorous yet pleasing voice, his benignant expression and friendly smile, have always remained as a pleasant possession. Many, many years after, when my son was a student at the University at Middletown, Conn., with the purpose of studying for the ministry, he got to know Bishop Williams. He was thinking of turning to the Episcopal Church and sought the advice of the Bishop. He spoke of his grandfather, and the Bishop seemed promptly to remember all about him, but what most impressed the boy was the sound advice he gave him. He did not in haste seize upon him as a convert and as a recruit for his church, but bade him consider well and be sure of his ground. But after all my son did not enter the ministry. During his senior year he was skating on the river with a young lady one evening, when the ice broke and they both fell into the cold water. In vain he attempted to get out and rescue his companion. In the brief moments before some belated skaters came to their aid a thousand thoughts flashed through his mind, as they will on such occasions. He thought of me, and how parallel some events of our lives had run. I had had in mind the ministry and so had he. I had given it up, and he was so inclined. In my college days I, too, had fallen into a swift-flowing river, while skating with a girl, and barely escaped with my life.

My mother's eldest sister lived in South Norwalk, in what is now a busy business street near the water. She was the widow of a sea captain, and lived very comfortably with an only daughter. The place was called Old Mill, but why I know not. There were a number of fine cherry trees in her yard, and it was a regular thing for my cousin and myself to spend a day or two there in cherry time. When the joyful occasion arrived we were up by daylight, getting to my aunt's

house in time for breakfast. It was a little distance of five or six miles and the walk was just sufficient to accentuate the always hearty appetite of a boy for breakfast. However hearty the meal, there was always room for cherries, and when through we lost no time in climbing the trees in quest of a feast of fruit. This over, we sallied forth in search of pleasure and adventure. We seldom failed to find both. It was always a pleasure to be free and in the open. Along the waterside or at the old station watching for the rather infrequent trains of those days, there was enough to keep us busily engaged. The boys of the vicinage regarded us as outsiders and trespassers, and with leering looks and uncomfortable remarks tried to make us feel our isolation. Boys are often cruel, quite as cruel and unmoral sometimes as nations. If a gang of boys can manage to make another boy uncomfortable, one who comes as a stranger among them, they are only too ready. These boys of whom I write were really a very ugly lot. They threw stones at us, called us names and made fun of us and of our good clothes. We paid little attention to them, which only exasperated them the more. Finally one of the five or six of our enemies ventured near and put a hand on Steve's shoulder. Steve promptly shook him off. His antagonist seemed bent on creating a disturbance, however, and grabbed at Steve, who also was quick enough to get a good hold, and there they stood like two young gladiators glaring at each other. The fellow's companions gathered savagely around, and urged him to punch Steve in the face. It was a critical moment, for we were outnumbered more than two to one. It was unquestionably a fact that we were scared. Five rough, dirty fellows surrounded us, with the will and the power to wipe the earth with us and with our comparatively fine, clean suits, which had in some way aroused their anger. As in after years, during the Civil War, I had occasion many times to seem not to fear when I was really very much afraid, so it was then. I clinched my fists as I saw the others do; indeed, I think I picked up a stick and with determined mien ranged myself beside my threatened partner. The two boys glared at each other, and with stick in hand, I said, "Hit him if you dare." Now, whether it was this bold front on our part, aided by the moral influence of our supposedly superior

social status, that put an end to the matter, or whether it was the approach of reinforcements in the shape of the station-master, who was getting back from his dinner, I never knew, but with a scowl, the fellow's hold relaxed. Steve willingly relaxed his hold, and with a parting benediction of hate, the young outlaws took to their heels.

## CHAPTER VII

I HAVE already mentioned my mother's brother, Seymour Comstock, who was an interesting character. I surmise that a certain strain of queerness might be detected, by a careful analysis, in almost every family, and at times a sufficient deviation from the normal might be observed in every individual, which, carried to its logical conclusion, would mean actual mental alienation, in other words, insanity. However, my good uncle, altogether sane, was not a little queer. From my earliest recollection he was a semi-invalid, lean, dyspeptic and neurotic, yet never down sick; always busy and ready for work. He died at the great age of ninety-nine, and the bases of his longevity were, of course, sound arteries and simple methods of living. I believe, however, that his lifelong habit of apple-eating was an important contributing factor. From ten to twenty apples was his daily allowance, and the day was considered lost or out of joint if for any cause this habit was interfered with. The apple is the king of all fruit; and equalled by none in its many-sided adaptation as a preventive of physical ills. In his later years dealing in butter was my uncle's hobby. He was happy if he could buy up all the butter that the farmers would bring him, and if he could sell it at a profit, well and good—if not, he was still happy in his ability to sell. He was very unobserving, and it was therefore possible to hoodwink him and act against his interests in a way that a more alert and practical mind would have detected at once. For example, he gave us so much a pound for all the old iron we could find. There was a dumping place for the iron behind the store. To our shame be it said, once or twice at least, after selling him a few pounds of iron, we would surreptitiously retake it and sell it over again. We were allowed to go behind the counter and roam over the store at will. It was not permissible to take the whole cakes from the cake drawer, but my uncle said that if there were any broken ones we could have them. Whenever, therefore, we found no broken cakes, we promptly broke some, and this supplied the deficiency. I do not re-

member that this was ever detected, but a time of reckoning was near. Steve's brother Albert, returning from Ohio, took charge of affairs, and from that time business principles prevailed. We came from behind the counter one day laden with spoils. "What have you in your hands, Steve?" "Nothing," he replied. "Yes, you have; give it to me," said his brother. Steve remained rebellious, whereupon Albert grasped the tightly closed hand and attempted to open it. The other stoutly resisted, but in vain. Gradually the fingers loosened, one by one, and some purloined candies fell to the floor. The result was that we two boys were excluded from the private ways of the establishment, and thereafter had to take our chances with mere outsiders.

My cousin Steve was a restless chap, and eager for pleasure, for new sights, sounds and scenes. I have already spoken about some of our truant adventures. He was anxious to try again, but I had had enough, and from time to time refused to join him in another attempt. About the time the new régime went into effect in the store, Steve made up his mind to run away again. We were together on the stoop in front of the store, and he again urged me to go, but I refused. "Well, then, good-bye," he said, as he leaped from the high end of the stoop and started on his long journey. I watched him as he made his way down the street through the lower village, finally disappearing. When that night and the next day and the day following he failed to appear, his family were, of course, very much alarmed. I have always had the impression that a pond which we frequented was dragged, but it may be that the idea was only suggested. I do not even remember that I was questioned about the matter, but it is probable that I was. If so, I gave out no information. My cousin was absent only about one week. At that time an older brother was employed in the store of Mr. Nall, of Detroit, who had married our cousin, formerly of Norwalk, Conn., Steve's objective point was Detroit, where he hoped to get a place in the store with his brother. He walked to Darien, taking train for New York. On his way from New York to Albany he observed two men on a car not far away talking, and occasionally they would look his way. With the sensitiveness of a guilty conscience, he thought they were watch-

ing him and talking about him. He became uneasy, and after night had fallen, he slipped out of the car to the platform, and the train went on without him. As railroad fares were not at that time regulated as now, his ticket became worthless. He finally reached Buffalo and took steamer for Detroit, but as he secured no berth, not knowing, indeed, anything about such things, he spent that night as best he could. Arriving in Detroit, he found that his brother had just taken his departure for the East. Without waiting to make calls on other relatives, he immediately retraced his steps, reaching Darien in due time, and, not waiting for the stage, he started to walk the four miles to New Canaan. When he left home he took with him no change of clothes, neither comb nor brush, and it is doubtful whether in the whole week he had thoroughly washed his face or hands. He doubtless presented a most dirty and disreputable appearance. His brother had come up from New York on the same train and waited for the stage, while Steve pushed on afoot, the two not having seen each other. Finally the truant was overtaken, and the driver, who recognized him, invited him to get in. Through the accumulation of a week's dirt, William did not at first see any resemblance between this ragamuffin and his brother. When he saw who it was he expressed his astonishment, asked what was the matter and where he had been. Steve replied "that he had been down the road a little way." His sister met him at the door as he walked into the house and said, "You naughty boy; where have you been?" He simply grinned, sat down at the supper table and began to eat greedily, as if half starved. Shortly he came out and we went together down into the "lots." Here he drew out a ten-dollar bill, all that was left of the money with which he had supplied himself before he started his journey. I think it better to say nothing about the source of this money supply. What to do with this ten-dollar bill was the question. It would be difficult to get it changed and the possession of it would instigate questioning. After considerable discussion, he finally concluded to burn it. In a way I was almost as guilty as my cousin. I knew how he had supplied himself with funds, and had made no protests nor objections.

At another time, also, as I have already recorded, in a

former truant affair, I had done the same thing in a smaller way. Not until long years after did the whole truth come out. William never even knew that his brother had been to Detroit. Only Steve and I knew the truth. Steve told his parents that he had saved enough money to get to New York, and afterwards went up the North River peddling oranges. Looking back at it, I cannot but be astonished at the monstrosity of it all. Boys are a strange combination of tenderness and cruelty. In regard to animals, they do not consider the bodily pain they inflict. In the same way, they have little thought of the intense mental pain they cause parents by thoughtless conduct.





## BOOK II

### YOUTH AND EARLY MANHOOD

#### CHAPTER VIII

**T**HE question of a career was not a little in my mind when I arrived at the age of fifteen. As a rule, boys do not know what they want nor for what they are best fitted. My thought, directed possibly by our young physician, Dr. Roberts, was for the profession of medicine, and I recollect that it appealed to me because it would take me so much in the open air, in carriage or on horseback, preferably the latter. About this time my eyes began to trouble me somewhat, and when a brother, then a clerk with Ball, Black & Company, jewelers, New York City, wrote saying that a situation was open for a boy, I concluded to accept it.

Well do I remember the eventful day of my departure. It was a great event. I felt its importance and my own importance, but as I look back at it now I see a certain pathos in it all, this severing of relations. The ties that held me to boyhood days and pleasures along old and familiar lines were to be broken forever. Henceforth there were to be no more trips to "Indian Rock" in the company of boy intimates, where we imagined ourselves wild Indians. The old familiar ponds and streams would never again be just the same, nor would I ever in the days to come sail them, or swim in them, or walk their banks with the zest or sense of pleasure that I had known. No such thoughts as these, however, occurred to my mind as I climbed into the carriage which would take me to the Darien station. Alas, to my great regret, our good horse, Peter, was no longer with us to drive on this, my entry into the busy world of affairs. I felt that I was taking a step up in the world, and, wishing to impress my importance on the driver at my side, I told him that he must drive fast, as it would not do for me to miss the train, since I had an important engagement to meet in New York. As the distance was

but four miles and we had nearly an hour to make it, it is possible that the driver saw no special necessity for haste.

Ball, Black & Company then did business at the corner of Broadway and Murray Street. The building was a four-story, yellow brick structure, with a huge golden eagle with outstretched wings perched above the main entrance. In the years that followed, this building and still another on the same site have been razed to the ground, and a third structure of imposing front stands where the old original brick store stood. The firm of to-day, its title changed to Black, Starr & Frost, still flourishes on Fifth Avenue, above Forty-second Street, and the same old shining eagle occupies his perch above the door, through which pass and repass the purchasers of another generation.

I called for my brother and he took me to Mr. Ball, the head and guiding spirit of the firm, a tall, thin, austere-appearing man, who scanned me indifferently and said, "He looks like a good strong boy. You can put him to work." These were the only words he ever addressed to me until I came to leave six months later.

It is difficult for the present generation to understand how different was the New York of 1856 from the city of to-day. Its population was not more than five hundred thousand and Twenty-third Street was the uptown limit of its active urban life. Stewart's drygoods store was at the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street, and most of the high-class retail business was in that neighborhood. Tiffany, indeed, had boldly established himself a little north of Canal Street, and in his business was second only to the famous Ball, Black & Company.

To illustrate the rapidity that has always characterized the development of this great town, I point to the fact that in a very few years the firm I was with built a fine structure at the corner of Broadway and Prince Street. In a few years they found themselves too far downtown, and migrated to the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street. Now they are at Fifth Avenue and Forty-ninth Street. Tiffany & Company also found themselves too far away, and erected a fine building at Fifteenth Street and Union Square. There they did business for a good many years, until they moved into their

present splendid quarters at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street.

At the time I went as a boy to work for the jewelry concern in New York, the firm consisted of Ball, Black and Monroe, Monroe being the "company." If I might characterize the three men, I should say that Mr. Ball was by far the ablest man of the concern, Mr. Black the most portly and sluggish, and Mr. Monroe seemingly the smallest and most penurious, and yet he was a kind man and sympathetic, and all were men of character of the best type. Originally these men were simply salesmen for the firm of Marquand & Company. Years after, during the famous cholera season, when everybody who could fled the city, these three clerks remained at their posts, and to this action is credited the fact that subsequently they were taken into partnership. Ball, Black and Monroe are all long dead. When I was a boy in the store, the second Black was younger than myself and still at school. Starr was a bookkeeper and Frost a salesman. All these, too, have passed away and I take it that the present head of the house is the grandson of the original Black.

## CHAPTER IX

IT WAS in April, 1856, in my sixteenth year, that I went to New York. In that year, too, a brother came to New York to take a bank position, where he remained for more than fifty years. Before me as I write is an old engraving of Broadway, between Grand and Howard Streets, as it looked in 1840, the year of my birth, sixteen years before I came to town as a boy. Sixteen years is a long time in the life of a modern city, and therefore most of those low and apparently wooden structures that I see had then given place to other buildings. The street scene, however, was very much the same. It was before the time of street cars and automobiles, and the same old lumbering stages and carts, with an occasional carriage, occupied the scene. If one was a pedestrian, he was not actually lonely. The people were constantly passing and repassing, but the streets were not crowded, and there was no great hurrying. Compared with the life of to-day, it was provincial, and looking back, the contrast between then and now seems very great, and in my mind, perhaps, in favor of the former. But it is always so; the past becomes refined or glorified. Seen in the dim distance, as in the background of a landscape, all the rough features fade, and only the agreeable remains. Time's perspective straightens what would otherwise seem crooked, and smooths the rough edges and wrinkled surfaces. Is it possible that more than sixty years have fled since those days? They continue still very vivid to me. The old yellow brick building, with its golden eagle over the entrance, stands there still, if my mental vision does not deceive me, and as I enter the door, back from some errand, every detail is clear to my mind. Brown, the watchmaker, sits in the northeast corner, with glass in place to aid his vision. Van Buren, tall and lean, is bending over the counter, engaged with a customer. Gelson, thin, too, but old and gray-headed and bearded, stands near him. Frost is there, always good-natured and talkative, and White, of Cleveland, even more talkative—so much so that we frequently had to take refuge in flight to escape his

busy hum. Where they and all the rest in that old store have gone, with the exception of myself, I well know. Every one is in his grave. Then there was William Black, son of one of the partners, urbane and fond of what are falsely called the good things of life, so fond of them that he passed away before his time. The younger Monroe, too, like his father, kind and considerate, but also like him in the keen appreciation of the value of money and keeping it well within his grasp. Although the character and taste of these two were widely divergent, they were a great deal together, but in time these varying tastes resulted in a gradual cessation of intimacy. Starr, the assistant bookkeeper, later a member of the firm, seemed to be the busiest, breeziest man of all. He and Frost were great friends, and when Sunday came I can see them starting off together for a day's outing in the Elysian fields at Hoboken. Think of it! Ye gods, Elysian! The residence of the blessed after death, a condition of perfect happiness, and all in Hoboken, and to be reached by ferry for two cents! And there was Marcus. He was a specialist in diamonds, and finally established the well-known Fifth Avenue house of Marcus & Sons, now actively managed, I think, by the third generation. The elder Marcus is especially remembered by me, because upon occasion when he did not wish to go out at noon, either on account of business or inclement weather, he would ask me to get for him a frugal luncheon of gingerbread.

The head bookkeeper was an Englishman, whose personality is just as clear as all the others. He was a characteristic Englishman. One illustration of the type of man he was I recall. Leaving the store at noon one day, he saw a driver abusing his horse. He ordered him to cease. The driver then transferred his abuse from the horse to the man, whereupon our bookkeeper called a policeman, took him to court, and had him fined.

And lastly, two other not unimportant members of the corporation must be mentioned—the two colored porters, Sam and Peter. Sam was an old man, and had been with the firm half a century; in fact, since its very existence. In a way he was part and parcel of the firm, and was accorded all the respect and privileges of an old and trusted servant. He re-

minded me of an old-time Southern negro, whose very life was a part of the family he served. He was very black and grizzly, with a suave and deferential manner, yet with a certain authoritative mien, which indicated that he was not to be trifled with when the interests of anything connected with the firm were involved. Sam and I became very good friends, for I was always polite and friendly with him, and he, in turn, was able to give me some business points that were of value. Some of the clerks, however, opposed him in a tantalizing manner, more out of mischief than anything else. Then Sam would explode, and as his natural speech was dignified and slow, in his efforts to be emphatic and scathing his words would roll out too rapidly for proper formation, ending in sputtering and stammering, much to his own rage and to the infinite delight of his tormentors. Peter, the other porter, was a great husky negro, about thirty years old, thoroughly good-natured and reliable. After the work of the day was done and the store about to close, it was my duty to go with Peter, in the one-horse covered wagon, and distribute the goods sold. We carried in small compass a great many valuable articles, of course, precious stones and articles of fine craftsmanship in gold and silver, and our cautions were many and frequent. We carried no arms, and were frequently out long after dark. It seems to me now, when I remember the outlying districts into which we penetrated, districts which were dimly lighted and far from police aid, that it is a wonder we were not waylaid. It would have been the easiest thing in the world, and would have afforded a rich harvest for thieves. On one occasion I had a valuable set of diamonds to deliver to some persons at the then fashionable New York Hotel. I was ushered into an elegant apartment where were two ladies and a man. I delivered the goods, and stood, hat in hand, while they examined them. The man, a Southerner I judged by his speech, was exceedingly supercilious and mandatory. He expressed a number of impatient remarks to me, expressing dissatisfaction with the goods and contempt for the management, as if I, a mere errand-boy, could be in any way to blame. Finally he refused to accept the goods and handed them back to me. I said nothing, but on reaching the door, put on my hat in order to free my hand

to turn the knob. Immediately the man shouted, "When you are in a gentleman's apartment, you ought to know enough to keep your hat off." I replied, "When I am in a gentleman's room, he takes my hat and gives me a chair." Whereupon our Hotspur started with the intention of accelerating my exit. As I opened the door and glided out, I saw the ladies lay their soft, restraining hands upon his shoulder, and heard their exclamations of reproof.

On another occasion I was sent to collect a bill of \$650.00. The money was immediately counted and handed to me, with the request to verify it. It was a big pile, mostly small bills, and rather disreputable-looking bills, too. I had never seen so much money and had no natural gift in counting it. The position of a paying teller would hardly be in my line. I have never yet learned to add very rapidly or correctly. To this day there is always something wrong at the end of the month with my bankbook, so that now I try to have it written up very frequently, in order that there shall be as few vouchers as possible to take care of. I beheld that pile of bills with alarm, but it had to be tackled. I went through it once and the sum total was more than \$650.00. I tried it again and it came out less. A third time, perspiring now, and nervous and anxious, I tried it. The dirty bills became hopelessly crumpled, and in desperation I said it was all right and signed a receipt. At the store I gave the money to the cashier and hung anxiously around. After counting and counting it again, he said, "There is twenty dollars wanting." He asked me if I had counted it and I acknowledged that I had. Of course I was responsible for this deficiency, and it sent a cold shiver down my back, for I was in receipt of the munificent salary of four dollars a week! However, the cashier was a kindly sort of a fellow, and suggested that I go back and see if they had not made some mistake. Back I went and told my story, but the man who had paid me reminded me somewhat gruffly that I had counted the money and pronounced it correct. Seeing my expression of disappointment, his heart so far relented as to cause him to say, "You come back to-morrow, and if our account is twenty dollars over, we will pay it to you." Here was a hope, but a very slight one, and that night if I did not dream about the twenty dollars, I ought to have done so.

With not very much hope I presented myself the next morning, when, to my delight, I found that there was the correcting over-balance of twenty dollars, which was promptly handed to me.

There was one other serious scare. I had in charge one day a large book filled with bills of lading or memoranda. I do not remember very much about the details, but it was a very important book. If lost, it would cause many disarrangements. Upon my return it was not among my other packages, and I was met with the cheerful statement that if it was lost, I had better jump off the dock. Fortunately, after going to this place, that, and the other, it was found.

It is quite certain that the position of boy-of-all-work in the establishment of Ball, Black & Company was no sinecure. I was kept busy from morning until night, and in delivering goods, not infrequently till long after nightfall. The way I did my work points a moral and illustrates a fact. By nature I am not in any way orderly, and so far as physical work is concerned, many would say that I was actually lazy. Indeed, my father once said of me that for work in the fields or around the house I was a broken reed. This he said good-naturedly, and perhaps only half meant it. Experience has taught me this accusation is but half true. I was the victim of a certain heedlessness as a boy, a not uncommon trait. For example, I was a wretched hand to do errands correctly. If I were sent for seven pounds of sugar, I have been known to come back with seven pounds of rice. This was not because my memory was not sufficiently retentive, but because I made no effort to remember, as should have been the case. When I went into this jewelry store, I wanted to succeed and meant so to do if it was in my power. Originally there were two errand boys, but when I entered upon the scene both had been discharged. They were city-bred boys and I was told it was difficult to get good ones. They loitered by the way when sent out, and in other respects were unsatisfactory. I determined that no such fault should be found with me, and so went and returned quickly. But that was not the most important of my duties. I was burdened with innumerable orders to deliver, and goods to fetch and carry. These duties took me to the top of the highest buildings and into the cel-



lars, and to do my work satisfactorily it was quite necessary that my mind should be bright and active. I made it a point to remember and did remember, and so scored a success in two important ways, promptness and efficiency. So efficient was I, and this is not boasting, but a simple fact, that I did the work of two boys in the six months that I remained there, thus illustrating the correctness of the old saying about the willing horse.

## CHAPTER X

IT WAS during these first months that I first heard that Boanerges of the pulpit, Henry Ward Beecher. During the summer of my stay in New York I very often made my way to Plymouth Church. He was at that time about forty-three years old, but to my young eyes appeared, of course, much older. It is unnecessary for me to describe Plymouth Church, and yet perhaps I may say something about it. Made of brick, and perfectly plain outside, it was equally plain within, and withal so comfortable and cozy that it drew by its homelike attractiveness. With its great gallery and still a second and smaller one, it comfortably seated from twenty-five hundred to three thousand people. Upon crossing Fulton Ferry from New York to Brooklyn, if a stranger were to ask the way to Beecher's church, he would be told very likely, "Just follow the crowd," and in very truth this only was necessary. As the passengers hurried from the boat about church time, they formed into a solid stream, headed straight for Plymouth Church, and it would be indeed a very unpleasant day that these additions to the regular congregation would not fill the building to overflowing, and even a number be unable to get inside. How fortunate we who were able to secure good seats! It was an interesting and inspiring sight. Here was a man like one of us, who for years, week after week, unceasingly, was able to gather great masses of people who seemed never to tire of his ministrations. It is not so surprising that people from afar, drawn by his great reputation, should wish to see or to hear him, but that the same people, the people of his regular congregation, year in and year out, from youth to manhood, to the end of life, should not have faltered in their devotion and admiration, is one of the marvels. It was not alone due to the man's transcendent oratory, to his tricks and gifts of speech. Some called him a buffoon, a trickster, a charlatan, but quackery never lasts, never gives birth to anything permanent or worthy. There was a personality behind the great powers of speech and action that was the basis of his amazing power and popu-

larity. He was no insincere man. He swayed other men because he himself was swayed. He lost himself in the glory of his work. He was sincere in every fibre of his nature. There was no assumption, no affectation, and no man ever lived, it seemed to me, whose speech came more from the heart than did the words of Henry Ward Beecher. He was a man of large courage. No soldier was ever more fearless, and while he could indulge in scorching speech and strike with the mailed fist when on the trail of injustice and cruelty, yet his heart was as tender as a child's and restrained him from saying things that hurt without adequate cause. Before the opening of the services everything was cheery and informal. The light streamed in through ordinary glass windows; there was the bustle of the incoming crowd as they were seated, and the hum of conversation as friend greeted friend. At last comes the moment when the church is filled and no more are admitted. Mr. Beecher enters and seats himself in the great pulpit chair. He gazes benignantly over the immense audience, playing gently with his fingers on the arm of his chair. All noise ceases. A hymn is sung by the choir, led by the grand organ. Then Mr. Beecher prayed, and what a prayer, and such a soft, clear, wonderful voice to give expression to it! Within your very soul you felt its spontaneity. No carefully thought out, fine expression there. He spoke, out of his poetic soul, the thought, the emotion that actually filled him, and so others gave heed to him. If I am in any way a hero-worshipper as to Mr. Beecher, it is not alone because he seemed to be the greatest orator to whom I have ever listened, but because he represented to me what is most God-like in man, love for his fellow-man, sincerity without reservation, and a perfect courage. To the weak he was as a rock of defence. As naturally and as inevitably as water seeks its level he flew to the rescue of the oppressed. He could not do otherwise. It seems to me that I never listened to such a voice, soft, liquid, persuasive; it soothed and charmed. And what a range there was to it when he arose to the full measure of righteous wrath, in denouncing some great cruelty or wrong! It seemed as if the pulpit was in the way, and the platform too small for him. He became a raging lion, enforcing conviction with foot and hand, and

every motion of his virile and all-alive body; and when it was over, what a calm befell, and the musical cadence of his voice seemed a fit sequence to his thunderous tones. All over the country preachers tried to imitate him, but with the most sorry success, for it was only imitation. There has been but one Beecher, and, indeed, it is hardly possible that another shall come and speak with equal effect until humanity attacks and masters some other great grievance equal to human slavery.

It was inevitable that cranks should make themselves heard in such a popular assemblage. On one of the Sundays when I happened to be there, Mr. Beecher had just finished his address when a well-dressed man sitting near me arose and in a loud voice said, "Mr. Beecher, I would like to say that if your dinner is as good as your sermon, I would like to dine with you to-day." Ushers started to put the man out, but Mr. Beecher with a wave of his hand pronounced the benediction and the incident was closed. On another occasion a man in the gallery started to go out in the middle of the sermon. He had a long way to go and his boots squeaked terribly. Mr. Beecher paused until the man had reached the door and passed out, when he said, "Blessed is the shoemaker that maketh shoes that do not squeak," and then continued his interrupted remarks. Such things were displeasing to some people, who thought them irreverent and coarse and done for effect. Such an interpretation is altogether wrong. They came from a heart bubbling over with kindness and good will. I recall the fact that another distinguished clergyman paused in his sermon to rebuke a man for going out. The young man fainted. His physical condition was the reason for his action. One cannot conceive of Mr. Beecher being guilty of such thoughtless remarks. The sense of humor in him was so keen that when some friend expostulated, he replied, "If you only knew how much I keep back."

## CHAPTER XI

**D**URING all that long summer's stay in the great city I never ceased longing for the country, and had it still in mind that I would like to study. I had never before spent more than a few days in town, and whenever I passed some little public park with its grass and shady trees, the desire to get away from the hot pavements and noisy streets became almost imperative. One morning in October my brother came into the store and said that if I wished to do so, I might give up my position, return to New Canaan, and take his place in the school as assistant to my father. The break in my relations with Ball, Black & Company went into effect after some bungling maneuvering on my part, but it illustrates that even the boy who runs errands does not escape the watchful eye of his employer. It was on a Friday morning that I went to that, to me, austere man, Mr. Ball, and confided to him the fact that I had decided to leave. As I have already recorded, the only time that he had ever spoken to me was on the day, six months before, when I entered upon my duties. Mr. Black also had very little to say to me, and of this I did not complain, for when he did speak, it was generally to find some fault. I was blacking my shoes in the basement one day, for example, when he told me I ought to brush the dust off first, and that I had put on too much blacking, all of which may have been perfectly true. Another time he sent me to the train to save a seat for him. Every Saturday in summer he went to his country place in Southport, Connecticut. I found a good seat and waited patiently for the coming of the great man. It seemed, however, that I had selected a seat on what would be the sunny side of the car when it got into the open. It was a hot day and Mr. Black was a fat man, and I shall never forget his look, his gesture and expression of disgust when he took in the situation. He thought it was very stupid, but how was I to know about a sunny or a shady side in that darkened building far downtown? Mr. Monroe, the other partner, was more talkative and outwardly genial, and yet as I now think of the three men, Mr. Ball, the austere,

seems to me, in all the essentials that go to make up character, to have been a higher type than the other two.

I saw the tall form of Mr. Ball in the rear of the store leaning against the counter, looking around as if he were monarch of all he surveyed. Hesitatingly I approached and told him that I had concluded to give up my place and go home. He expressed surprise, and to my astonishment, some disappointment. I had supposed that he would offer no objection and would hardly deign to more than briefly accept my resignation, but he seemed to take a great interest in this decision of mine and said he hoped I would reconsider my determination. He was good enough to say that I had performed my duties satisfactorily, my promotion was assured and I had better think it over. I felt very much flattered. Here was the great man of whom I had always stood in awe, talking to me in genial friendly tones and practically begging me not to give up my situation. I again felt my importance just as I had felt it six months before, when I had warned the driver who drove me to the train not to be late. I could not resist Mr. Ball's persuasive manner, and much against my will agreed to stay. After sleeping upon my decision I found myself regretting it, and determined to go to Mr. Ball and tell him so, but the day was Saturday and I remembered that the head of the firm always spent the day at his country place at Newburgh. The distastefulness of my occupation grew upon me, and I could no longer wait, so as soon as Mr. Black came in I went to him. He dealt with me in no such persuasive and courteous way as had Mr. Ball. No gleam of friendly comradeship or appreciative recognition of services rendered illumined his somewhat dull and forbidding expression. He, as well as Mr. Ball, knew that I had efficiently done the work of two boys through a hot and trying summer, besides ridding them of a lot of annoyance in having two careless and lazy city boys around, as had been their former experience, instead of one conscientious, busy and exact country boy. Besides, had I not saved the great firm of Ball, Black and Company exactly one hundred dollars in money? He, therefore, heard me crossly and said that I couldn't go, that at all events I must not go until I had spoken again to Mr. Ball. I then determined that I would not again encounter Mr. Ball. I was

afraid he would prove too much for me and determined on the coming morning, whether for good or evil, to get out. As I have said, some of us slept in the store and I was among the number. Sunday evening I packed my small trunk and the next morning arose early and prepared to leave. My brother was not yet out of his bed, and when he saw my purpose he was very much surprised and indignant. He vigorously protested, but to no purpose. I scented the call of the country, the school, and old friends, and it was irresistible. I can still hear my brother's voice warning me as I dragged my small trunk down the stairs and to the sidewalk, and as often as I pass 245 Broadway I look down upon the pavement and wonder upon just what spot rested the trunk. The iron shutters were but halfway up as I emerged, and the watchman, whom I knew, said, "Where are you going?" I told him that I was going home. "But," he said, "you can't take a trunk out of the store this time of the morning." "I am going anyway," was my reply, "and you can't stop me." The possibility of my being able in this manner to get away with thousands of dollars' worth of valuables did not in my innocence occur to me, and so we argued. Just then a policeman sauntered up, an amused spectator of the scene. Putting his hand on my shoulder and with a good-natured smile he said, "Well, sonny, I guess we're too many for you." This was beginning to be painfully clear to me, so dragging my trunk back into the store, away I started for the train. It will interest present-day folks to know that the station of the New York and New Haven Railroad was then at Canal Street and Broadway. The cars were drawn by four horses through Canal Street to the Bowery, up that avenue through Fourth Avenue to Twenty-seventh Street, where the engine was hitched on. Later the station was at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street, the cars then being pulled to Forty-second Street where the engine was awaiting it. Away we went and as I looked out of the window to the West, I could see the still crude, unfinished Central Park. The streets were filled in, but there were few buildings; the whole section above Thirty-fourth Street, or at least Forty-second Street, looking like a huge checkerboard, the squares being represented by deep depressions, which after rains afforded miniature ponds for the boys to sail

their improvised rafts, and which were also the universal dumping grounds as well. Even from the high ground of Central Park the squatters had not yet all fled, and goats were still silhouetted on the rocky hills just as they continued to be seen for many a year as the onward progress of the town drove them northward. We passed through the low-lying, straggling settlement of Harlem, where in after years I was to begin my professional career and find my wife, beloved partner of my joys and sorrows through all these many years.

The first real sense of relief and assured freedom came to me as we sped over the Harlem River. I was now fairly away from Manhattan Island, out of the town and in the broad, beautiful country. Soon we came to the Bronx, not then as now, a dirty stream, contaminated by the touch of a dense population, but still retaining all its primal, limpid purity. The hand of autumn was just beginning to touch the leaves of the trees and in full measure I gloried in these reminders of what I had enjoyed and what I was again to enjoy after six months of hot pavements and dusty streets. After getting to New Canaan I felt somewhat as a man who has seen the world returning to his native town. I was conscious of a new touch of importance, as if I had advanced a grade. In the little thing that I had attempted I had certainly made good, and by just so much better fitted for the steps in life before me, whatever they were to be. All such experiences alter one's perspective. The point of view is not exactly the same. The vision had enlarged, as shown by a purely physical illustration. The next morning I accompanied my mother to my uncle's store, so familiar to me through all my boyish years. It was the same, yet not the same. Everything had contracted. The building was narrower and shorter, the ceiling, very low, and as I remarked this, my cousin, the proprietor, in a tone that seemed to resent any such insinuation, replied that he guessed that it was big enough. The clerks, too, seemed less important, and I noted, also, that their dress appeared more common and slovenly than before I went away.



## CHAPTER XII

FOR a year after returning home I was an assistant to my father in the school. It seems to me that I was not a particularly good teacher, but I do not recall that any such suggestion was ever made. On the other hand, he never specially commended me, so it may perhaps be inferred that I did about as well as the average. I am sure, however, that I was not nearly as thorough as was he. Occasionally I was left alone to carry on the exercises. At such times the wheels of the curriculum rolled with unaccustomed speed, and to the great delight of the boys, when they found that this stirring up of activities meant an earlier release and a longer time for play. I was very much of a boy, little older than some whom I taught, and was quite as glad as they to get out of doors. What tricks memory plays us. The events of my life before and after this time, the year that I spent in teaching before going away from home, were fairly well engraven upon my mind, as has and will be seen, but the doings and remembrances of this particular year have mostly faded from my recollection. Almost every incident connected with this year of useful work has been buried in oblivion, and yet some long-forgotten acquaintances come to my mind.

The Episcopal rector then was a Mr. Williams. He was, I should say, under thirty, a tall, manly-looking man. I thought him a fine preacher and as he was fond of having me come to his study and talk, treating me in all respects as an equal. I felt quite flattered. I had aspirations and was glad to encourage them by contact with an older and superior mind. One Christmas day I remember well. The church had been beautifully decorated, and in helping the girls of the parish in the work, I first appreciated strongly the attractions of sex, and to this day the odor of the Christmas pines suggests the boyish romance or romantic stirrings of these early days. In the evening Mr. Williams preached what seemed to me a most eloquent and moving sermon. His sonorous tones and many gestures deeply affected me, and I gave him the credit of high eloquence. In the light of more mature years, however, as I

look back and recall dimly some of the things he said and especially about himself, I am constrained to put him in not quite such an exalted position and to account for his influence over me more by his self-assertiveness and physical superiority than by any extraordinary mental attainment. He had the endowment of personality, but it was more the physical than the intellectual or spiritual, if I do not misjudge him.

I recall with a smile an incident that occurred about this time. My mother and I happened to be alone in the big house one night, when a little after midnight I was awakened by something pattering against the window-pane and by voices softly calling. I arose, went to the window, and looking down, distinguished several of the neighbors, one of them being my old friend, Joe Silliman. They whispered up that they believed there were burglars in the house, and as I visualize them now as I saw them then, grasping their weapons, one with a pitchfork, another with an ax, and the others with equally primitive warlike instruments, I smile and smile again. The moon was at its full, and all was bright without, but within all was dark and still. They beckoned me to come down and let them in. Now my later belief is, and probably it was my belief even then, that it is better not to force thieves from your house in the middle of the night. They have every advantage and you must go to work cautiously and not make yourself a shining light for attack, and so I hesitated to go out into the dark hall and down the dark stairs with thieves in waiting to take my blood. As I hesitated, one of those outside asked me if I was armed. What a question to bolster up one's waning courage. I acknowledged falteringly that I was not. They urged me to come down and let them in, and so rather hesitatingly, not wishing to seem cowardly in their eyes, I opened the door, and groped my way blindly through the wide, dark hall, down the stairs to the front door. I got through unscathed, and opening the door, met my rescuers, standing as if in battle array with weapons ready for immediate execution. After a short parley, they all entered and I hunted up a candle. The grim search began, but in going over the house from garret to cellar, we found no trace of burglars. It now occurred to me to ask them why they thought there were thieves in the house. The explanation was simple. The servants who slept

on the first floor in the rear heard noises as if someone was trying to take out a pane of glass, and in their unreasoning terror they rushed out of the back door in their nightdresses and made for the nearest house with a blood-curdling tale that burglars had broken into the house and might murder us all. I may add that throughout the acting of this bit of farce, my mother slept peacefully, a silent tribute to our stealthy doings.

Not long after I gave up my position in New York, I had occasion to go back to town for a day. I went into the store to see my brother, and was greeted cordially by the salesmen. I wanted to write a letter and was given pen and paper, and, very much at home, began to write in the rear of the store. I was interrupted by the approach of Mr. Black. His look was far from cordial and he abruptly said, "I shouldn't think you'd make this your headquarters after the way you left us," and turned away. Perhaps it would have been just as well if I had not made myself quite so much at home.

### CHAPTER XIII

I WAS now seventeen years old and my father finally agreed to a college career for me. I preferred Yale, and as a second choice Trinity, but Kenyon was finally selected. The reasons for the selection of Kenyon were, I think, these: Yale would be perhaps too demoralizing, and Kenyon was then what was termed a Low Church institution, which quite suited my father's idea of churchmanship. Aside from that, he had known the president of the college when he was superintendent of the schools of Ohio, and greatly admired him. His name was Lorin Andrews. I have a small picture of this man taken in the crude manner of the time. It has been in my possession since the year 1858. During these years I have taken absolutely no care of it. In all my movings there was no thought of it, and while many things have disappeared which I would give much to possess again, this picture of the good president has refused to be lost. He was one of the first to offer his services to his country in the Civil War, and within a few months died of disease.

It was in the autumn of 1857 that with my father and mother I joyfully started to enter what was to me another world. A new trunk was bought and in it was packed my outfit for the coming year, with all the care and completeness of which a mother is capable, for I was not expected to return home until the long summer vacation of 1858. There were no sleeping cars in those days, but the seats were very comfortable, with head rests, and we got along very well. We went to Cleveland and stopped at the Weddell House over night. On the way we had quite an accident. In the early morning, while going through the town of Corning, we struck a locomotive standing in our way and sent it flying rapidly down the track. Fortunately the steam gave out before it met any approaching train. We were not so fortunate. Our locomotive and baggage car were derailed, resulting in the death of the engineer, while the baggage car with its contents was pretty well smashed, including my trunk. Fortunately it had a stout canvas covering which preserved my clothes in

good measure. We bought a new trunk, repacked it, and by afternoon were again on our way. From Cleveland we took the train south for Gambier, or rather Mount Vernon, and thence five miles to the college town.

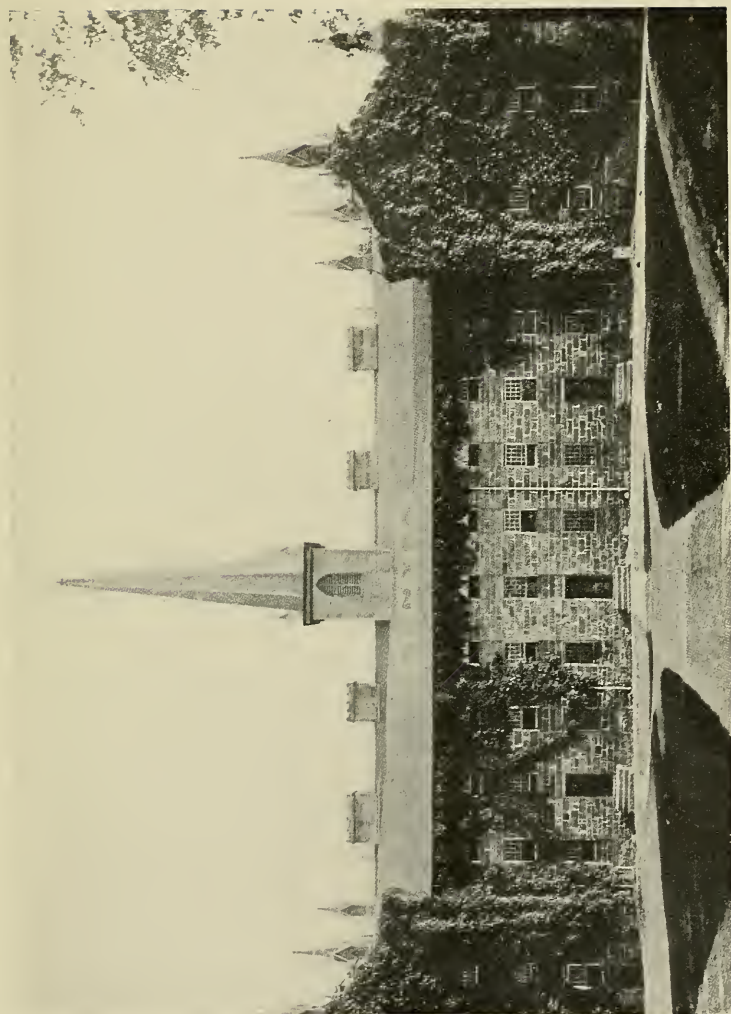
Never shall I forget the pleasing impression made by the little town of Gambier. The stately old college, with a few other buildings nestled together on the commanding site of Gambier Hill, made up a charming picture of rural and scholastic simplicity. The venerable college had and still has a veritable old-time English setting. It is a massive Gothic structure of stone, one hundred and sixty feet long and three stories high, with solid stone walls, four and one-half feet thick at the basement, and is surmounted by a spire one hundred and ten feet high. Two-thirds of a mile away, the two connected by a broad walk called the Middle Path, is Bexley Hall, the theological seminary, and architecturally as beautiful as the old college itself. Other buildings there were, too, Rosse Chapel, Ascension Hall, Milnor Hall. The plateau on which the college and village are situated rises about two hundred feet above the valley of the Kokosing River, which flows around it on three sides.

This institution of Bishop Chase, its founder, has an interesting history. Early in the nineteenth century the bishop went to England to collect funds for its endowment. Various eminent men in this country were interested, and notably Henry Clay. The bishop was received abroad with favor, and returned with forty thousand dollars, a large sum for that time. This explains the English names. The town is named for Lord Gambier, Kenyon for Lord Kenyon, Bexley Hall for Lord Bexley, and Rosse Chapel for Lady Rosse. With this forty thousand dollars the bishop immediately purchased eight thousand acres of land and proceeded to erect the college building. This was in 1828. Ohio was a western state, sparsely inhabited, with its pioneer settlers mostly living in log cabins. The Indians roamed freely about, but were as a rule harmless. Can anyone imagine anything more incongruous than this stately old building suddenly going up in the wilderness where Indians still roamed and wild animals had their home? The rude inhabitants wondered and speculated as it began to rise on its foundations. This happened not so very

long after the war of 1812, and it was rumored, so the story goes, that the English had bought this land and that the building was to be in reality a fort for their benefit on some future occasion. Then followed the other buildings in excellent taste and design, and the romance of Kenyon College began, for about the old institution there is a certain romance lovingly held by all her sons. It is different from other small colleges of its kind, different in its history, its beginnings, its setting and local charm. There is a quaintness about the buildings of 1828 that is neither seen nor felt in the later and perhaps smarter acquisitions. Some years ago, for the first time in nearly half a century, I revisited my Alma Mater. Various fine new buildings had been erected since my time, but I had eyes only for dear old Kenyon.

To return to that October day in 1857, the day of my arrival. We put up at Riley's Tavern, where a good many of the college boys took their meals. I observed them with interest, but they seemed to take no notice of me. I was not even to enter as a freshman, but had yet before me two years of preparatory work. Two years ago I met at Pittsburgh one of those old college boys, Jack Harper by name. I had not seen him for fifty years, but he well remembered my entry on the scene of Kenyon life. At the dinner I was sitting by my mother, he tells me, and after finishing my pie I asked her if I could not have another piece. I, of course, remember nothing about this, but the incident gave to me, in Harper's mind, an immortal remembrance. The acquisition of a new student in those days was a matter of congratulation, especially one coming from so great a distance. We dined, I remember, with Professor Lang, and at the president's house met a number of the professors.

Imagine a student in these days going to Yale or Harvard thus being taken notice of by the faculty! A boarding place was found for me in the house of Rev. Mr. Strong, employed by the church to travel and preach in its interests. His main duty was to seek out worthy, poor young men and induce them to study for the ministry. These men were called "beneficiaries." Some succeeded in getting an education gratis, and then failed to carry out their contract, entering on a secular career. It seems to me that the system was all wrong, and I



OLD KENYON, BUILT IN 1828





imagine that it has been in a good measure abandoned. The ministry is already too well-filled with mediocre men, due partially to the fact that the ministry is generally decided upon when the mind is still unformed, and the emotion rather than the reason dominates. Some excellent men were gathered by Father Strong, but I also call to mind some very shabby material that no amount of education could transform into an adornment of the pulpit.

The preparatory department of Kenyon College, where I was to spend two years, was in Milnor Hall, long since destroyed by fire. Later I left Mrs. Strong's and had my room in the Hall. My roommate at Strong's was an Indian (Mohawk) named Oronhyateka, or Burning Sky, but his English name was less euphonious, homely Peter Martin. This name, however, he never used. He claimed to be a chief and a descendant of the famous Brant. Indeed he was in possession of a tomahawk which he claimed had come down to him from that celebrated chieftain. Oronhyateka was a large, splendid-looking fellow, but entirely lacking in the high cheek bone and some other characteristics of the full-blooded Indian. Nothing, however, more excited his wrath than to suggest such a thing. What a head he had! It was so large that he could buy no ready-made hat to fit him. He had a quick wit and a memory that was phenomenal, so that in a pinch when he had failed to get his Latin or Greek, five minutes' reading from a "pony" would enable him to pass as readily as any of the others. Like a true Indian he was fond of jokes and was not slow in perpetrating them. Next to us roomed a man named Humphrey. One evening Oronhyateka came in rather late and proceeded to perpetrate a joke on his neighbor. In the meantime, however, a man named Marsh and his wife had arrived from Boston, and taken possession of Humphrey's room. Our Indian, all unaware of the change, grabbed his tomahawk, and crawled on hands and knees, to "scare Humphrey." The moon was shining brightly and as Oronhyateka suddenly arose with weapon in hand to utter his war whoop, a female voice exclaimed, "Who's there?" Oronhyateka, taken by surprise, faltered out, "Doesn't Mr. Humphrey room here?" and incontinently fled. Mr. Marsh through it all slept on, but as he was a man of great strength

and determination, as I found later, there might have been a serious tussle had he awakened. Oronhyateka was crestfallen enough, and vented a large amount of abuse on me for not telling him of the changed conditions.

In the hot summer days a favorite peculiarity of Oronhyateka was to study with his feet in a tub of cold water. He wore a long tail coat of ancient type which had seen much service. Our house was about a quarter of a mile from Milnor Hall, the bell of which rang five minutes before morning prayers. On many occasions we were yet in bed when the bell began to ring and yet we succeeded in getting into our clothes and covering that quarter of a mile in the allotted five minutes. One morning, however, we were not so fortunate. We had almost reached the goal, but I was a little behind, and stretching out my hand grabbed my companion's coat tail. He forged ahead. There was a sound of ripping and one of the tails of the rotten coat was left in my hand. We suddenly halted, one tail hanging in its place, but revealing a patch where the other tail should have hung. Oronhyateka's indignation was great, almost unspeakable, greater even than when I allowed him to go into Humphrey's room and play wild Indian,—and if he had had at hand his great ancestor's weapon, he might have brained and scalped me then and there.

It is perhaps unnecessary to say that prayers went on without us that morning, while we sadly wended our way homeward. During a recent visit to Kenyon, I walked over the same road and halted almost at the exact spot of the episode and could see, as if with the eye of yesterday, every detail of the ludicrous happening. After graduation Oronhyateka declined to study for the ministry and went to his home in Canada. About this time the Prince of Wales came here and in the course of his wanderings visited this Indian tribe, on which occasion Oronhyateka was selected to make the speech of welcome. The Prince was so well pleased that under his auspices he was sent to Oxford, where he spent two years. Returning home he studied medicine, but as he admitted to me years later he humbugged the people, who thought him, as an Indian, possessed of special knowledge of the efficacy of herbs. He finally became the head of the Royal Order of Foresters, with headquarters at Toronto, Canada. Almost

everybody in the Provinces, as I found, had heard of Oronhyateka, but not all by any means favorably. With what measure of justice some measure of disparagement was connected with his name, I cannot say. That he was to a certain extent a charlatan cannot be doubted, but he possessed abilities and graces, too, not always directed to the highest end.

After a stay of six months at Mr. Strong's I took quarters at Milnor Hall for the last eighteen months' preparation. As I remember them they were exceedingly pleasant months, and yet the details of my stay there are not altogether clear to my mind. I can yet see the old classroom and the compact, vigorous form of Mr. Lathrop, the principal, and can call to mind various forms and faces as I saw them from day to day.

## CHAPTER XIV

THE Christmas vacation saw me on the way to Milan, Ohio, to visit my uncle, Philo Comstock and family.

I had heard so much about them and the place from my mother that I was delighted to go. In 1828, my mother, then a girl of sixteen, and this brother, some years older, went to Milan, Ohio, to settle upon land owned by the family. This land was given to my great-grandfather Comstock for services rendered the soldiers of the Revolution. They started from New Canaan, going by sloop from Norwalk to New York, and thence up the Hudson to Albany. From Albany they went by canal boat to Buffalo, by stage through the wilderness to Cleveland, and then to Norwalk, fifty miles further on. Thus leaving one Norwalk in Connecticut, they finally, after a month or more of journeying, reached a still more primitive Norwalk in Ohio. While the farm was in Norwalk, but some four miles distant from its village, it was only a mile and a half from Milan, so the family always went to church there, did their shopping and had their social relations there. In the time of my mother, however, this region was the far West, and it is interesting to note that their little four room frame house was the only one of its kind in all that region. The settlers were widely scattered and lived in log houses. This experience might seem hard now, but I have often thought of its rich and varied compensation. The two thus starting out together were young and in high health. The world was all before them and they found new sights and scenes. The sail down the Sound then was almost equal to a trip to Europe now; and how they must have reveled in the grand and rugged scenery of the Hudson and in the pastoral beauty along its banks as they emerged from its rocky fastnesses. I can imagine them looking wonderingly at the far-away, beautiful Catskills, not yet rendered increasingly famous by the creation of *Rip Van Winkle*. Albany must have been a little town, yet a city to their eyes. The Erie Canal had been but recently completed and on this new kind of communication they embarked to cover slowly the miles

through what had once been and was still in great measure the pathless woods. It was an experience that my mother, the young girl Betty, never forgot. She was never tired of telling about it and how they wandered in the woods along the sides of the canal, happy as the day was long in joys and anticipations. She stayed with her brother two years until his marriage, when at the age of eighteen she returned home, and two years later married my father. These two years were years of work for both of them, but she enjoyed the rough life. She did not, however, so much enjoy the Indians. They were for the most part an idle, harmless set, but when sometimes looking up from her work, she saw two or three savage faces looking in, with their noses flattened against the window, it was no pleasing sensation. There were wild-cats, wolves, and bears, and the howling of the wolves around the house at night always alarmed her, especially if alone, as she sometimes was. On one occasion the cattle were stampeded, and, without coming into the house, her brother leaped on a horse and went after them, and was gone three days. During those days and nights she was, of course, alone, to hear the cries of wild animals; and dreary enough the nights must have been, though behind stout doors.

Another and more pleasing experience was the sight of great flocks of migrating birds and of the gentler inhabitants of the woods and trees. The wild turkeys were plentiful and the pigeons, too. They fairly darkened the earth in their flight. On one occasion she counted sixty wild turkeys on the woodpile in front of her door.

I am taking liberties with time, so let me leave the third decade of the nineteenth century and return to the closing years of its fifth decade. It found me on my way to Norwalk. I walked the four miles to my uncle's home and in the course of an hour came to the great old-fashioned brick house which for years had occupied the site of the original little frame house. By the barn on the other side of the road I saw a plain farmer-looking man who proved to be my uncle, to whom I introduced myself, and together we went into the house where I made the acquaintance of my aunt and my cousins. The ten days that I spent with them were a pleasant experience. Their ways were naturally quite different from the ways

to which I had been accustomed. There was always pie upon the table for breakfast and in other ways the meal was unusual from my point of view.

Near the end of my stay the girls gave a party for my benefit. The girls and young fellows from the farms around were invited. Their crude, awkward, and rather free ways interested and amused me, and I entered into the fun with so much zest that I quite surprised my relatives. I think they were pleased, for up to that time they had thought me rather quiet, and were in doubt as to whether I was having a good time.

At the expiration of the first year of study I returned to New Canaan for the summer vacation. As we had an accident going out, so we barely escaped a fearful one on my return. Our train had only time to run onto a side track, literally on the edge of a precipice, when another train thundered by at express speed. What the circumstances were I knew not, but I well remember the ejaculations of astonishment from the passengers and the unchecked and almost excusable profanity of the conductor at someone's blunder which had nearly caused us all to be sent to the bottom of the ravine. My brother met me in New York, and we took the afternoon train for Darien, where we found my father awaiting us. It was, I remember, the day before the Fourth of July. The crowd was so great that we were unable to find seats, and were compelled to stand in the baggage car. I have always remembered that drive from Darien to New Canaan. It was fast getting dark, black clouds were forming, the rain began to fall, and soon the darkness became Cimmerian. It was impossible to see ahead, and we had to leave the horse to his own guidance. Only through the vivid lightning flashes could we form any idea of where we were, although it was all familiar ground. Soon the horse failed us and we found ourselves off the road. Getting out, we groped around, feeling with our hands until we found it. It was soon lost again, and seeing a dim light in a window nearby, we went to the house and were fortunate enough to borrow a lantern which helped us on our way. I was glad to see my mother and the rest of the family, and to be once more at home.

The Rev. Cook was the rector of the church at that time, and he had two daughters, Mary and Julia, bright amiable girls,

with whom I formed an agreeable acquaintance, and to this day whenever I hear the song "A wet sheet and a flowing sea, a wind that follows fast," I think of Julia Cook whom I heard sing it many times. Long years after I again met Mary and her father at Ballston Spa—he an old man and she a gentle, middle-aged spinster.

## CHAPTER XV

VACATION ended, I started on my return to Gambier. The only incident remembered on the way was that in the car bound for New York I again met Stewart L. Woodford, who afterwards became more or less famous. He remembered me, and in the brief conversation I recall he remarked that "We will both be men together." I was eighteen and he was twenty-four, and I imagine that I had said something about the difference in our ages. When young, the space of six years seems very wide, but as we grow older it narrows until the distance seems but trifling. While I never knew him intimately in after years, yet as he fitly said, we would be men together. Yes, men together in the Civil War, men together in the activities of our respective professions, and in the business and social gatherings of the Loyal Legion. My two years at Milnor Hall in preparation for college were years of fairly faithful study and quiet enjoyment.

The summer vacation of 1859-1860 I again spent in New Canaan, and on my return had the company of my friend, Doty, with whom I stopped over at Hobart College at Geneva, New York, for a day. The Alpha Deltas entertained us here, and I remember that I was quite pleased when my companion informed me that the boys at Hobart thought I was a good fellow and would be good material to consider for the society. At all events, when I got back to Kenyon and found myself duly installed as a Freshman, I was honored by an election to this good old society, and therein formed friendships that literally have been undying. What simplicity there was in those days, and in these, too, so far as relates to the housing of the society. Among the pictures of fine chapter houses that adorn the walls of Alpha Delta Club-house in New York, ours will be found, substantially the same as in my time. It was small and, for greater secrecy, without windows. Indeed, so careful were we that the outer world should learn nothing of our proceedings, that, if I remember rightly, it was brick-filled. However much we may decry the selection of a certain number of men, who are to



be nearer and more friendly to each other than to an equal number of those belonging to other societies, or to no society, I have to confess that my best friends were thus obtained. What sadness comes over me as I peer into the faces of the members of the fraternity as seen in the ancient photographs hanging on my wall. It were better, perhaps, that I should not look at it, but the attraction is irresistible and the flood of emotion excited is a part of the penalty of memory. There is a sweet mournfulness about it all, however, and as I look at the thinned ranks I am reminded that in the order of nature, I, too, shall drop out and soon. Sitting and standing there are all told, seventeen of us there, three living, fourteen dead. Let me recall the characteristics of some of them. First, "Bill" Payne, one of two brothers. He was a bright, good-natured boy of sickly appearance and an inveterate chewer of tobacco. He lived but a few years after he left college, dying of consumption, but not before he had faithfully served his country for two years in war time. Mendenhall was a big, rather rough, strong fellow, and he, too, died many years ago. I was always prejudiced against him because of the part he took in hazing an inoffensive fellow while in the grammar school. Searight I remember as an amiable man and good student. He suffered an inexplicable attack of conscience which compelled him to resign his membership. We never understood it and always thought him a little queer. He is now dead, but a few years ago a Kenyon man told me that he had met him in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, where he had lived all his life. He introduced himself as from Kenyon and was received with courtesy, but the impression he made was that of a man of sad and sombre turn of mind, not in harmonious relations with life.

Murray Davis was a man well worth remembering. Physically he was not very striking, small of stature and rather humble in mien. He would not in any way strike an observer as remarkable, but associated with that far from robust body there was a vigorous mentality and a daring spirit possessed by few of his associates. I remember him best as president of our Nu Phi Kappa literary society. In its debates it was the duty of the presiding officer to sum up the arguments, comment on their force and appropriateness, and decide as to

the winning side. My admiration for him was unbounded, and in my boyish enthusiasm I thought of him as destined for a great career. His judicial decisions would undoubtedly now seem to be far less profound than they did then, but I think it was the universal feeling among the students that he was their most intellectual representative. Like Payne, Murray Davis was a habitual tobacco-chewer, a habit more in vogue in those days than now. On one of the days devoted to orations in the chapel the venerable bishop of the diocese, Bishop MacIlvaine, was present and he occasionally commented on the efforts of some of the student orators. When Davis had finished his speech and the bishop had favorably commended it for its literary excellence, he added, "Now, I do not know this young man, but I am quite certain that he chews tobacco. Am I not right?" The answer being in the affirmative, he went on to say that there was a certain tone and a muffling of the voice in a tobacco-chewer that was to him characteristic, and he advised our friend that, if he wished to preserve his health as well as to become a good public speaker, he must quit tobacco. I do not think that the advice bore fruit, for to the end of my acquaintance with him, Davis continued the habit. After his graduation, during the Rebellion, he entered the service and attained the rank of colonel. He died a victim of consumption shortly after the war's close and before he had achieved the reputation which his talents and industrious nature would undoubtedly have brought him. In the Alpha Delta Phi Song Book there is a popular song by Davis, entitled "Kenyon," known in all the chapters, which gives him to this day a sort of fraternity fame.

"Matt" Trimble still lives and his home is in Washington. He was the son of our good old Greek professor. He is devoted to Kenyon College. I met him while there in 1908, and I understood that it was his habit always to be present on each Commencement season. Kiung is an interesting character, for, though now dead, character is eternal, and the little Chinaman still lives through it. He was studying for the ministry, and was one of the best scholars in his class. He was affectionate, broad-minded, full of humor, and with a keen and ready wit. He was continually giving illustrations of this, one of which just now occurs to me. We found ourselves one evening in the

room of a theological student. Kiung was brimful of fun and of puns. Pretending to be tired of it, two of the theologs, as we termed the students for the ministry, grabbed the little fellow and thrust him into a dark closet, saying that he couldn't come out until he had perpetrated a pun. Without a moment's hesitation he shouted "O-pun (open) the door!" It is needless to say that he had earned his release. I well remember his graduation oration on Martin Luther, which was accorded high encomium. After his ordination he went to China and became the successful and well-beloved pastor of the Church of Our Saviour in the city of Shanghai. Some twenty years ago he revisited the United States in the interests of the church in China. At that time my son was a student in the University at Middletown, Conn., where also the Berkeley Divinity School is located. In the cars on the way to New York on one occasion my son and a friend were talking about the Young Men's Christian Association. It happened that Kiung, who had been visiting the Berkeley Divinity School, sat immediately behind them. He leaned forward and asked them some pertinent question, when my son, hearing his name, said, "I believe you know my father, Dr. Rockwell." Kiung seemed delighted to hear of an old college-mate and lost no time in coming to see me at my office. He died not many years after his return to China. Jack Harper was a senior when I was a Freshman. It was he who reminded me of the pie story fifty years after the momentous event. A few years ago I met him when revisiting Kenyon, and about two years ago when in Pittsburgh I met him again and passed a few pleasant hours. He knew Andrew Carnegie well in his earlier days and used to call him "Andy." He was on intimate terms with the Thaw family and seemed to have a certain amount of sympathy for Harry Thaw, who murdered Stanford White. I can still see little Jack Harper walking down the college path. His stride is rather long and his big gold chain sways to and fro as he walks.

The most striking thing about Doty, to whom I have already referred, was his lovability. Intellectually he was far from brilliant. He kept abreast of the average of his class only by arduous and conscientious work. His mind did not act very quickly and I think his perception was a little dull, and yet in

his class and among his companions his personality was one to be reckoned with. Always serene and kind, he was just the man to go to when in trouble; and a sick friend had no more skillful and patient helper than Doty. When my little roommate, Caspar Dean, was sick with fever, it was Doty who was always on hand to bathe his face and hands with the tender touch of a woman; and so in time, after he became a parish priest, he was as well beloved as any minister of his time. He long served a church in Waterloo, New York, and for many years was rector of an important parish in Rochester, New York. The good, strong, resonant voice, the beaming face, and ever kindly greeting, as shown in the strong handclasp, were effective assets that made up for the lack of exceptional intellectual strength. It was these characteristics, rather than scholarship, that brought him his title of Doctor of Divinity, and that made him so beloved, and his ministry so comforting and useful. Although I considered him rather mediæval in his theology, Doty always kept a warm place in my heart. To him *The Church* was everything. I remember meeting him after a very long interval, and one of the first questions he asked me was where I went to church. When I told him that my family was attending a place of worship other than the Episcopal, he asked if my children were baptised in the church, and when I told him no, but that I imagined that they would get to heaven quite as readily as if they had been, he seriously replied, "Perhaps so." He was, of course, a high churchman, and so I repeated to him the little rhyme:

"Broad and hazy, Low and lazy."

At this Doty was amused, but when I added the last line,

"High and crazy——"

the smile faded from his face. Good old Doty (for he was the senior of the most of us by several years), you, too, left us a decade ago, but the memory of you is sweet and I well know the host of mourners you left among those you served so well.

George Mann was from Virginia and became a judge at Galveston, Texas. I never saw him after Kenyon days, but remember him as a fine, virile fellow and well liked by everyone. Naturally he entered the Confederate service, and became a

captain in the Third Virginia Cavalry. He was very bright, and also very lively and gay. One thing I remember well, that no matter how many and how frequent his escapades, he never forgot to say his prayers before getting into bed.

Alexander Viets Griswold Allen, or "Viets," as we all lovingly called him, was unquestionably the most scholarly and in after life became the most distinguished man of the group. He studied theology at Bexley Hall and finished his course at Andover, Mass. He became professor of Church History in the Episcopal Seminary at Cambridge, and to the time of his death a few years ago was the leading exponent of the Broad Church idea and a theological writer and lecturer of wide renown. In a letter to me he said, "How well I remember the first time I met you at Gambier." I do not remember this first meeting, but I do remember many others and how intimate our association was. When he first came from Vermont to Kenyon, he was a shy, gentle lad, and I recall the soft, silky, reddish whiskers encircling his face, and the reason they were so exceptionally soft was because he had never put a razor to his face. It was in my room that he indulged in his first smoke, and therefore I am, I suppose, partially responsible for the firm and excessive habit that controlled him for so many years. I became aware of this when in 1872 he first visited me in my home in Harlem. He was then unmarried and I can see him now laughing in amusement as he sat opposite watching me dandle my first-born on my knee. He was then smoking excessively, and I warned him, but it did no good. He died of heart disease, and although he was well along in years, I cannot but believe that tobacco had something to do with his subsequent heart failure. As he wrote his various books, he usually sent me copies. His most profound work, of course, was "The Continuity of Christian Thought," which gave him high repute both here and abroad. When the Archbishop of Canterbury visited this country some years ago, many clergymen were presented to him at a reception, Allen among the number. When he had passed on someone remarked to the Archbishop, "That is the author of 'The Continuity of Christian Thought.'" "Is that 'Continuity Allen'?" replied the Archbishop, and, crossing the room, he spoke to Allen and told him that his book was the most frequently consulted book in his

library. I can imagine the characteristic blush that immediately suffused the features of the modest and retiring Allen at this high compliment. His "Life of Jonathan Edwards," in the theological series, is a notable biography, superior in the method of treatment and literary style to most of the others. His "Life of Phillips Brooks" is also fine in every way, and it is a pleasure to me to know that one of my dearest friends should be the author of the life-record of this great spiritual force in this world of greed and gain.

When on one occasion he came to New York to see Mrs. Arthur Brooks, to get manuscript and other data, we had one of those little dinners together that were so delightful. "It is going to be a great book," he said, referring mainly to the greatness of the subject and his wealth of material. As illustrating the character of our friendship and also his affectionate nature, I give the two letters that passed between us relative to the book:

25 East 44th Street,  
Sept. 30th, 1903.

MY DEAR VIETS:

How many there are, I wonder, who call the distinguished A. V. G. Allen, D.D., plain "Viets"? Not many, I fancy, and few can now go back with you to the time when this was the accepted designation of your personality among your friends; so I still love to call you Viets and am moved to say a word to you.

Some years ago while in New York getting data for the Life of Phillips Brooks, you remarked that the book would be great. I knew well what you meant, that it would be a great biography because of the wealth of material at your hand and the greatness of the subject. Whenever we met I have always felt a little ashamed that I was unable to say that I have really read the book. Many reviews and extracts I had indeed read, besides the book was so big that I was always putting off its perusal until a more convenient season. So much work to do and so little time in which to do it. You know all about this.

Well, I have at last read the book, both volumes, from cover to cover. I have been a month about it, and can truly say that it has been a month of unalloyed satisfaction. It has been both a literary treat and a help to the soul. It is a great biog-

raphy, not only because of the greatness of the man himself, but because of the way you have treated the subject. Even if you had written nothing else, this alone would have established your reputation; and so we are all greatly indebted to you for having used so well the rare opportunity of giving to the world such a book. It seems to me if young men could be induced generally to read it, it would do more to uplift and establish character than most educational methods. In reading Mrs. Humphry Ward's introduction to the "Journal of Amiel," a passage which I marked was to the effect that in the circle of life, "the nearer and nearer we get to the end, the closer are we to the beginning." In my own experience I see this exemplified in the delight with which I revert to the events of long ago, to my army life, to college days and college friends, to the incidents of childhood, and more especially in the love for little children, accentuated undoubtedly by that blessed grandchild of mine; and finally the desire and tendency to realize again something of the religious life of an earlier time. I cannot of course believe many things as I did then, but the assurance is clear to me that the essential religion about which I read so much does not require this.

"Why did you not come and take that dinner with me on your return from Washington? I trust the next time you get this way you will manage to get to my house and put your feet under my table. You have eluded me too long.

Affectionately yours,

A. D. ROCKWELL.

Cambridge, October 3rd, 1903.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:

Thank you for a beautiful letter which I value and appreciate highly. I am so glad that you have read my book, and that having read you were moved to tell me you like it. And your remarks on the old days appeal to me strongly. You and W. W. Taylor of Cincinnati are the only ones left now who can speak freely of the old days, when we were young and making our first friendships. How I can recall the visits you made to the "Bull's Eye" in Kenyon and the first time I saw you. What enthusiasm we had, what courage as we looked into the future or calculated our horoscopes. How happy we

were and how lightly responsibilities rested upon us. How old and matured we were too, and now that future then hidden from us has become unrolled and become our past. In the survey the things most vivid are those early associations. You and I must cherish them. They exist for us, but not for the world. When I come to New York again I will try hard to arrange things so that I can go to your home and see you under your own roof. Once before I did so when you were living in a town with a famous name, Milan, in Ohio. I did not know, then, I suppose, of any other or greater Milan, so I will hope to come soon.

I am to deliver a lecture in New York this winter, before the Union Seminary, but the date is not fixed and the work in the school in Cambridge may make my visit a very short one. At least I will try to see you. But next June I look forward to a longer time in New York. Thank you and your dear wife for so kind and cordial an invitation.

And I see they have elected Greer Bishop Coadjutor of the great Diocese of New York. He was in the Seminary at Gambier for two years while I was there. I remember him as wearing long hair, curled up underneath and well oiled. You may recall the fashion, but even then it had gone by. We elected him to the Phi Beta Kappa, but he declined because he had scruples against secret societies. How he has changed since then, when he was also as narrow a pietistic evangelical as you and I were. It is something to have lived and have seen all these and other changes.

Good-bye. Thank you again for your kindest of letters.

Ever most affectionately,

ALEX. V. G. ALLEN.

The life of Allen has recently been written by his friend and pupil, the Rev. Dr. Slattery, rector of Grace Church in this city, and is a worthy tribute to one of the best of men and friends.

Professor Benjamin Lang was our professor of mathematics and a character. Kindly, yet oftentimes brusque, he was easily approached and would do almost anything in reason for one he liked, but if he disliked another he could be harsh to the point of discourtesy. He chewed tobacco and had asthma, a



most unfortunate combination, and yet I have always had a warm place in my heart for Professor Lang. I myself was a poor hand at mathematics, and the professor, seeing this, was always most patient, kind and considerate. In other studies I stood fairly well, but in mathematics I was below the average. And here I am led to the confession of a deed not to be justified. He wrote my father a letter and gave it to me to mail—blind confidence. I surmised that it had something to do with my poor showing in algebra, and on opening the letter, found this to be true. I destroyed the letter, and so my father had no news of this kind to worry over, if indeed it was worth worrying over. I did the worrying, for my conscience was not at ease for some time thereafter. The professor was a fine mathematician and an excellent teacher, and his irritability was due to poor health. Finally he gave up his professorship and sought employment in Washington. He obtained some government position through young Stanton, my classmate, son of the secretary of war. About 1870 he came to see me at my office in New York, on his way to spend his declining years with relatives in the far West.

John Kendrick was a seminary student and considerably older than the rest of us. I did not know him, of course, as well as I knew the others, for I was but a freshman and he a theolog. I remember him, however, as a courteous, charming man whom we were glad to have with us. In later life he became a bishop, and as such he came to Flushing a few years ago and preached in St. George's Church. It was well nigh half a century since last I had seen him. Ah, what changes fifty years bring about. Instead of the sandy-haired and sandy-whiskered young man of other days, I saw before me a man truly venerable in every respect. His hair and whiskers were snowy white, but he appeared vigorous. After the services I made my way into the vestry and, offering my hand, said: "Bishop, I do not know whether you will remember me but I was at Kenyon and my name is Rockwell." I did feel a doubt as to whether he could recall me, but without hesitation he grasped my hand in both of his and exclaimed, "Know you, I guess I do." He seemed delighted to meet me again and I was equally well pleased to meet him. Soon afterwards I read that he had fallen in the street of one of the towns in the

far West and had immediately expired. He too served his country during the Civil War as adjutant of the Thirty-third Ohio Infantry.

He who looks at John North in the group alluded to will see a man of sturdy frame and equally sturdy intellect. Perhaps no man in the college surpassed him in vigorous mental grasp, and I looked for a career for him far above the average. He was a strong and independent thinker, and made light of many of the cherished doctrines and beliefs of the day; but time was not given him to come to full fruition. He entered the army and lost a leg. I do not know how many years he lived afterwards, but he died long, long ago, before he had opportunity to show to the world what he was capable of doing.

## CHAPTER XVI

THESE men that I have thus written about are only a few whom I well remember and with whom I had more or less pleasant relations in the four years that I spent at Gambier. There was Frank Hurd. He was rather wild and convivial, and several times came near being expelled. He had a club foot, but this did not prevent him from indulging in all sorts of gayeties. He was quite an orator and we in our youthful enthusiasm thought him destined for great forensic triumphs. In the presidential campaign, preceding the Civil War and the election of Mr. Lincoln, I heard Frank Hurd, still an undergraduate, make a political speech. He made poetical allusions, spoke of the breaking of the golden bowl, and we thought it very fine. I imagine, however, that it was rather sophomoric and flamboyant, unconnected with much soberness of thought. In after life Hurd was elected to the National Congress, but later I heard little about him.

Percy Browne, another friend, graduated in the class of '62. He was of a fine poetic type with lofty ideals. Later he became and was for many years rector of a church in Boston, and in summer had a residence on Buzzard's Bay, where he had pleasant social relations with President Cleveland and the poet Gilder. He was a friend of Phillips Brooks, and, of course, of our old mutual friend Viets Allen. He belonged to the romantic school. I do not think he could quite fit in with the actualities of life, and was in a measure out of harmony with the conditions that environed him. I take it that he was not strong of will. As an illustration of how a little thing is long remembered, and of the impression it makes, I recall the time I was serving in the ranks, guarding prisoners at Camp Chase in 1862. Percy was visiting some fine friends in Columbus and drove out to Camp Chase. I see myself standing before the carriage in my common, ill-fitting army suit with shoes much too big for me. I must have been a sight to the gloved and fastidiously clothed young collegian, and it was impossible for him to conceal an expression and a

little laugh of comical derision. There was just a slight superficial sting in it, nothing more, and he probably never had an idea that there was any hurt in it. He has my forgiveness for the sake of the rollicking fun I had with him once. It was one evening about nine o'clock when I was a sophomore and he a freshman. I was busily engaged with my studies for the following day when in came Percy in a gay and frolicsome mood. He had finished his lessons and was care-free, while mine were all before me. After talking and joking a while I told him of my necessities, but the more I pleaded to be let alone the more he persecuted, joggling the table and turning down the light, until finally, tired of this, he threw himself on our lounge and straightway went fast asleep. Long into the night I was awakened by his stealthy movements about the room. The fire had gone out and it was cold. I omitted to say that before putting out the light I had not only locked the door, and hidden the key, but had also put the matches away. Pretending to be asleep, I heard him go to the door, which he found locked. He searched but not finding the key he bethought himself of the matches to light the lamp, evidently disdaining to call for my assistance. Of course, no matches were forthcoming. Furtively I watched him as he stood for a moment meditating on the complexities of the situation. Suddenly a happy thought seemed to strike him. Drawing a chair to the door, he mounted it, placed both hands in the opening of the transom, drew himself carefully up and placed one foot on the knob of the door. He thought to creep through the transom without awakening me, and thus in a way to triumph over me. Alas for the realization of human expectations! The knob turned, he lost his footing and his hold, and down he came to the floor with a great crash. All restraint knocked out of him, he stalked to my bedside, shook me, shouting, "Rockwell, where is the key?" I only snored, and the more violently he shook the more loudly I snored, until finally, restraint being no longer possible, I broke into peals of laughter. I will say this good word for my then thoroughly disgusted friend—he sat patiently until I had laughed myself out, and then silently took the proffered key and as silently stole away.

Browne was English, and I know nothing of his forbears, but in his nature he was essentially an aristocrat. He was a poet, too, in a way. He shrank from anything coarse or common. Tennyson's "In Memoriam" had just appeared, and I remember how he adored and quoted it. When my eldest son went to Boston to live for a year or two, I gave him letters both to Allen and to Browne. He was kindly received and hospitably entertained by both; however, Allen's nature was too grave and thoughtful to make him companionable to a young fellow. But Browne was able to put himself on the same level and so it was not difficult for them to feel a sort of comradeship for each other.

I might go on indefinitely talking about the acquaintances of old college days, but if I mention no other, I must say a word about Ralph Keeler. Ralph Keeler was a semi-genius at least. Of his antecedents I know nothing, but he was poor and worked his way through college. His cognomen is very familiar. Although at that time I did not know of it, the Rockwell and the Keeler families were connected 'way back in the dim past. There have been many Ralph Keelers, the daughter of my ancestors nine generations back having married one. This Ralph Keeler was a character. He helped to work his way by milking cows, doing chores, indeed in any useful way at hand. His high spirits were perennial. He was a joker and continually up to all sorts of antics. I can see him now dancing on moonlight nights upon the college green, with a white handkerchief around his arm to represent the lady, and then to the amusement of the crowd he would dance a jig, with all sorts of fantastic accompaniments. He wrote well, both poetry and prose. He went abroad and wrote interesting accounts of his travels embraced in a book entitled "Vagabond Adventures in Europe," or something of that kind. He became a warm friend of William Dean Howells. In the latter's reminiscences, he devotes a couple of pages to Keeler, for whom he had a real attachment, in spite of, or perhaps because of, his Bohemian nature. Howells thought very highly of his ability, but warmed to him more because of a certain lovability in the man. Looking back through the mist of the years, I, too, can recall his affectionate, if odd, ways. Alas, poor

Keeler! Many years ago, during the troublous time in Cuba, he embarked for that unhappy island in a reportorial capacity, but never reached Cuba and was never heard of again. The conviction is that he was murdered, but of the details his friends remain in ignorance to this day.

## CHAPTER XVII

**A**BOUT the end of my sophomore year at Kenyon, my father then only fifty-one years of age, was tired of teaching. My mother was still more tired of the labors associated with the care of so many boys. It was decided therefore to discontinue the school. It has always been a wonder to me how my mother could have stood the cares of such a life for so many years. During this time she bore nine children, six of whom grew to manhood. She suffered much serious illness, yet she ever kept her hand on the helm, and much of my father's success, such as it was, was due to her judicious management of the details of the domestic life. With a gross income at the highest of not more than seven thousand dollars a year, and with a family of forty to take care of, it required a careful and calculating mind to make both ends meet and save up a little each year besides. When one considers also that after all these years of toil, there came at last a terrible moment when all these savings were suddenly swept away and life had to be begun again, we, her children, can appreciate the strain which she and my father endured. My mother looked at the dark side of things. It was temperamental, this tendency of hers. It made her very careful, very cautious, and was an excellent foil to my father's over-optimistic and rather free-handed methods,—and so after the great loss, with house mortgaged and with nothing in the bank, they went bravely to work again. Money was saved, and, selling the property to Mr. Gilder who was to continue the school, they moved to Milan, Ohio, in the spring of 1861, the outbreak of the Civil War, bought a fifty-acre farm with a good, comfortable, brick building, and became real tillers of the soil. The place was about a mile from the village and about the same distance from my uncle's farm, where my mother had gone as a young girl some thirty-four years before. I well remember the drawing of the farm sent me. It was the shape of a parallelogram with a small stream running through its length. On it was indicated the relative positions of the dwelling, barns, outhouses, and stream. I shall never

forget how it appeared to me as an ideally rural spot for a home, where my parents might get a little more of the easy enjoyment out of life than had been their lot in the past. They did enjoy their life there during the next four years; but it was not by any means all ease. They worked hard, especially my father, who with the help of a younger brother did most of the hard work. The time came for me to leave Kenyon and join the family at the farm. I hated to leave, but the money for my expenses was no longer easily forthcoming and it did not seem right, under the circumstances, to burden the home purse further. So I went to Milan and began the study of medicine in the office of a Doctor Dean. Another brother had recently returned from a trip to England, where he had gone in the interests of what proved to be an unsuccessful business venture. He came west on a short visit, and met me at the station at Norwalk and drove me home. He regaled me on the way with a very disappointing story in regard to the new place and especially the house. Suddenly he drew up before a little tumble-down building standing near the road and said that this was the house. Unfortunately for his joke, however, I had seen enough of the plans to know better, and with a laugh he drove on. Milan had in the past been a place of considerable importance. It had a canal extending six miles to Lake Erie, and before the day of the railroad the farmers from all the country round brought their grain here to be transported to the lake. Many large warehouses were built and the canal was lined with innumerable wagons filled with produce. With the coming of the railroad and the side-tracking of Milan the bustling little town subsided into a pitiful innocuous desuetude, and when I came to the town some fourteen spacious warehouses were empty and going to ruin. Property was very cheap, my father having paid for his farm of fifty acres, with a fine house, a good barn, etc., but \$3,500.

But what was very much to me then, the society was good and I formed the acquaintance of a circle of bright girls, so that, after all, the years there represented the romantic period of my life. There was Lina Colton and her petite and charming cousin Annie Colton, of Toledo. There was the bright, joyous, witty Annette Taylor, daughter of Judge Taylor, with his white beard and hair, who always reminded me of General



Lee, Harriet Ingersoll, with her beautiful blonde hair,—red if you will—who played the piano so divinely, as we thought. I must not forget Annie Gordon, who was vivacity itself. The heart was impressionable in those days. At times I thought I loved them all, but laughing Annette Taylor lingers longest in my thoughts. How many pleasant rides we had together, and how many agreeable hours we passed with each other and with groups of our friends. And yet there never was a word of love or a caress. My father, seeing how much my attention was engaged, took occasion to sound a word of warning, since it would be years before I would be in any position to marry. After we had been acquainted about a year, Annette went on a long, long visit to Leavenworth, Kansas, where she became engaged and finally married. She died many years ago leaving four children. I wonder whatever became of them. I, too, have four children. How the seemingly accidental happenings of life change the currents of events. Truly the world is under the domain of an inexorable law, and humanity is as a child in its grasp. "Whatever is, is right." What a text for a sermon. The channel is good in which my life has flowed and is still flowing, and I am supremely happy and satisfied. This was the one pure and healthy romance of my life before the second, which resulted in my years of confidence and happy living, and a quartette of well-loved and loving children. I am content.

Almost immediately (1861) I entered the office of Dr. Dean and began the study of medicine. As a matter of fact I could almost as well have studied at home. I simply used his office in which to read, and in return for the use of his books would do any little service that the occasion called for. I read diligently, however, and soon got a smattering of anatomy, physiology, materia medica, and an insight into the various diseases. I did not get much practical experience, however. Sometimes the doctor would ask me to accompany him to assist in some slight operation, but I always enjoyed the ride more than the surgery, for which I had no liking. One day we passed a flock of ducks that followed us with their eternal quacking, and the doctor wondered whether it was meant for him or me. Dr. Dean was as kind a man as I ever knew, and I think of him always with affection. Later on,

actuated by true patriotism and a desire to serve his fellows, he entered the army as an assistant surgeon, and in a very short time, before ever having seen active service in the field, he was taken with typhoid fever and died, leaving a wife and three young daughters, as well as a son who for a few months had been my roommate at Kenyon.

Within sight of the office where I studied there was a little red house in which a family by the name of Edison had lived, but some years before had left Milan and gone to Detroit. Dr. Dean had been their family physician. Thomas A. Edison, the great inventor, was born there. The family were not very well off financially, but were good people.

When the fall of 1861 arrived and I had read with more or less care the most useful books in the doctor's library, I thought I would help out the family purse by teaching through the coming winter. It was necessary that I should pass an examination and get a certificate. The examining board met in a little town about five miles away, and harnessing the horse I drove out alone and presented myself in due form. Fortunately for me, I think, the most influential member of the board was a Mr. Newman, the principal of the high school at Milan. We had often talked together and I think he rather liked me. At all events we talked about books and were congenial, as well as men of greatly different ages could be. I had failed to brush up my long-neglected studies along elementary lines, such as geography, grammar, arithmetic, and was conscious of making a poor fist of it in comparison with some of the country lads and lasses present. So I have always had an idea that my good friend Newman strained a point and let me pass, where a stricter censor might perhaps have been justified in holding me up.

The following winter of district school teaching was a novel episode in my life, if not especially interesting or enjoyable, and yet I look back at this experience as a training of some value. The schoolhouse was about a mile and a half or two miles directly on the road beyond our farm, and I was told that there were some pretty bad boys there, especially three brothers, who might give me trouble. They had indeed made the life of the former teacher miserable, and I, therefore,

looked forward to my first day's experience in a rather disturbed state of mind, but nothing serious happened.

I took my lunch to school with me and went home at night. Occasionally, however, when the day was very stormy I would accept an invitation to spend the night at some near-by home. There was but one place that I really enjoyed. It was the home of an old bachelor farmer named Squire. He was a man about fifty, I should say. He had a large old-fashioned house with a great fireplace in the living room, and before the roaring wood fire I spent several comfortable evenings. The farmer was an intelligent man who had views about men and affairs, and as I, even then, was fond of good reading and could talk a little about books, he seemed greatly to enjoy my company. To this day often when sitting by an open fire with the wind howling in fierce gusts about the corners of the house, I recall those cozy hours with my honest friend, when with apples and cider at hand, and the wind whistling down the broad chimney, we talked about Irving and Scott and Cooper, or discussed the progress and issues of the terrible war then raging, and in which I was before long to take my small part.

The winter passed and with it my duties of teaching. I felt no great satisfaction with myself as a teacher. My heart was not in the work, and the best I hoped for was that no special fault would be found with me. What was my surprise, therefore, when meeting Mr. Huntington, the most important member of the school board, he complimented me on my success, and hoped I might be persuaded to take the job another winter. I could account for this praise only on the supposition that the previous teacher must have been very incompetent and that I was judged by comparison.

## CHAPTER XVIII

**A**MONG the pictures that I prize for their old and dear associations is one of the men of Company B, Eighty-fifth Ohio Volunteer Infantry. This company was composed entirely of students and officered by the professors of the old college at Hudson, Ohio, but now located at Cleveland as Adelbert College. Several of my friends from Milan were undergraduates of the college and members of the company. It had been thoroughly drilled and was ready for immediate service. About this time, the spring of 1862, there was pressing need of troops at the front, and without hesitation this well-equipped company of students, through their professor-officers, tendered their services to the government. The offer was promptly accepted and the company was attached as Company B, to the Eighty-fifth Ohio, a newly recruited regiment, and sent to Camp Chase, Columbus, Ohio, thus relieving veteran troops for service at the front. I was asked to join and needed no urging. In company with my friend Edward Stuart, now Judge Stuart, of Akron, Ohio, I started without delay from Cleveland to meet the men. The captain of the company was a young professor of mathematics named Young, later better known as Charles Young, astronomical professor at Princeton for many years and deservedly distinguished for his scientific attainments. He was a genial fellow of about twenty-eight years of age, but sometimes rather touchy and irritable. I attribute this to the fact that he was rather out of his element as a commander of troops. He had more of the student and professor in him than the soldier, and was easily put out when things went wrong. How it ever happened I do not remember, but I was detailed to help him with some records or accounts for a time. Things went wrong, got mixed, so it were. Captain Young fumed and was angry, and put the entire blame upon myself, and although it so happened that he alone was in fault, I had to bear the burden of his displeasure. I am well aware that in clerical affairs, and especially where exact arithmetical details are required, my family will be inclined to smile when I assert that

the fault could lie elsewhere than with myself. Yet in this case it did. With all my carelessness and blundering I seem to remember that on most, if not all, occasions when I have been put upon my mettle and when there was an imperative duty, however uncongenial, I compelled myself to perform the task with a fair degree of acceptability.

Arriving at Columbus we marched to Camp Chase about three miles from the city, and began our duties as guardians of the prison. There were about five thousand Confederate prisoners, mostly officers. They were surrounded by the usual stockade of posts, about twenty feet in height, with a walk for the sentinels near the top, running around the whole enclosure. For four months we guarded these prisoners, and although we saw no active dangerous service, yet the constant drilling, the exposure to excessive heat, and the long night watches made the affair not altogether a holiday excursion. We were housed by companies, six barracks to a company, and eighteen men to a barrack. There were six bunks to a barrack and therefore three men to a bunk. The camp was infested with rats, many of them of enormous size. They were everywhere, and disgusting as it is to relate, I myself saw a part of a rat pumped up from one of the wells which furnished us drinking water. Diarrhœa was of course the prevalent disease, although typhoid fever was very common. Many were sick, and in the short space of four months three of our number, hale and hearty young fellows when they came, died of diseases easily preventable in these days. The rats would scurry in through the wide open door at night, and we could hear them moving about. One night I came in late, thoroughly tired from guard duty. I disrobed quickly, climbed into my berth, and was soon sound asleep. Some noise awakened me, and I saw a big rat sitting upright in an open aperture at my feet, meant for a window, but I was so tired that I made no move. The thought occurred to me, "if you will stay where you are, old rat, I won't trouble you." I went to sleep again, but was soon awakened by something moving about my head. Quick as a flash I threw up my hand and grasped the vile creature by the body, intending to throw him through the window or on the floor. In some way he wriggled from my grasp and landed on my bare legs and I can even

now recall the sensation I experienced. I seized him again about the middle and this time succeeded in tossing him to the floor where he landed with a dull thump but scampered hurriedly away.

As compared with the other companies of the regiment, our company was excellently drilled. On one occasion, I remember, General Lew Wallace, afterwards the famous author of "Ben Hur," reviewed the regiment and witnessed the drill of our company. His comment was, "those fellows drill like the devil"—a double-edged compliment, some might say, but we knew that it was meant to be a real compliment. In the light of his later serious religious writing, it is perhaps difficult to understand that at that time his use of profanity was very general.

When on guard duty, which consisted of two hours on and four hours off, night and day, for twenty-four hours, we became more or less interested in watching the doings of that great mass of five thousand Confederate prisoners. We were not, of course, allowed to converse with them, but at early dawn especially I was greatly interested to see them emerge from their fairly comfortable quarters and scatter over the ground, some preparing breakfast, others skylarking, and still others taking their brisk morning constitutional. Among the latter I particularly observed one man. He was tall and strikingly handsome. He was smoothly shaven, wore a wide sombrero, a very long cloak, and carried a cane which he whirled round and round as he walked with rapid stride. I saw him almost every morning for many a day when I was on duty, but suddenly he vanished. For more than a score of years after the close of the war, whenever I thought of Camp Chase I thought of this man. I wondered who he was, what ever became of him, what his history. Indeed, of all the five thousand prisoners there, his was the only distinct personality save one that left any impression on my mind. It was, I think, sometime in the early eighties that I was called to treat a John George, by his physician, a certain Dr. Theophilus Steele. He lived in his own fine apartment on Thirty-first Street, and on one occasion asked me to stay and dine, Dr. Steele, an old Confederate soldier, being also one of the number. In the course of the conversation I remarked, "Mr.

George, I believe you formerly lived in Lexington, Kentucky. It so happens that I had a college classmate by the name of Tom Morgan, a younger brother of the famous General Morgan, and I wonder if you knew him."

George replied, "Why, of course I did, and before the war his brother, the General, and I were partners in the lumber business down there." I then told them that Tom Morgan had been a prisoner at Camp Chase, that scarcely a year before we had sat in the same classroom and on the same bench. "I too was a prisoner there," said George, "and so too was Dr. Steele here." "Yes," said Steele, "and afterwards I was the last man that kissed poor Tom when he was killed in an engagement." George hastened to say that he was not a prisoner of war in the ordinary sense, but was only a political prisoner. He further remarked that through the influence of the celebrated Cassius M. Clay he was finally pardoned, but there happened to be another John George in the prison, a little shoemaker, and through some mistake he was released instead, and only after great difficulty and delay was his own release secured.

The thing especially interesting in the affair to me was this: When Mr. George told me that he too had been a prisoner at Camp Chase, my mind immediately reverted to that exceedingly handsome man who had for a quarter of a century been to me a living personality, and as I glanced at George, my host, sitting at the head of the table, I told my story as I have already recounted it. They listened with interest, especially Dr. Steele, and when I had finished he said, "and did he carry a big cane, which he recklessly flourished about in every direction?" As I assented, the doctor replied, "George is your man." It was indeed he, older but no less handsome than he had been years before. When finally Tom Morgan left the prison with many others to go to Vicksburg for exchange, our company being the escort, I had an occasional opportunity to speak to him. As before told, he was subsequently killed in battle, as was also his brother, the famous General. The whole affair seemed most unusual and remarkable in its coincidences. To think that the only man in that great crowd of five thousand prisoners who left any impres-

sion on my mind, and of whom I often thought, should after an interval of twenty-five years become my patient.

How events interweave and connect themselves with other events! When at Camp Chase, my old friend and college-mate, Percy Browne, had ridden over to the camp from Columbus and called upon me. Before coming to Kenyon he had been a bookkeeper in a large brokerage house in New York, where my cousin William Comstock was a junior partner. Mr. George happened to tell me that after his release he went to New York and made three thousand dollars in speculation through the house of William Dart & Co. I remarked that my cousin, a Mr. Comstock, was connected with the firm. "Why," he replied, "it was Comstock who paid me the money, and when he asked how I wanted it, I said in gold." George then went abroad and told me that he returned with a good deal more money than he took. "Where did you get it?" I inquired. "At Baden Baden," was his brief response. It was at Mr. George's that I made the acquaintance of Major General Crittenden, one of the sons of the celebrated statesman of the time of Webster and Clay, and the sponsor of the Crittenden Compromise. The Crittendens were Kentuckians, and their case illustrated one of the many sad family divisions of the South during the Civil War, some fighting on the side of the North, others on the side of the South as in the case of this family. The Crittenden in question was a Corps Commander in the Union Army, but was, I believe, not very successful.

While we were stationed at Camp Chase there were several rumors of outbreaks among the prisoners and attempts to escape, and the regiment was more than once silently called out at night to surround the stockade enclosing the Confederates; but there was never any general push for freedom, and I doubt whether it was ever seriously considered. However many hardships they subsequently endured—and it is idle to say there was no suffering during the cold winters of a northern clime. I am able to assert confidently that at Camp Chase, during the summer we were there, the Confederate prisoners were well fed, well housed, and able to keep perfectly clean, as water in abundance was to be had for the getting or the asking. The barracks were the same as those for our own men,



and the food too. There was no dead line at first, although I believe it was afterwards established.

A ludicrous incident occurred one night when a number of prisoners escaped, all of whom were subsequently captured; and the funny side I did not know until many years after when I met in New York the Mr. George to whom I have alluded. It seems that he was in this strike for freedom. About a dozen were in the secret. There being no dead line, a Texan secreted himself in a big box, open at one end, and Confederates carried it to the stockade, for the ostensible purpose of playing cards on it. Those directly interested, and with supplies in their pockets, gathered about the box while two of them mounted it and began the game. Meanwhile, the one inside with the requisite tools proceeded to saw a hole through the stockade. When finished, the signal was given from within the box, and the escape began. George, as I have said, was a big fellow, and when his turn came he could not get through. Those behind were impatient and told George to get out of the way and if he was too big, to give the others a chance; so he had the chagrin of seeing the smaller men glide through and away. Now it happened that the guard on duty was very young, very green, and very stupid. So amazed was he to see his prisoners thus escaping that, instead of shooting, he kept repeating, "You shouldn't do that, should you?" All in all, it was just as well that George was too big, since every man was recaptured.

The Grand Rounds is a ceremony that takes place at midnight. It is quite an important occasion. The officer of the day, accompanied by others, makes the round of the guards to see that everything is all right. The "relief" is quite another function. There are four of them, the first, second, third, and fourth reliefs. Every soldier when on guard knows what his relief is, and eagerly awaits it. On one occasion a new recruit was on guard. He knew that his relief was the third and was on the lookout for it. He saw the Grand Rounds approaching, but in his mind he had no thought of anything but the third relief, which meant his bunk and sleep. His duty was to cry out, "Halt, who goes there?" The answer would be "The Grand Rounds." Then the guard would say—"Advance one and give the countersign." So great was his disappointment,

however, that he either forgot or disdained the correct formula, and replied "To h—l with the Grand Rounds. I thought it was the third relief."

The three months for which we had enlisted passed away, and none too quickly, but for some reason of necessity the government held us another month before giving us our discharge.

## CHAPTER XIX

**A**LMOST immediately, I left for Ann Arbor to begin my first course of lectures in the Medical Department. Ann Arbor was even then a fine old town, and the University buildings of some pretensions, although far from what they are at the present day. President Tappan was the head of the institution, a man of wide repute as an educator, now, of course, long since dead. His successor, President Angell, after many years of successful service, passed away also—so quickly do we come and go. My five months' stay at Ann Arbor are filled with pleasing recollections. I made some good friends and got as fair a start in the rudiments of my profession as one could well get where most of the instruction was didactic, with few opportunities to watch operations or study disease first-hand.

One of my most interesting friendships was with Henry B. Landon, a graduate of the academic department of the University and with myself a student in the medical department. Like myself he was an Alpha Delta, a common interest, which probably brought us together. I see him now, clad in his long military cloak and limping his way along the campus with the aid of his cane. Landon was from Monroe, Michigan, where his father was a physician. From this town also came the noted cavalryman, General George A. Custer, with whom Landon went to school and whose friend he was. As Custer is a national character and hero, it is of interest to recall Landon's personal knowledge of a fact or two in his career. Custer's parents were respectable, but he did not by any means belong (to use a common expression) to the so-called best social element of the town. After young Custer's graduation from West Point, he fell in love with Bessie Bacon, the daughter of a judge, and by comparison one of the social aristocrats. The judge objected, so the two ran away and were married. The judge and his family were wroth for a while, but the rising fame of the brilliant soldier soon reconciled them, and later they were very proud of the connection. My friend, Landon, was lame. After his graduation from the Univer-

sity in 1861, he went to the front as adjutant of a Michigan regiment. At the battle of Fair Oaks he was severely wounded, and receiving his discharge, entered the medical department of the University, where our acquaintance began. Subsequently, like myself, he again entered the service as assistant surgeon. After the war he settled in Bay City, Michigan, where he practised for many years and where he still resides.

During my winter in Ann Arbor I occasionally visited Detroit, where my Aunt Deborah Nash, my mother's oldest sister, lived. Her daughter Fannie had married a Mr. Nall, a prosperous merchant of that town; but she had died a few years before, leaving two children in the care of my aunt. I greatly enjoyed these little runs to Detroit, both because of the change and because of some pleasant acquaintances I made among the young ladies of the neighborhood. Detroit was then a simple, provincial town, where everybody seemed to know everybody else, very different from the great city of to-day. One of the young ladies whom I met lived in a large, fine house on Woodward Avenue, not far from Mr. Nall's, and one day a party of us, including this young lady, went to the river to skate. With her for my partner, I was flying over the ice, when suddenly in we went up to our necks. The current was swift, and the ice broke several times as we endeavored to lift ourselves out. I could feel the current swaying the lower part of my body under the ice as I fought my way to a firmer section of it. My companion behaved admirably, clinging to the solid ice as I directed, until by exercising all my strength, I managed to get out, when it was but the work of a moment to extricate her from her perilous position. We were of course wet through and shivering with cold. A horse and sleigh were near with no owner in sight, and piling in we drove rapidly to the young lady's home. Her brother met the irate owner of the rig, a German. The young man explained the situation and offered to pay for the liberty we had taken; but nothing would satisfy the unreasonable fellow. Later he sued the young lady's father, and a sensible jury awarded him six and one-half cents damages.

Another of my pleasant Ann Arbor acquaintances was a young man by the name of Poe, from Ravenna, Ohio. We

roomed together for some time, and I remember subsequently visiting him at his home in Ravenna. He was a remarkably self-reliant, aggressive young man and bound to make his way in the world. I went to New York for my second course of lectures, and graduated there, while he received his degree from the University of Michigan. Soon after our graduation we again met at Columbus, Ohio, both seeking a medical appointment in the army. He was assigned to a western regiment, I to an eastern, or rather to one serving in the eastern army. Poe went with Sherman's army to the sea and as that army passed near Richmond on its way to Washington, he located my regiment and called upon me. We then parted, and for fifty years we had neither seen nor heard of each other. One reason for this I suppose was the fact that he never resumed the practice of medicine, abandoning it for a mercantile life in which he had a successful career. Recently this same man called me on the telephone, saying that he was on his way to Flushing to see me. He was then seventy-six years of age. We passed several hours in pleasant chat, reviving old times and characters, and altogether the reunion was delightful. When we parted it was with the expectation of meeting again at no distant period. A month or more later his niece in New York, whom I had never met, called me up saying that her uncle was dead. After our meeting and his return to his home in Cleveland, grippe, pneumonia and death quickly followed.

One other incident connected with my brief stay in Ann Arbor is not without interest. Soon after my arrival, a young man named Anderson temporarily became my roommate. He was from Kentucky. We roomed together for the brief space of a week, and about the only thing that I remember regarding him is the fact that, one time as he was undressing to go to bed, a loaded pistol fell to the floor. I told him that men did not carry arms in the north, and advised him to put it in his trunk. I suppose the incident of the revolver fastened his name in my mind, although I do not remember seeing him again after our week's acquaintance.

Not very long ago, my cousin, Dr. T. Hawley Rockwell, of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, sent me a letter which he had received from a Mr. Anderson, asking him if he knew of a Dr. A. D. Rockwell, and where he could be

found, indicating that he owed a debt of gratitude to him and would be glad to communicate with him. I immediately wrote to Mr. Anderson who was then the president of a bank in a southern city and evidently a prosperous man. I told him I remembered him well and alluded to the incident of the pistol. In his reply he said that he did not remember that incident, but an altogether different occurrence that left its impress on his mind. He had been brought up by godly parents, he said, but had forgotten their precepts and as he believed was on his way to spiritual ruin when he left home and fell in with me. He reminded me that, on our first evening together, we studied our lessons, and that finally I arose, took up a Bible, and after reading a chapter, knelt down and said my prayers. "This," he continued, and I am using his own words, "was done so quietly and so unostentatiously that I was greatly impressed and followed your example, and from that time began to lead a new life." That what I did should in this way have been a help to any human being is a source of gratification and is a powerful illustration of the power of example. The incident illustrates also how things are remembered according as they impress the mind at the time. I remember nothing of the prayer incident, because it was then a common occurrence. He remembered it because the incident was to him unique, while the affair of the pistol was commonplace. I am afraid I prayed more then than I do now.

In the spring of 1863 I returned to my home in Milan, continuing the study of medicine in the office of my preceptor, Dr. Dean.

## CHAPTER XX

**I**N the fall of 1863 I left Milan with all its pleasant associations, and went to New York to enter the Bellevue Hospital Medical College for my final course of lectures. A married brother was living on One Hundred and Nineteenth Street, Harlem, and with him I made my home. Harlem at that time was no more than a sparsely settled suburb, with its houses mostly in the east side along the Harlem River. Communication with the lower town was by the old-fashioned horse cars, which served my purpose during the winter in going to and fro.

This medical college had been founded only a few years before, but had immediately become prosperous and much patronized. One reason for its prosperity was its intimate association with the great Bellevue Hospital, which afforded clinical advantage quite unsurpassed at the time. Its great rival was the old College of Physicians and Surgeons, and one reason for Bellevue's existence was that it afforded an outlet for the ambitions of a number of very able members of the profession who wished to teach, but for whom there was no place in the other schools. The old college was a rather close corporation and no outsiders were wanted. This was illustrated by the following incident:

Many years later when engaged in developing the field of electrotherapeutics, Dr. John T. Metcalfe, with his open and generous mind and appreciation of the value and the fine possibilities of this neglected agent, suggested to me that I do something in the way of teaching. I readily agreed with him, and he, being professor of clinical medicine in the school, said that he would bring the matter before the faculty. Dr. Beard and myself were pretty well known by this time. What we had written had been favorably recognized both at home and abroad, and I prematurely thought myself quite sure of obtaining this fine opportunity. But alas for my hopes! Dr. Metcalfe, with some annoyance, was compelled to admit that the proposition was unfavorably and coldly received. I was not wanted, nor any of my kind, for to this day this great adjunct of Columbia University has given no recognition that amounts to anything of this valuable and firmly established

department of therapeutics. Nevertheless, the individual members of the faculty abundantly recognized the value of our methods by turning over to us many interesting and important cases.

The faculty of our college (Bellevue) was quite the equal in culture and general mental equipment of the faculty of the older institution. I recall with pleasure these men, now little more than a memory, every one of them. There was Austin Flint, Sr., professor of medicine, truly a grand old man. His personality, grave and commanding, yet withal genial, was an inspiration. He was without affectation and without guile. In his presence you felt the influence of a great sincerity as of one who could be trusted to do no false thing. His teaching was straightforward and his writings gave him authority and fame. His books are now superseded, but in his day they were authoritative. With a number of fellow students I took private instruction from him in auscultation and percussion, and on a certain occasion gained quite undeserved commendation for acuteness of diagnosis. Halting at the bedside of a ward-patient, we were told to examine him and to state our diagnosis. Everyone diagnosed tuberculosis, excepting myself. For no good reason, except that I had been reading about chronic pneumonia, and an impulse to say something different from the others, I diagnosed this disease. The professor confirmed the diagnosis of the majority, which gave me no concern, as I really had little foundation for my assertion. Judge of my astonishment then, when soon after, in one of the public clinical lectures, this same patient was brought before the school in a greatly improved condition, and as an object lesson. The professor told of the incident and wished to say that the solitary student who diagnosed chronic pneumonia was right and all the others, including himself, were wrong. He mentioned no names, which was just as well, since my diagnosis was purely a lucky guess, no more. One can often gain a reputation for wisdom on even a less foundation.

His son, Austin Flint, Jr., was the professor of physiology. He died recently at the age of about eighty, leaving a son in active practice, Austin Flint, 3rd. Flint, Jr., was a brilliant lecturer and the author of a voluminous treatise on physiology.



In character he was very unlike his distinguished father. He was endowed in good measure with his father's *savoir faire* but not with his *savoir vivre*.

Another rare man was the genial Fordyce Barker, professor of obstetrics. With his florid complexion, his wealth of hair, slightly tinged with gray, his handsome face, and eyes beaming with kindness, intelligence, and humor, he was a striking figure in any company. As a lecturer he was always most interesting and instructive, and frequently enlivened his discourse with amusing stories always relevant to the subject under discussion. Barker was a warm friend and admirer of Charles Dickens, and on one occasion when I was in his office he pointed with pride to an engraving of Gad's Hill, with Dickens at his desk. Dickens had presented this to him during one of his visits to the great author. But for a peculiarly husky voice, the result of some obscure pathological condition, Dr. Barker would have been far more attractive as a speaker than he was. He came for treatment to me in after years, drawn by the novelty of the new method. He was all optimism as usual, and felt sure that I could help him; but nothing came of it. Finally he grew old and decrepit, as is the lot of all who pass the Psalmist's limit, and this gave rise on one occasion to a painful and pathetic scene. He attended an important gathering of the New York Academy of Medicine, over which dignified body he had formerly presided, and which he had adorned by his grace and his facility and felicity of speech. He was asked to address the assembly. Feebly he arose and with faltering voice began. He soon hesitated, lost the thread of his discourse, looked helplessly around and was led tenderly and respectfully back to his seat.

The professor of chemistry, Dr. R. Ogden Doremus, was perhaps the most remarkable member of the faculty and more nearly approached genius than any of his companions. He had lost an arm in experimental work many years before, but the dexterity with which he carried out his delicate chemical experiments would have done credit to any two-armed man. As Macaulay made history as interesting as fiction, so Doremus made dull chemistry as interesting as, shall I say fireworks? He was a perfect juggler in a way, not by any means of imposture, but he delighted in doing simple things in a

large and impressive manner. He was a wonderful talker, and he talked well on many things. He delighted in the theatre and music, and especially in music, and his house was a center for people artistically inclined. Ole Bull was one of his warmest friends, and of him the pretty story is told that, when the great violinist was on his death bed, he sent his watch to Doremus with the message that "he sent it ticking from his heart to that of his friend." He and Dr. Barker were kindred spirits and warm friends, and in my occasional visits to the theatre or choice musical entertainments I occasionally saw them together.

Dr. George T. Eliot, professor of obstetrics and gynecology, was a bright and elegant gentleman. He dressed with perfect taste and was immaculate to the smallest detail of his attire. He was the author of a treatise along his line, and was a fairly good lecturer. He was a great diner-out, and without much doubt was the victim of too high living, for at the early age of forty-five he was stricken with paralysis. He came to me for treatment, which proved of little avail. I was present at the post mortem, which revealed extensive fatty degeneration of the middle cerebral artery, induced undoubtedly by his habit of too generous living. I do not mean to say that he was in any way intemperate in the ordinary sense of the word. His was a fine, high-toned character, and his end illustrates how deadly may be the results of rich living and little exercise. His sympathy and good nature are illustrated in an incident that occurred in my own experience. Dr. William A. Hammond, the noted neurologist, was to read a paper on some neurological question before the New York County Medical Society of which Eliot was then president. Although young and a novice in the art of public speaking, I determined to discuss at the proper time the topic presented. I therefore prepared myself thoroughly and committed the whole to memory, word for word. After several had spoken, I arose. In a few moments I became dazed, everything was a blank. The room did not swim, nor did my trousers seem too big for my legs, as was the experience of Stewart L. Woodford in his first speech before a great assemblage. Unlike him, also, I suppose I did not know my speech as well as I knew the Lord's Prayer. At all events,

not a word could I recall, and after floundering around a while I subsided into my seat covered with confusion. On the following day I wrote a word of apology to the presiding officer for my ignominious failure. Dr. Eliot wrote a long and soothing letter in reply, made light of my failure, urged me not to be discouraged but to try again, and quoted the great English orator, Sheridan, who after a similar failure said: "It's in me, d—n it, and I'll bring it out." Unlike Sheridan, there was but little talent in me in the direction of public speaking, but I soon found that if I was perfectly familiar with my subject I could speak about it. Thereafter, in discussing a scientific question, I never committed the words to memory. This method only confuses, for when one forgets a word, he is apt to forget the next and is liable to be thrown into utter mental confusion. On a subsequent occasion when I read the paper of the evening, Dr. Hammond being one of the speakers in discussion, I had better luck. I was arguing for the benefit of electricity in certain constitutional symptoms on account of its tonic or nutritional effects. Dr. Hammond denied the truth of my contention because of the purely superficial effects of the electric current. To illustrate and prove this he referred to the well-known experiment cited in text-books on chemistry, the experiment with the brass ball and the gauze bag, which when charged with frictional electricity retains the charge only on the outside. It was very easy to convince my opponent and my audience that experiments with a brass ball and the human body were by no means parallel. The ball is a dense homogeneous mass. The body, on the contrary, conducts by virtue of the blood, its saline solution, the skin, or outer covering being a poor conductor. When the skin is moistened, however, its poor conductivity is overcome, and the current, meeting the blood, is diffused, taking the most direct path from pole to pole. I then asked Dr. Hammond if he had practical experience with the method under discussion. He acknowledged that he had not, which gave me the opportunity to reply that manifestly he was not qualified to pass judgment upon it. So far from being offended, Dr. Hammond then and there engaged me to write for his journal, and Dr. George M. Shrady, the well-known editor of the *Medical Record*, approached me to say that a

big man had opposed me, but that I had had the best of the discussion.

James R. Wood, professor of surgery, was one of the most skillful and fearless surgeons in the country. He was a little man and unlettered. Indeed, at times his grammar was not of the best, nor was he a fluent speaker, but his knowledge, his earnestness, his common sense, and his deep devotion to his professional work, enabled him to command the attention of his listeners. When I was young in practice he once sent for me to come to his office. I found there a man with an immense tumor on the side of his neck, and so extremely vascular that the doctor hesitated to use the knife. Pointing to the growth, he said, "I want you to take that off." "Very well," I said, "if you will stand by me." "I will stand by you all right," he replied. He meant that I should use the actual cautery, which I understood and he did not. The next day he took me in his carriage to the patient's house, and although the tumor was highly vascular, the white-hot platinum loops removed it with not the loss of a teaspoonful of blood.

Dr. Frank H. Hamilton was another of the professors of surgery, a far more scholarly man than Wood, but his inferior in surgical skill. He was the author of a very able and popular treatise on fractures and dislocations. The difference in practical efficiency between the two men is well illustrated by the following incident. Professor Hamilton was lecturing one day on dislocations, and the subject of his lecture was a man with a dislocation of the hip joint. After talking learnedly for a while, he made several attempts to reduce it and failed. Somewhat exhausted by his violent efforts, he turned to Wood, who happened to be present, and as an act of courtesy asked if he would like to take a hand in it. "Little Jimmy," as the students affectionately called him, accepted the invitation with alacrity, seized the limb and manipulated it this way and that with the utmost vigor. He grew redder in the face, if that were possible, through this unusual activity, and finally, as he made one supreme effort, lost his footing and fell flat over the body of his patient. Wood leaped to his feet and with increased fury resumed his manipulations. This way, that way, every way, flew the offending member, until by a skilful turn, back went the head of the

bone, with an audible click, into its socket. Then followed a round of applause, gratifying, no doubt, to the vanity of Dr. Wood, but a little humiliating to Dr. Hamilton. I do not attempt to describe the patient's feelings about the matter; but I remember that he did not join in the applause.

Dr. Hamilton was one of the consulting surgeons in attendance upon President Garfield. They were all greatly mistaken in their diagnosis and prognosis, and Dr. Hamilton, himself, in talking to me about the matter, expressed his entire confidence in the recovery of the President. I shall always remember Dr. Hamilton not only as the perfect gentleman and scholar, but as one of the most kindly and conscientious men I ever knew.

Professor Stephen Smith, another professor of surgery, alone still survives (1919) of all that faculty. He is far over ninety, but with faculties yet unimpaired. His long life has been a pattern of efficient work. I took private lessons from him in minor surgery and in bandaging, which stood me in good stead during my army service.

I must not omit to mention Dr. Isaac E. Taylor, the president of the college. Dr. Taylor was a most amiable man. His daughter married Pierre Lorillard. He, too, was a professor of gynecology and obstetrics, and while he was undoubtedly a good obstetrician, he had a very bungling way of imparting information. Among other recollections of Dr. Taylor, I can still see him in the college grounds, surrounded by a number of persistent and excited women students who had been excluded from the lectures and medical clinics. This was in the early days of the agitation for "equal rights for women." There were then but few of them seeking a medical education, but as usual they sought it with tempestuous ardor. A few of them had, before this time of which I speak, attended the various clinics and lectures. Amid the great crowd of boisterous youths they did seem misplaced, and on one occasion when Dr. Wood had before him a man patient with one of the diseases of men, he looked glaringly around, uncovered the patient and thus began. "We have been accustomed to associate with the character of woman all those charms and delicate emotions which enable her to adorn the home, and how she can come here, among this

crowd of men, and witness, without blushing, such a scene as this, is beyond my comprehension." Then followed loud applause from the men, but through it all this handful of women stoutly held their position, until finally excluded from the lecture room. Things are different now and who will say that these women pioneers in the study of medicine did not possess the courage of the old pioneers who opened a new civilization in our western country?

It may all be a fancy, but the great physicians of those days seem to loom up larger than those of this generation. There were the consultants, Alonzo Clark and Austin Flint, brainy and big physically, and who in relation to their fellows seemed in a way to stand apart. Among the surgeons were Parker, Sands, Van Buren, and Wood; and the gynecologists, Sims, Emmet, and Thomas, constituted a trio of surpassing excellence and originality.

The distinctive impression made by these men and a few others in this city and throughout the country may be accounted for in part by paucity of numbers. In the field of literature it is the same, and the rule applies also to our estimate of great commanders in all wars previous to the unspeakable world war lately waged. So wonderfully has medical and surgical proficiency progressed that now the "woods are full" of men whose knowledge and skill are equal to every emergency.

But let us not forget the original minds preceding us that made possible the triumphs of the present. As a single example, the discoveries of a Sims revolutionized gynecology. His statue stands in Bryant Park, unnoticed by the hurrying crowd, but the women of the world have cause to bless his name forever.

Finally in March, 1864, came the day of my graduation. The exercises were held in the old Academy of Music on Fourteenth Street, and when my name was called to ascend the stage and receive my diploma, it seemed a momentous occasion, as if the eyes of the world must be centered upon me. Doubtless each one of the other odd hundred young graduates felt the same. I shall not soon forget the banquet given to the graduates by Dr. Taylor, the president, at his fine house on Twenty-second Street. It was a most unfort-

unate and foolish thing, but champagne flowed like water. Not a few of us indulged too freely for our own good. One of my classmates was a man named Gamble, from Cincinnati, who was also a Kenyon man. It was a long way to my brother's house in Harlem, and Gamble, noticing my somewhat unsteady condition, insisted on escorting me at this late time in the night to the General Theological Seminary, where roomed a divinity student, named Dunham, who was another fellow Kenyon man whom we both well knew. He and his roommate took me in, thus practically demonstrating what they were theoretically being taught, to care for the erring and lift up the fallen.

## CHAPTER XXI

AND now, with an M.D. attached to my name, it behooved me to consider what I should do with it. Professor Eliot advised me to enter the examination for a hospital interne. In a way, this was an attractive proposition. If I succeeded it would give me eighteen months of training, difficult to find elsewhere, as well as board and room during that period. But the great war was raging. None of my immediate family were in it, and I decided that my place was in the field. It will be recollected that I had already had a few months' experience as an enlisted man, and I confess that I was vain enough, if that is the proper word, to experience a sensation of pleasure at again entering the service with the insignia of rank and clothed with a certain authority, as well as with responsibilities of a higher order than those of the simple enlisted man. Besides, my country needed even my help, and as I had at least the ordinary patriotic feeling, my choice was soon made. Never have I regretted it. The wonderful experiences of war, the warm friendships it engenders, and its never-to-be-forgotten memories, have repaid me many fold for all its hardships and dangers.

My father had written to tell me that there was to be a special examination at Columbus, Ohio, for medical service in the army, and a few days found me at home in Milan. Thence I went to Columbus, where I again met my friend Poe, to whom I have already alluded and who was there on the same errand. Physicians from different parts of the state to the number of sixty had assembled in the Senate chamber of the State House to listen to the opening address by the surgeon general. He alluded to the fact that too many incompetent men had been given commissions as surgeons, through laxity of examination. This defect was about to be remedied and the test now before us would be worthy of the name. Each man was to be supplied with pen, ink, and paper, and a sheet of thirty printed questions, and under watchful eyes was to do the best he could. On the following day we were to go to the General Hospital, a case of some disease or other



was to be given to each of us. This we were to examine and then write out in full,—our diagnosis, prognosis, and suggested treatment for the next twenty-four hours. On the third day, two by two, we were to go to the surgeon general's office and submit to an oral examination by an examining committee of three. On hearing this formidable decree I confess that my heart sank within me, and not only did my own heart quail, but the feeling, I imagine, was very general. Of the sixty who listened, one-third of the number refused to stand the examination, and returned to their homes and practices. They evidently feared the disgrace of a failure, believing that it would discredit them at home and injure their professional future. Of the forty who took the examination, fifteen failed, and of the twenty-five who were accepted, three were recommended for promotion whenever a vacancy should occur. My friend Poe was one of them and, to my extreme astonishment, I was another. I was trembling in my shoes as to whether I could squeeze through, and to come off with such flying colors was a surprise indeed. How I finally received further promotion will appear later on.

I went home, announcing my success, and in a few days received my commission as Assistant Surgeon (with the rank of first lieutenant) in the Sixth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, then serving with the Cavalry Corps attached to the Army of the Potomac, and was ordered to report at once for duty. Stopping in Cleveland I bought a uniform and a suit case, which followed me in all my wanderings and now after its journeyings, old, mildewed, and broken, with a hole in one corner evidently made by some rat, it quietly reposes in our attic with some other little relics of the stirring times of the past.

How changed was the aspect of our whole Northern section, though far removed from the actual scene of war and how it all comes back to me! In the early days of the war acres of white tents were seen in every county and near every large town throughout the country. Bands were playing, flags flying, and men were marching. The trains were filled with poorly trained but enthusiastic recruits hurrying to the front. Even at this time, more than two years from the outbreak of hostilities, there was still much confusion in the management of the different departments of the government.

Democracies are proverbially slow in their grasp of essentials, compared with autocracies. Their ways are roundabout and halting, but it seems to be the price we pay for self-government. This was illustrated in my own unimportant case. Instead of being ordered to proceed immediately to my post of duty and report to my superior, I was directed to report at the Surgeon General's office at Washington. There they did not seem to know exactly what to do with me, but finally ordered me to the surgeon in chief of the Army of the Potomac.

I, therefore, had to hunt up Army Headquarters, and when found, after devious wanderings, I was told to keep right on until I had found my regiment. After careful inquiry I found that it was located at Warrenton Springs, Virginia, a part of Sheridan's famous Cavalry Corps. Retracing my steps to Brandy Station where I had spent the previous night, I was told that in a few hours an apology of a train would start for Warrenton. When there I appreciated the fact that I was at last at the "front"—a term on every tongue through four long years, and one that was so vital and meant so much to almost every family in the land. Very soon I got to know exactly what it meant to be at the front.

Colonel Stedman, the commanding officer, received me heartily and kindly, and made me feel very much at home. He wanted me to get on a horse and accompany him in a round of two or three visits he had to make. While I was waiting, as he stood chatting with some officers not far away, I heard one of them ask the Colonel if that was the new Assistant Surgeon, adding that he looked young and inexperienced enough. While this was absolutely true, both as regards looks and experience, yet the bantering tone made me feel very uncomfortable. I did not hear the Colonel's reply. That night, while sitting alone in my tent decidedly depressed and homesick, in came the Adjutant of the regiment. His name was Baldwin, and he was even a little younger than myself. He was full of quick intelligence and with an overflowing jollity that soon dissipated every thought of loneliness. He did not sit in a chair, but on the side of an old table; and there I see him to this day, swinging one leg to and fro while he indulged in talk and song and laughter. Never had I met a companion whose humor was more con-

tagious. I met him halfway, and remember how he enlivened me and made me feel again that life was worth living. He swore a good deal, in a happy, careless way as was so common in army life, and finally I said, "Adjutant, what makes you swear so much?" He replied, "Oh, Doctor, when you have been in the Army three months, you will swear as much as I do. Down here you can't help it. Why, when I was at home, I was a Sunday School teacher."

We became warm friends and until his death, about which I shall speak later, the attachment grew. He had read a good deal and had tastes similar to my own, and in the long night marches much talk did we have about books and things foreign to war.





A. D. ROCKWELL, M. D.  
Surgeon and Major, 6th Ohio Cavalry, U. S. V., 1864



BOOK III  
A RIDE WITH SHERIDAN  
CHAPTER XXII

**M**Y ride with Sheridan was not a solitary ride. It was shared with some ten thousand tried and gallant men, who, on scores of bloody fields, had rendered quite inaccurate Hooker's famous sarcasm, "Who ever saw a dead cavalryman?" From the Rapidan to Richmond and Petersburg, and thence to Appomattox they marched and countermarched with skirmishes here and battles there until almost every portion of that fair country became the final resting-place of the Union dead.

We then saw in our commander a man about thirty-four years of age, short of stature, but compactly built, with broad square shoulders and a muscular and wiry frame that suggested powers of endurance far beyond the average. With his firm chin, crisp mustache, and keen searching eye, he looked every inch the soldier. In more senses than one the head of General Sheridan was not a common head. He found it difficult, it is said, to make a hat stay on properly. Certain irregularities called by phrenologists bumps of combativeness were the cause of this singular shape, and greatly inconvenienced him as well as his enemies. To prevent his hat from escaping, when galloping over the field during a fight, he often held it in his hand, an act which suggested cheer and encouragement to the men.

The spring of 1864 found the Army of the Potomac, with its encampments along the northern line of the Rapidan, in momentary expectation of the order to prepare for another wrestle with its ever-watchful, desperate, incomparable antagonist—the army of Northern Virginia. Grant had recently assumed command of all the Federal armies, his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac; while Sheridan, with the halo of his brilliant record in the West fresh around him, took in hand for the first time as his sole command the cavalry corps attached to this army. As much as any other commander,

Sheridan shielded his troops from unnecessary peril and fatigue, and more perhaps than others, he spared them not, either by night or day, in cold or heat, in storm or in calm, when the enemy was to be met or a position gained.

In giving a short sketch of some of the operations of the cavalry corps attached to the Army of the Potomac, with a few personal reminiscences of the bivouac, march and battle, I am simply following an irresistible impulse which time does but intensify. No one who has not participated in the strange and stirring scenes of actual war can even faintly appreciate the fascination that attaches to its memories. The old soldier will tell you that even the odor of burning leaves carries him back instantly to the bivouac and camp fire; he hears again the clatter and tumult caused by the quick, sharp strokes of the soldiers' axes as they drive down the stakes to which they tie their horses, together with all the low undercurrent of sound characteristic of a great multitude preparing for food and rest after the toil of the day. The crack of the sportsman's rifle recalls the picket line, and the simultaneous discharge of a score or more is wonderfully suggestive of the ominous reports along the skirmish line. More than all else, perhaps, the roar of the cannon, according to its nearness and the volume of its sound, suggests the threatening or fully opened conflict, and brings fresh to mind the mingled and the peculiar sensations experienced by the participant.

On the second of May, 1864, came the looked-for orders that were to end the quiet and uneventful monotony of camp life and set in motion an army of more than a hundred thousand men with "its rolling of drums, tramp of squadrons, and immeasurable tumult of baggage wagons." To describe adequately the commingled scenes of earnest preparation, vociferous salutations and commands, ludicrous incidents, and picturesque movements associated with such a general disruption calls for an abler pen than mine. Confusion seemingly reigns supreme, but soon it becomes evident that this "mighty maze is not without a plan." Scattered formations begin, and companies of men, like rills flowing to their stream, assume the concrete form of a regiment, regiments coalesce into brigades, brigades into divisions, until finally the whole cavalry corps of twelve thousand moves grandly away to



meet the enemy; but when, or where, or how, it knows not.

Shortly after midnight on the fourth of May the crossing of the Rapidan began, the cavalry fording the river and preceding the infantry, which crossed over on pontoon bridges.

It is now more than fifty years since the Army of the Potomac crossed the Rapidan River, thus inaugurating Grant's memorable campaign of the summer of 1864, with its incessant fighting and horrible slaughter. What memories follow fast in the memory of every old soldier of that time! How like a dream it all seems. With thousands of others I find myself suddenly in the midst of war's alarms, with the authority and responsibilities of a surgeon. Inexperienced in my profession, unused to hardships, and by nature timid rather than otherwise, I am oppressed by the fact that we are fairly caught in the maelstrom of war, and that I am one of a relentless body pressing on to bloody work. How it all comes back to me—the picturesque scenes as the great army broke camp and our cavalry moved out in long line for an unknown destination and destiny. It was a charming day. The air was exhilarating, and it was an inspiration to watch the moving host of infantry, cavalry and artillery as, like mighty streams, they moved grandly along unobstructed and unresisted. If the lightning meets with no resistance it is harmless, but if resisted it rends asunder; and so these moving masses, as they proudly press forward, need only resistance to transform them into frightful instruments of destruction.

Many with whom I rode that day were all too soon destined to go down to death. That night, a weary host, we stretched ourselves upon the ground to rest, but at midnight we were awakened by orders to move at once. "Three o'clock in the morning courage" was a phrase quite familiar to me, and it came to my mind at that time.

The air was chilly and damp; the blood was circulating at lowest ebb in our veins, and I recall the feeling of inertness and inefficiency that well-nigh overwhelmed me as I imagined all sorts of unknown terrors ahead. But no riot of the imagination went beyond the scenes soon to be enacted. In perfect silence we made our way toward the historic Rapidan River, the "Rubicon" of that day. Beyond that river was forbidden ground. "Thus far shalt thou go and no further!" And

the ability to enforce that command has been illustrated on fields as sanguinary and as gallantly fought on both sides as the world has ever seen.

McClellan has been driven back with carnage unspeakable. Burnside at Fredericksburg in impotent rage dashed his devoted troops against impenetrable barriers, while later Hooker was routed, and the long-suffering army of the Potomac literally hurled back across the river. And as on that gloomy night of May fourth, 1864, we halted on the brink of the quiet stream, many must have thought of these things and wondered as to the future. What would the resistance be? With strained and expectant senses we plunged into the cold waters of the Rapidan, and as our horses went deeper, we wondered that no sound of gun was heard above the splash of the water and the low-spoken word of command. As we reached the other side, day was breaking. No enemies were in sight, and the only evidences of their existence were the foot-prints of horses and torn bags of grain or meal left in their hasty flight. We press forward and halt for a little while on the famous battlefield of Chancellorsville, and I see now, as I saw then, a solitary chimney towering high above the trees—all that was left of the headquarters of Hooker during the battle of the year before. Ghastly evidences of that fierce fight—some of it in deep darkness—were seen in the bones of the unburied dead, and impelled by a curious impulse I picked up one of these fragments of our poor humanity and held it for a moment. Just as on the street, we meet a passing stranger and wonder what his name is,—what of his history,—what his past or his future, so I wondered of what personality this dry bone had been a part. Less than a year ago, this person, probably little more than a boy, was part of the pulsating, vibrating machinery of war. If he belonged to a New England or a Western regiment, perhaps he came from some peaceful farm, and his thoughts may have reverted at the beginning of that fateful day to his father's farm, to the quiet safety of its fields, and to the beautiful and restful serenity of the parental roof. Even yet in youthful simplicity he may not have ceased to regard that father in his relation to him as a "prophet, priest and King," and his mother above all others. What a little time had separated

him from the dewy fragrance of childhood to the rough experience of war. Scarcely had he awakened out of eternity before he entered again upon eternity. Time had indeed been to him a fast, hurrying stream. Whether such thoughts are true of him one knows not, neither does it matter; but that they are true in essentials of thousands who fell in the great struggle is without question.

Patriotism! Yes, it is right, and a great and glorious possession, but what save honor can compensate for the loss of all that is beautiful and tender and reminiscent in one's life; for the lives that are snuffed out, broken off almost at their very beginning? Ah! the boys, and for the most part only boys, that became the victim of the hell of war.

And so, here we are again, the entire army of the Potomac, in the enemy's country, with the river behind us. Will it result again in fearful loss of life and then retreat? In loss of life beyond all compute? Yes! but never more retreat. And the morrow will witness not only a fearful death-roll, but a horrible holocaust both of the living and the dead.

Through all the live-long day of that terrible struggle in the Wilderness, I heard the long-drawn-out volleys, before which fell hundreds and thousands of youth on both sides, and that nothing might be lacking on that day of horror, the dry leaves and tangled underbrush caught fire, and poor, wounded, helpless humanity was not allowed even a fighting chance or the privilege of dying a soldier's death, but must suffer the indignity and pangs of fire.

The phrase "War is hell" comes, as a rule, trippingly from the tongue. But when Sherman said it, it came as it comes now when spoken by the veteran of to-day, deep down and straight from the heart.

Rev. Henry Van Dyke recognized the spirit that animated General Sherman and set it forth in the lines written on the occasion of the dedication of St. Gaudens' equestrian statue of the General at the entrance to Central Park:

"This is the soldier, brave enough to tell  
The glory-dazzled world, that war is hell;  
Lover of peace, he looks beyond the strife  
And rides through hell—to save his country's life."

## CHAPTER XXIII

THE cavalry took but little part in this first great battle of the campaign,—the Battle of the Wilderness. It was on the outskirts, supporting batteries, guarding supplies, protecting flanks, etc., but on the eighth of May, General Sheridan received instructions to concentrate his scattered forces, pass around the right of Lee's army to its rear, and after doing all the damage possible by destroying railroads, burning supplies, etc., proceed to Haxall's Landing on the James, replenish supplies from General Butler's stores, rest his command, and then return to the main army, wherever it might be. This memorable and historic raid consumed just fifteen days, in which time were concentrated as much movement and fighting as in any other period of similar length during the war. Indeed, any soldier who saw nothing more of war than that raid, might be entitled truly to the appellation of "Veteran."

Early on the morning of the ninth of May, 1864, we were in motion, the object being to get away from Lee's infantry before meeting Stuart's cavalry. It was early spring, and a cloudless sky, a clear, invigorating atmosphere, contributed to make the day nearly perfect. The roads were in excellent condition, free from mud or dust, and we were passing through a beautiful country untouched by the ravages of war. I can never forget the song of the birds, the rustle of the leaves upon the trees, and the cattle peacefully grazing in the fields. They would look up and gaze curiously but unafraid at the unusual spectacle of marching troops and the rumble of artillery and baggage wagons. There were fields of waving grass and comfortable little homes that had never before seen an invading force. Few whites were seen, but the negroes from every hamlet and hut gathered along the roadside in undisguised admiration and wonder at the ceaseless stream of artillery and horse. "Pompey, have you seen many soldiers go along this way to-day?" was asked facetiously of a gray-haired old negro, and as the old fellow lifted up both hands and excitedly ejaculated, "Yes, Massa,

t'ousands and t'ousands, you go right into Richmond now, suh,"—it was made sufficiently evident by the old man's unfeigned action and tone that he at least was heart and soul with the Union cause.

Our regiment was the extreme rear of the line, and the beauty and quiet of the day was still with us when, as we made a turn through a short stretch of wood, all were startled by the well-known rebel yell, accompanied by rapid firing. The Colonel, turning in his saddle, saw the rear of the regiment scattering in every direction, closely pressed by the attacking party. In an instant everything was in the utmost confusion. The artillery, pack train, forage wagons and forming bodies of troops seemed to be inextricably mixed, and I found myself in a sort of pandemonium separated from every familiar face, uncertain which way to turn, either to avoid the increasing fire, or to find a post of duty. Just then a captain of the staff galloped by and with a shout, "You are wanted this way, doctor," he swept by and I followed on. In a moment a position was reached that enabled me to witness the rare sight of cavalry fighting hand to hand with sabre and pistol. This was *my* baptism of fire, and a fierce and fiery one it was. The excitement was too great to allow the details to be firmly fixed in mind. A swaying, yelling mass of horsemen, and the roar of a section of artillery in the rear, were the main impressions. One distinct act I now vividly recall. The adjutant of the regiment (Baldwin) to whom I have already referred, and whose sad death occurred a short time after, had just received the ineffectual fire of a Southern soldier. I see the adjutant now, as I have in imagination seen him hundreds of times before, with that expression of concentrated excitement characteristic of such scenes of peril. With horses careering side by side, he had grasped the Confederate by the collar of his coat with one hand, and with the other was in the act of striking him from the saddle with the butt of his pistol. One poor fellow was lying upon the turf bleeding and pale, and dismounting I gave the reins of my horse to an attendant who had just joined me. It was anything but a pleasant time or place for the gentle ministrations of the healing art. Bullets were whistling through the air on every side, and it needed only the ear to assure us that the enemy were in close prox-

imity. The wounded man was too weak to lift his head from the ground, and as I was intently engaged in examining the arm through which a bullet had passed, the startling cry of "Here they come!" was heard. We were on the edge of a plowed field, and, on looking up, a body of Confederate cavalry was seen not over a hundred yards away, coming towards us as rapidly as the nature of the ground would permit, firing their carbines, and with all manner of exclamations. Not one of us stood upon the order of his going. The orderly gallantly led the flight, followed by the surgeon, who was in turn closely followed by the wounded man. He, poor fellow, had not feigned anything as he lay there apparently unable to rise. It was only the stimulus of imminent danger that enabled him to leap unassisted to his feet and into his saddle. My own horse, left to himself, started, and there was only time to grasp him by the neck and throw one leg over the saddle, where for a moment I helplessly hung. The efforts of the now thoroughly terrified horse, as he plunged through the soft earth, were frantic enough, but not more so than my own as I strained every nerve to right myself. Success finally crowned these efforts, and our speed was soon rewarded by the welcome sight of a line of our own forces. These were flanked, and as we came to a halt, the wounded soldier was close at our heels. In a sudden attack such as this, there could be no very satisfactory or permanent alignment. The scene of contest constantly shifted; hence, no sooner had we alighted and stretched the almost fainting wounded man upon the ground than we had the unusual experience of being exposed again within five minutes to the enemy's charge and were compelled to fly once more. This time we did not halt until it was certain that we had safely outdistanced that persistent body of rebels. It had often been said that surgeons are not exposed to much danger. This I began to doubt, and on many subsequent occasions this doubt received strong confirmation.

Finally the attacking force was compelled to retire, and in thick darkness, for night had fallen, the task of reforming the scattered troops began. This accomplished, away we went in one of the fastest cavalry rides ever experienced, to join the advanced forces on the banks of the North Anna River.

Among our severely wounded was one man whom I attended, shot through the lung. It was a fearful wound, and as there seemed little hope of his surviving, and as we could not take him with us, we left him under care at a little house by the roadside. He recovered and subsequently rejoined the regiment a well man. Such recoveries we now know to be not unusual.

The following morning, our division (Gregg's) and that of Wilson, crossed the river, exposed to the artillery fire of our untiring adversary who had followed us, had placed his guns in position, and had waited for the morning. Custer with his brigade was sent to Beaver Dam Station, where he destroyed ten miles of the Virginia Central Railroad, with locomotives, cars, and army supplies, recapturing also many prisoners who had been taken in the battle of the Wilderness and were then on their way to Richmond. I will not attempt to give in detail the various side movements and encounters of our cavalry from this time until it reached the bank of the James, where it rested for three days under the guns of the fleet. One incident may be recalled, however, of a night's ride to Ashland Station for the purpose of destroying the road and a depot of supplies stored there. It was dark when our brigade (Davies') started, but as the column wheeled into an unfrequented forest road, the darkness became almost impenetrable. Our progress was not especially disagreeable, so long as our horses were allowed to walk; but the necessity of reaching our destination in quick time soon urged the whole force into a rapid gallop. As we descended into gullies, mounted hillocks, and leaped obstructions in the darkness, our animals were necessarily left to their own guidance. Only by sound and shout could we tell when horses stumbled and fell, pitching their riders. My little mare, however, kept her feet bravely, and not only then but many times afterwards carried me securely through danger. Hats were brushed away by the branches of the trees, faces scratched and bodies bruised, but on we raced for several miles until the woods were cleared. Never were men more glad to see a star than were we. In the early morning we reached the station, drove away a small force, and successfully accomplished the object for which we had been sent. By this time "Jeb" Stuart, the bril-

liant Confederate cavalry leader, by moving on roads parallel to ours, had outstripped us and planted himself in our path at Yellow Tavern, seven miles from Richmond.

The battle here was very severe and the casualties many. On the side of the enemy, General Gordon was killed, and the gallant and renowned Stuart mortally wounded. Following up his successes, Sheridan penetrated to the outer defenses of Richmond, causing the greatest excitement and consternation there. We could plainly hear the ringing of the church bells and the puffing of the locomotives, and from subsequent information it would seem that the city could have been easily captured because of the small force left for its defense.

On the morning of the twelfth it was proposed to recross the Chickahominy, but the bridge was found destroyed, and had to be rebuilt under a heavy fire from a force of the enemy on the opposite side, while at the same time we were harassed by attacking troops from the direction of Richmond. For a few hours it was a season of anxiety to General Sheridan lest he should be attacked by an increasing force before the completed bridge afforded him an opportunity to go on his way. The story was current among us that when the bridge was finished and our troops were about to cross, the General seized a bottle, and as he was about to lift it to his mouth with a "Here's to you Johnnies," a stray bullet effectually shattered it. Nothing daunted, it is further related that the General, turning in the direction from which the missile came, quickly substituted for his salutation, the exclamation and reproach, "That's d——d unhandsome of you, Johnny."

We reached Haxall's Landing on the banks of the James on the fourteenth, but not without sharp fighting with some of the enemy's infantry and dismounted cavalry who had advanced from their work to intercept us. Here we had an opportunity for much needed sleep, and we were very grateful. Since leaving the Wilderness, our marching and fighting had been almost continuous, and both rider and horse, to say nothing of the patient mule, were utterly exhausted. It is a notable fact that during the movement of an army one seldom sees a wild animal or venomous reptile, even though wild the region and thick the forest. On this occasion, however, soon after reaching camp, while quietly slumbering un-



der my low and narrow shelter tent, I was aroused by a loud cry from some one, and looking round was startled by the sight of a very large flat-headed snake, which had entered the tent and raised up his head in close proximity to mine. I cleared the entrance instantly, fortunately without touching the snake, and soon had the satisfaction of killing the intruder. He measured four feet and some inches and was pronounced a very poisonous fellow.

On the seventeenth of May, quite refreshed and well supplied with rations, the cavalry retraced its steps to rejoin the main army, which, with little opposition, it accomplished on the twenty-fourth. The army of the Potomac at this time found itself in a peculiar position. It had crossed to the south bank of the South Anna River in two different sections, and then confronted Lee's intrenched forces. The peculiarity of the situation was that our army not only had the river in its rear, but an intrenched division of the enemy, like a wedge, extended to the river, widely separating the two sections of the Union Army. It is readily seen, therefore, that for one part to support the other it would be necessary to cross the river twice. The position was thoroughly unsatisfactory and not devoid of peril, and on the night of the twenty-fifth, in the most intense darkness, the withdrawal was successfully accomplished.

Crossing the Pamunkey River on the twenty-seventh, we halted, and soon a thousand camp fires were brightly gleaming in the valleys and along the hillsides. One of the most important duties of the soldier, however, was to see that his horse was secure, and to this end every man was eager to obtain as quickly as possible a portion of a rail or some small limb of a tree, and utilize it as a stake. Imagine ten thousand men, more or less, driving down these stakes simultaneously. In the clear night air, the sound reaches one from near and far, now echoing and re-echoing in a single crushing volume, and again with a rapid and irregular clatter quite indescribable. In the midst of all this confusion and fancied security there was the startling report of a bursting shell among us. In an instant every sound was hushed. The cessation of active life was as real and the silence as profound as when all the inmates in the palace of the King went to sleep for a thousand

years. The awakening also was almost as sudden. For a moment there was strained expectation, with a thousand arms held high in air, then a single blow, then another, and immediately the air was again resounding with sturdy strokes. It seems that the fire at our brigade headquarters had been kindled over an unnoticed and unexploded shell, thrown in some previous cavalry skirmish, and in its explosion one of our own officers, detailed temporarily for staff duty, was severely wounded. I venture to say that seldom in the whole history of the war did the explosion of a single shell excite more attention and comment.

The following day witnessed one of the severest and longest cavalry engagements of the campaign. General Sheridan, in pursuance of orders of "feel the enemy," pushed forward our division (Gregg's) on the road from Hanover town to Richmond. Near a place called Hawes' Shop a large force of rebel cavalry (Fitzhugh Lee's and Hampton's divisions) were found dismounted and occupying temporary breastworks of rail. My post of duty in the beginning of the contest was with the regiment at the front, as usual, and when finally directed to the field hospital in the rear, to assist there, I found an old house filled and the yard strewn with wounded men who had either been operated upon or who were patiently waiting their turn to be placed upon the repulsive-looking tables. Here for the first, but not for the last, time I regret to say, it was my unpleasant experience to see a hospital with its protective flag flying above, and filled with the wounded and dying, exposed to the fire of artillery. Fortunately the cannonading was of brief continuance, but long enough to inflict some damage; how much I am not aware, as my horse, which I had remounted a few minutes previously to return to the firing line, became so unmanageable at the sound of a bursting shell that he bore me quickly away. The direction taken by the affrighted animal acquits me of intentionally running away, for I was carried towards a still hotter fire, and it was fully a mile before the animal could be subdued.

Can I ever forget *that* shell? I heard it coming from behind, shrieking like a thousand devils. I remember thinking that I was done for. Another surgeon was riding by my side, our knees nearly touching, yet the shell fell between

our two horses, exploding as it touched the ground. The horse of my fellow surgeon was literally disemboweled, while my own horse was untouched, but the shock was terrible. The surgeon himself was unhurt. Years after one old soldier who was there told me that he could never forget the sight of the wounded horse, rearing high in air, with the blood pouring in streams from the severed arteries.

It was here, during a lull in the fighting, that our plain-spoken Colonel sent back a reply to the commanding general, which I understood he never forgot.

*Staff Officer*—"General Sheridan wishes to know, Colonel, how you are getting along."

*Colonel*—"You tell the general that we are licking the bile out of them."

This reply was literally transmitted by the faithful aid. A few years after the war, the members of the legislature of Ohio, of which body the Colonel was one, were introduced to the General, and upon the former being presented, Sheridan quickly remembered him and good-humoredly brought him to task for the language in which his official information had been couched.

For the next few days the cavalry were incessantly active. The disastrous assault of Cold Harbor occurred, and in this they took part, losing heavily in killed and wounded; and almost immediately after were ordered to proceed along the Central Railroad of Virginia, damage it as much as possible, and then join the command of General Hunter in the lower Valley. After this we were again to return to the Army of the Potomac, wherever it was. Only a part of this duty were we able successfully to perform. Our route lay along the north bank of the North Anna, and on the afternoon of the tenth of June we crossed the river at Carpenter's Ford and encamped near the line of the Virginia Central Railway, not far from Trevilian Station. We now found ourselves opposed by a large force of cavalry under Hampton and Lee, who had followed closely on interior lines to intercept us. On the morning of the eleventh the opposing forces met, and throughout all that day the fighting was desperate and the losses large. The advantage was on our side, but learning from prisoners that General Hunter was not in a position to

be readily reached, and that we were likely to be opposed by both Ewell and Breckinridge, General Sheridan decided to withdraw under the cover of darkness. Another reason for our withdrawal, as I afterwards learned, was the want of ammunition.

It was just twilight when my regiment was sent out to do picket duty and cover the withdrawal of the rest of the troops. The dust raised must have been seen by our watchful foe, for a storm of shell was opened upon us, which for a few moments was as fearful as anything we had experienced. Shells exploded around and above us, and the brilliant illumination in the twilight added to the impressiveness of the scene. The firing was quickly over, but while it lasted it seemed as if the regiment would be annihilated. Many of us were struck in face and body by bits of flying bark and branches from the trees, for we were passing through a tract of woods, and I saw a small tree completely severed. The fact that not a man was injured illustrates how out of all proportion to the damage inflicted may be the noise and demoralizing effect of an artillery fire.

After midnight the withdrawal was skilfully accomplished and with entire secrecy, and a retrograde march commenced, which in some respects was more painful than anything we had before or would hereafter experience. We had captured some five hundred prisoners, and were encumbered with about six hundred wounded men; of these ninety were too severely injured to be moved, and, together with the enemy's wounded that had fallen into our hands, were left behind in charge of surgeons detailed for that purpose. We were far from our base of supplies, and six hundred helpless men suffering from injuries of almost every conceivable character had to be transported for days over rough roads in ambulances and in army wagons without springs, and in the heat and thick dust of summer.

Look not for the extremest horrors of war upon the battlefield, however awful the carnage or cruel the adversary, but find it rather in some of the experiences of prison life, or the unutterable and prolonged agonies of a retrograde march, such as ours of eight days' duration. From sunrise to sunset the long cavalcade of canvas-covered vehicles toiled along

with jar and jolt, enveloped in clouds of dust and eliciting from the wretched sufferers a continuous succession of groans and heart-rending outcries. Soldiers in general know little of such scenes as these, familiar only to the surgeons and the attendants. The excitement and dangers of the battle over, the resultant suffering is quickly removed and left to proper care. Our brave and humane old Colonel had occasion to ride forward along the line of the moving ambulances. He returned actually pale with suppressed excitement, and exclaimed, "My God! No consideration would tempt me to go over that course again and see the sights and hear the groans that I have this day seen and heard."

And here, without my invidious distinction, attention may be called to the work of the medical staff of the army, who labored without hope of special preferment or possibility of distinction. They shared the fatigue, and much of the danger of the campaign, and in emergencies their labors were almost to the limit of human endurance. On this very march, for example, after a hard day's ride, when all others were sleeping, the surgeons collected about the ambulances and by the dim light of candles dressed each wound with gentle care. Oh, the memory of the horrid odors that came from decaying and gāngrenous wounds, for it must be remembered that in those days there was no blessed antiseptic known, and men died like sheep for want of some staying process. Every effort was made to save the lives of those who were not too far gone. The dying were passed by except to minister to their immediate wants, and the dead were quickly buried.

As I recall at this distance of time, those nights of toil, with wagons against the dark background, crowded with wounded, and surgeons here and there, bending low over the sufferers and by the dim light of candles engaged in their humane ministrations, the scene loses none of its weird and solemn impressiveness.

We passed over the recent battlefield of Spottsylvania, where the destructive effects of shot and shell were plainly visible. Broken branches of trees were on every hand. Many trees were almost completely denuded of bark and foliage, some were riddled with bullets, and others were felled to the ground by the shots. Brigadier General Grant of the Ver-

mont brigade thus graphically describes the close and deadly fighting at the celebrated "Angle": "It was not only a desperate struggle, but it was literally a hand-to-hand fight. Nothing but the piled-up logs or breastworks separated the combatants. Our men would reach over the logs, and fire into the faces of the enemy, would stab over with their bayonets, and many were shot and stabbed through the crevices and holes between the logs. Men mounted the works, and, with muskets rapidly handed them, kept up a continuous fire until they were shot down, when others would take their places and continue the deadly work. Several times during the day the enemy would show the white flag about the works, and when our fire slackened, jump over and surrender, and others were crowded down to fill their places. It was there that the somewhat celebrated tree preserved in the war museum of Washington was cut in two by bullets; there that the brush and logs were cut to pieces and whipped into basket stuff; there that the enemy's ditches and cross-sections were filled with dead men several deep. I was at the Angle the next day. The sight was terrible and sickening, much worse than at Bloody Lane (Antietam). There a great many men were lying in the road and across the rails of the torn down fences, and out in the cornfield, but they were not piled up several deep, and their flesh was not so torn and mangled as at the 'Angle.' "

Glad enough were we to reach our supplies at the "White House" on the twenty-first, where we passed the night. (The "White House" was the property of Robert E. Lee.) On the twenty-second an immense train of nine hundred wagons started to join the main army. The cavalry was ordered to protect these trains until they had crossed the James at Bermuda Hundred on pontoon bridges. After crossing the Chickahominy at Jones's Bridge, General Torbert with one division was held with the train, while General Gregg with our division was sent to a place called St. Mary's Church to protect an uncovered flank. Our own brigade, under General Davies, was stationed in an open space on slightly rising ground, in the center of which was a shabby little house, the inmates consisting of an invalid, with his wife and several children. They were thoroughly alarmed at the threatening

outlook, as well they might be. When the conflict began this family sought refuge in the cellar, and emerged after it was all over unharmed. We were here confronted again by our agile and valiant opponents, the cavalry divisions of Hampton and Lee, who were eager to obtain some of the rich pickings in the trains moving along "so near and yet so far."

Several hundred yards in our front was the edge of a dense forest, and from the frequent interchange of shots between our advance pickets and the concealed foe, it was apparent that danger lurked in those dark recesses. The morning and a portion of the afternoon wore wearily away. The train to be protected had nearly passed, and the troops were drawn up ready to retire, when suddenly the enemy opened a furious fusillade from the woods. Henceforth, until darkness ended the conflict, it was with us a series of stands and retreats, for the foe greatly outnumbered our forces. At every position lost by us, the enemy planted his artillery, and vigorously bombarded our retreating troops, inflicting some damage, but the main effect was to increase the speed of the retreating trains and non-combatants.

In the beginning the usual field hospital had been established a mile or so in the rear, and there the wounded were brought. Orders soon came to move further on, and the wounded were relifted into the ambulances and carried to a place supposed to be secure; but presently an aid dashed up and in great excitement, cried to us to "get out of here," as the Confederates were close at hand. A few bursting shells gave emphasis to these words, and with no delay, the wounded were once again hustled into the waiting ambulances. The last one had disappeared, and I was about to follow, when four men came up bearing a wounded man upon a shutter. Dismounting and kneeling by his side, I found him to be my good friend, Adjutant Baldwin, who gave me such words of cheer when I first joined the regiment. He was suffering with what was evidently a fatal wound in the side. He recognized me only by my voice, and asked in faltering tones if his wound was mortal. My answer was perhaps evasive, but he divined instantly the truth, and in tones intensely pathetic, and which seem to me as real now as then, he said: "My time, then, has come; I must die." At this time men were

madly rushing to the rear, and on a crest of ground not far away, the enemy plainly could be seen. The "boys," though quite exhausted, willingly lifted the dying man again in a last attempt to place him beyond the reach of danger. A loud shout, sharper firing, and the tread of horses, revealed at that moment a body of charging Confederate cavalry directly behind us. There was not a moment to lose; recognizing this, the adjutant, raising himself upon his elbow with a last effort, gazed wildly at the approaching foe and exclaimed, "Leave me, boys, leave me," and he was dropped and left to his fate. The horsemen rushed by, but fortunately without injuring him, and the next day we returned in quest of him and found his dead body by the roadside. We learned that he lived but a short time after our departure, and was attended and ministered to by a kindly old negro. I can never recall without emotion the evidences of the Adjutant's inherent nobility of character as illustrated by his quick cry of "Leave me, boys."

When it is remembered that for a period of six weeks during this campaign not only was it oppressively hot, but that not a drop of rain fell, our hardships will be better appreciated. Springs and ponds were dried, and of many of the larger streams only trickling rills were to be seen. The dust lay ankle-deep upon the highways, and frequently the troops were so completely enveloped in it that objects not many feet distant were invisible. It was fine dust, penetrating eyes, ears, nose and throat, both of man and beast, rendering it difficult to tell the blue coat from the gray. One of the sad and yet seemingly necessary cruelties of the campaign was the sacrifice of our faithful horses. Whenever they became too exhausted to proceed further without rest in our forced marches, or if they became lame, through the loss of a shoe, which could not be replaced, or if the back became too sore to ride, they were immediately shot. This was done to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. For this purpose there was always a rear guard, and when the disabled horses fell back, they were immediately shot. On one very hot day during a terrible march I remember counting some forty-five horses that had been thus disposed of along a course of less than five miles.



## CHAPTER XXIV

SOON after this, utterly exhausted and ill from the exposure of this hard campaign, I was granted a short furlough and returned home to Milan, Ohio. When I returned to duty I found that General Sheridan had left us. He had been assigned to the Command of the Department of the Shenandoah, and taking with him two of the three cavalry divisions constituting our corps, he began that series of brilliant movements ending in the practical annihilation of Early's army.

The second division, commanded by General Gregg, was left behind to co-operate with the Army of the Potomac. From this time onward until November, when the army went into winter quarters, the cavalry seconded the infantry in all its undertakings. Strong and persistent efforts were made directly against Richmond and against Petersburg, but more especially against the different lines of railroads running from the South and Southwest into these cities, upon which Lee's army depended for its supplies. Most of these efforts failed, but finally the Weldon railroad was captured after a long and bloody struggle, and our lines thrown across and beyond it.

The two armies, each strongly entrenched, now confronted each other in the last desperate heroic efforts of the Confederacy. To all appearances it was Richmond and Petersburg that were so tenaciously defended by Lee, and so eagerly sought for by Grant, but as events proved, it was the *life* of his army that the Confederate commander was so desperately defending, and it was this life rather than any capital city, however important, that the union General was seeking. The winter of 1864-5 was unusually severe, and the suffering from cold and sleet was very great. When in camp, however, we lived in comparative comfort, and as it fell to the cavalry to guard the rear of the lines, its duty was less severe and dangerous than that of the infantry who faced each other along the front, almost constantly exposed to storms of shot and shell. We had our trials, however, for no sooner had we begun to congratulate ourselves upon our fortunate position

as compared with the infantry, than we were unceremoniously packed off on some errand of danger and destruction. For example: Our regiment was on the road to and not far from brigade headquarters. Time, two o'clock in the morning; weather disagreeable with cold and sleet. A horseman rattles by at breakneck speed. All who hear him know well his errand and I confess to a fit of shivering, as under my army blanket I await developments. Simultaneously with the shake at the Colonel's door comes a knock at my own, with the statement from the brigade surgeon that the division has orders to march within an hour with three days' ration and forage. This to the surgeon means that the bugle must sound the "sick call," so that all those who are ill and unable to go may present themselves for examination, and be excused in proper form. In these outlying expeditions, almost invariably even before our work was accomplished, Confederate cavalry and infantry would be upon us, and then would begin fighting in retreat, the most disagreeable of all forms of combat, since it was difficult in many cases to take off our wounded, and every man labored under the unpleasant apprehension of becoming a prisoner and a candidate for Andersonville, Belle Island or Libby. One night we started for Stony Creek, some few miles away, and after destroying a considerable amount of property, began the return march. As usual, the foe was quickly on our heels, and with such increasing pressure that it became necessary to take a more positive stand. Therefore the first Maine Cavalry was brought to the rear and distributed along a stretch of rising ground, behind trees and stumps and fences, awaiting the nearer approach of the enemy. This regiment was armed with carbines of the sixteen-shooter pattern, and when it opened fire, each man discharging his cartridges in quick succession, it seemed as if, instead of five hundred, there were five thousand hid in ambush. This furious fusillade lasted only a short time, but effectively cooled the ardor of the pursuers, and elicited the remark from a captured "Johnny" that "You 'uns put the butt end of your carbines against your cartridge boxes and fire without stopping."

Still another picturesque event is but accentuated by time. It was the close of a clear, cold afternoon in the early winter

of 1864. The regiment had but an hour before returned from a severe siege of picket duty along the recently captured Weldon railroad that extended to the beleaguered city of Petersburg, and the men, after having cared for their horses, were preparing their own suppers. All were anticipating a quiet night when an order came to prepare to move within an hour. "Boots and saddles" was sounded, and shortly after dusk the regiment wended its way outside the camp, where it found a long line of cavalry waiting for us to lead.

Of our destination, or on what errand bound, we were, as usual, profoundly ignorant.

Reams' Station, on the Weldon railroad, the scene of sharp fighting some months before, was soon reached, and as we filed by a number of deserted buildings, torn through and through by shot and shell in the recent struggle, a sight was presented, hideous at any time, but doubly impressive in view of the warlike and perilous errand on which we supposed ourselves bound. Skeletons, seemingly without number, were seen on every hand. Some were almost wholly exposed to view, some were uncovered from the waist upward, while others presented the spectacle of a head only thrust above the soil. The expressions upon the upturned bony faces seemed to alternate from grimaces of ghastly glee to forbidding frowns, as they lay exposed in the bright moonlight or in the shadow of the sentinel-like pine trees and of the moving column of horsemen. Entirely familiar as we all were with varied scenes of horror, few cared to give more than a hurried glance at these evidences of the sharp and bloody struggle in which we had participated the summer before, in the successful effort to destroy and hold this Southern line of communication with the cities of Richmond and Petersburg. Up a winding way the head of the column moved until it reached a commanding eminence from which the country for many miles was distinctly visible. The moon, full-orbed, was well above the eastern horizon, flooding the earth with its pale, mystic radiance. Glancing back over our tortuous, ascending route of march, nearly the whole length of the moving line of horsemen, artillery, and ambulances—gleaming white and suggestive—could be seen toiling along, while far to the rear glowed many a camp and picket fire. The whole column was

now urged into a brisk trot, and soon our advance guard struck a weak picket force, which at once fled, leaving us in undisputed possession of a number of dilapidated but spacious outbuildings filled to overflowing with bacon, meal, and other vital necessities for the Confederate soldier. To apply the torch was the work of a moment, and almost instantly the inflammable material was furiously blazing, giving, as we well knew, quick intelligence of our handiwork to the watchful foe. The errand of destruction completed, the column retraced its steps with all possible speed, but not with sufficient rapidity to elude the enemy. On arriving at the clearing to which allusion has been made, we found hastily entrenched across the road and along the edge of the wood at right angles to it, a force sufficiently formidable to impede our progress. "Prepare to dismount and fight on foot," was the order passed rapidly down the command, and from each company, with varying cadence, the quick, nervous count of "One, two, three, four," so familiar to every cavalryman, was soon ringing out.

The count finished, the order to dismount was given, to be obeyed by every first, second and third man, while the fourth remained in charge of his own horse and those of his companions.

The fourth man no doubt considered himself fortunate, as he for the time being escaped the danger of battle. On this occasion, when the count began in one of the companies near where I stood, the fourth man, pleased that he was to escape the fight, lustily shouted "Bully!" instead of "four," as he should have done. The others, entering into the humor, followed suit, and down the company front, from head to foot, rang the cry of "One, two, three, bully!" over and over again.

The captain, however, was a strict disciplinarian, always ready for a fight and in no humor for any nonsense, and, to the utter discomfiture of each "four," he called out, "Two, three and four dismount! One remains with horses!" In the skirmish that followed one of the "fours" of this company was killed and another wounded, illustrating on how slight a thing hinges the alternation of weal or woe, of life or death.

The opposing forces were facing each other along a slight depression or vale running at right angles to the highway upon which we were returning, while in the centre of this vale was a

long stretch of low bushes that fringed the borders of a shallow stream. It was now about midnight, and the moon, half-way or more in its course, brightly illumined the whole field of action. In the foreground a long line could be seen with arms glistening in the cold, pale light; away to the right a group of horsemen (the General in command and staff); aides with orders galloping rapidly here and there, and a little to the rear a dense mass of led horses with the men in charge. The ambulances—some in the road and others hastily grouped in a cleared field near by—awaited the order to advance on their errand of mercy, while to the left of these the red-uniformed artillerymen were placing their guns in position.

The firing from the enemy had all this time been sharp but somewhat desultory, when suddenly from our own side a rattling discharge began, increasing in volume as it rolled along the front, and redoubling the fury of the opposing fire. For a short time the conflict was kept up with unceasing vigor, our line slowly advancing to the stream and across it; then as the Confederate fire sensibly slackened, the order to charge was given, and with a cheer the entire column rushed across the open space to the temporary breastworks of rail and to the woods beyond.

The enemy, whose force was undoubtedly far less than our own, gave way, and the fight was at an end. So suddenly had the contest begun, and so quickly was it over, that it was difficult for the moment to realize the true state of affairs. Over the field and around the tops of the forest trees adjacent circled the fast-vanishing smoke of battle, and the air was charged with sulphurous odors. Scattered over the ground were dark forms, lying prone or in sitting posture—the dead and severely wounded; while others, more lightly hurt, yet bleeding and pale, were making their way to the waiting ambulances. There were some with shattered limbs to whom every movement was agony. How were the broken bones to be kept in position for the time being?

One suggested a neighboring cornfield, and brought an armful of dried stalks, which, when split and cut in proper lengths, answered the purpose admirably.

Some of the wounded were taken inside the hut that occupied the clearing. A candle had been lighted, and by its feeble

glare a wounded soldier was under examination, when to our astonished gaze the floor itself seemed in motion, as if under the influence of a subterranean power. A broad plank was lifted high and thrown to one side, and a woolly head was thrust from out a dark, deep hole. The eyes stared wildly around, and the face was grotesquely anxious, while from the lips issued, in all solemnity and earnestness, "Fore God, gemmen, I'se Union, I is!" We helped the old man out, and then the old woman, and one after the other five little darkies of various sizes. A ludicrous spectacle was, indeed, presented as they issued from their safe retreat frightened and trembling. They were speedily reassured, however, and to show their good will soon had a bright fire blazing and some smoking hoe cake ready. It was long after midnight when the last man was buried, the last wound dressed, and the column of cavalry, artillery and ambulances ready to move. We re-passed the uncovered skeletons at Reams' Station, and at last gladly filed into camp, as the moon, which had witnessed our departure twelve hours before, was gradually disappearing below the western horizon.

## CHAPTER XXV

OUR regiment had been transferred from the first to the third brigade, commanded by Brigadier General Charles Smith, formerly Colonel of the First Maine Cavalry and after the war remaining in the service as Colonel of the Nineteenth Regular Infantry. The brigade surgeon, Dr. King, was about to leave for an indefinite absence, and to my great surprise I received an order to report to General Smith at Brigade Headquarters and assume chief medical direction. I was not only by far the youngest medical officer in the command, but I think the youngest in service and experience, and why I should have been chosen is to this day a mystery to me.

General Smith was under forty, and before the war had been a teacher in Maine, his native State. He was a man of great bravery and marked ability, and I was glad to get to know him more intimately. After the war he had political aspirations, and was thought of for the United States Senate, and it was generally understood that his appointment as Colonel in the regular army was a compromise measure. He was quiet and even gentle in his manner, but when aroused was capable of that vigorous language which army life engenders.

The general occasionally made a tour of inspection along his portion of the picket line, and on one occasion I accompanied the party. It was the duty of each vidette to cry "Halt!" to those advancing, and to allow but one to come near to give the countersign. For a time everything went on smoothly, all seeming to understand their duty, until we approached a young fellow, who instead of halting us, simply stared as if overpowered at sight of so many officers advancing towards him. The general kept on, and when near, suddenly seized and wrenched the carbine from his hand, exclaiming: "Now, sir, you are in my power, and I can shoot you." After a sharp lecture as to his duty, however, we passed on. Soon we came to a portion of the line where the relief party

was officered by a captain of the general's own regiment, the First Maine. Orders had been given for those temporarily off duty to be on the alert and ready for any emergency, but we found the carbines lying around promiscuously and the horses tied here and there at random. The captain in charge saluted, and the general, in a mild, quiet tone of voice, said, "Captain, did I not order the carbines to be stacked?" "Yes, sir." "Did I not order the horses to be fastened in line?" "Yes, general, I told the men, but——" "You told the men," thundered the general, with an oath, actually rising in his saddle in his disgust, "You told the men, did you? You are a fine man to command. Hand me your sword and consider yourself under arrest." And back goes the astonished and crestfallen officer under a guard of his own men.

It was through General Smith that I received my promotion from an assistant to a full surgeon, so jumping in rank from a first lieutenant to a major, and in pay from \$1,500 to \$2,500 yearly. While in the general's tent one evening, he casually said to me: "Doctor, you have no full surgeon with your regiment now, have you?" I replied in the negative, whereupon he said, "Why don't you apply for the position?" I replied that it had never occurred to me; that I was young, was but a short time graduated, and felt my want of experience. "But," continued the general, "You have been in entire medical charge of the regiment through the campaign, and that certainly presupposes competency." I then told him what I had almost forgotten, relating to my examination at Columbus, and the recommendation that followed, whereupon, the general with some humor said, "You are too modest, doctor. In the army you must take all you can get. Now let me advise you to sit right down before this table and write to the surgeon general of Ohio and ask him for the commission." I complied, but with no very confident belief that it would amount to anything. This is the rather laconic letter that I sent:

*Dear Sir:*

When I passed my examination at Columbus last spring for medical service in the army, I was one of three recommended



for promotion (for proficiency in examination) when a vacancy should occur. That vacancy has now occurred.

Very respectfully,

A. D. ROCKWELL,

Ass't Surgeon, 6th O.V.C.

What was my astonishment and delight to receive in less than two weeks a bulky document from the surgeon general's office, containing my commission as major and surgeon. Proudly I speeded to division headquarters and showed it to Dr. Marsh, the division surgeon, where my high expectations were momentarily dashed. Dr. Marsh congratulated me, but at the same time expressed a doubt as to whether the regiment had the necessary complement of men to entitle it to a full surgeon. Fortunately for me, if not for the good of the service, the command was sufficiently strong to justify my claim, and I was duly mustered in. And so for this advance I was indebted in the last analysis to General Smith, and it strongly illustrates the general fact that in the getting of rewards and preferment I have been unduly negligent and have let slip by many an opportunity. For this I have only myself to blame, and yet not so much blame, perhaps, as it has been through life an inherent temperamental hesitancy and timidity, cloaked sometimes under a forced attitude of assurance.

While at headquarters this timidity received a rude shock one Thanksgiving Day. General Smith had invited General Gregg, our division commander, with his staff, to dine with him and his staff. It was quite an imposing military array, and as we were about to sit down at the long table with its bounteous repast, he motioned to me to take the head of the table and do the carving, "as I was used to handling the knives." Now, if there was anything at which I was a non-expert, and still am, it was the carving of fowls, and to my dismay I found that the bird before me was a goose. I certainly was a goose not to have entered my protest before attempting the job, but at it I went pursuant to orders. I did my best, but made such a poor hand at it that I begged our host to have pity, and let some layman, with more skill than I possessed with that kind of a knife, take my place.

It was after the dinner that I overheard a conversation between Generals Gregg and Smith which greatly impressed me, especially in view of what I knew of General Gregg. He was modesty itself and his reputation for calm and steady bravery was of the best. I recall one scene apropos of this. I saw the general during an engagement, sitting on his white horse and surrounded by many of his staff, as calmly smoking his big meerschaum pipe as if on his own porch at home. The enemy got our range, and began dropping shells in our direction thick and fast. The staff gave evidence of more or less excitement, but the general sat unmoved, slowly smoking, nor did he immediately change his attitude. He calmly removed his pipe from his mouth and said, "Be calm, gentlemen,—no occasion for haste," and then deliberately moved away to a more secure position. In admiration I said to myself at the time, "you certainly are a very cool and courageous man." I *was* not a little surprised then to hear Gregg say to Smith that he was about to resign from the army. "The fact of it is," said Gregg, "I am a good deal of a coward. Every engagement tells upon my nervous system to the last degree, and it is only by the exercise of all my will power that I can appear natural and unafraid." The general may have exaggerated this defect or weakness, yet nevertheless, there must have been a measure of truth in what he said, and granting this I have always held that such men illustrate the highest form of courage; duty and a noble pride, triumphing over every inherent obstacle and ignoble sentiment.

I have always understood that it was not alone this distaste for active service that hastened the resignation of General Gregg. He had served from the beginning of the war and was never found wanting, but he probably did not possess those brilliant and aggressive qualities so marked in some of the younger officers. He possessed calm courage and sound judgment, but these did not capture the fancy, as did the hurrah and dash of such excellent men as Custer, Kilpatrick and others. As a consequence, such youngsters as these forged ahead of men like Gregg, whose qualifications perhaps were more solid. There is no question but that he was disappointed in a way, and that this disappointment was no unimportant factor in his decision to leave the service.

And so the winter of 1864-65 wore away, wearily at times, at least for some of us who had little to do when in camp, but enlivened, as I have already stated, by periodical spurts of activity.

One fine day I accepted an invitation to accompany an officer under a flag of truce to the picket line of the enemy. The object was to transfer some southern women through the lines. We were received courteously by the Confederate officer, when my attention was attracted towards a lengthy and swarthy individual with long, dark hair, lying at full length upon the ground. He was introduced as Captain Pryor, and as he arose I saw that he looked very much like an Indian. This was the notorious, if not celebrated, Roger A. Pryor, who figured so prominently in Congress before the war as a pronounced southern fire-eater. He had commanded a brigade in the Confederate army with the rank of brigadier general, but here I found him with the rank of a mere captain of scouts. I never knew why,—but it must have been that he was not altogether satisfactory for high command or else his brigade would not have been consolidated with another and he left out in the cold. His wife has written much and interestingly about him and their war experiences, and later about their experiences in the north after the war. I never actually met him again, but once saw him under very different circumstances. It was at the trial of Henry Ward Beecher, where Pryor had been retained as one of the prosecuting counsel.

## CHAPTER XXVI

ON the twenty-seventh of March, 1865, we heard with pleasure that General Sheridan had again joined the Army of the Potomac with the other two cavalry divisions. With these reunited cavalry forces, Sheridan led the van in a chase of a hundred miles or more towards Appomattox Court House. In the early morning of the twenty-ninth he moved his cavalry out for the purpose of getting to the right and rear of Lee's army. For some time we stood in a long line, and soon attracted the fire of a spiteful little battery or two in plain sight. At first these shells fell short, but soon one came and exploded just before reaching our part of the line. I saw the fragments coming and felt sure that one particular piece was destined for me. Instead it made directly for my colored servant, or rather for the mule on which he was mounted, and took him squarely in the flank. When the boy saw that missile coming he seemed almost to turn white with fright, while his contortions were so grotesque and his bulging eyes so suggestive of comical terror, if terror can ever be said to be comical, that there was a universal shout of laughter. A third shot was better aimed and its course, too, was directly behind me. There were four horsemen abreast. The first sat erect, and the shell passed in front of him, the second leaned forward over his horse's neck, and the shell carried away his knapsack. It missed the third man, who also probably sat erect, and finally buried itself in the hip of the fourth horse. Still another of these conical six pounders came, and this time found its human mark. It went under the shoulder blades and completely through the body of a soldier. I dismounted and was instantly at his side. He was living and conscious, and yet how a man could live a moment after such a gaping wound I could hardly see. His constant cry was for "water, water," as is always the case with those mortally wounded. He was immediately taken away in an ambulance, but died a few minutes after. Orders now came to change our position, and none too soon, for what good could it do for us to stand inert and helpless in line of fire,

except to give the Confederates a chance to practise marksmanship. It has always seemed to me that the affair was stupidly unnecessary.

Moving thence to Dinwiddie Court House, we encamped for the night in a pouring rain, which continued all the next day, rendering the roads absolutely impassable for artillery and wagons, and necessitating the construction of many miles of corduroy. There, through all the dismal downpour of the thirtieth of March, we stood around in the wet and mud, a supremely uncomfortable and dispirited crowd. And certainly the outlook was not encouraging. The country thereabouts was low and flat, covered with forest and thick underbrush, and abounding in swamps and sluggish streams that drained the water slowly. The soil, in its mixture of clay and mud, was most uncertain and treacherous. The infantry, in desperate efforts to get to Lee's right flank and rear, toiled along manfully, but with exasperating slowness, and if anyone had ventured to assert that within two weeks and within a hundred miles of where we then stood shivering and disconsolate, the army of Northern Virginia would surrender to General Grant, he would have been considered a fit subject for the lunatic asylum. General Sheridan had been given large discretionary powers. As in the Valley, he commanded infantry also, and could no longer be considered simply in his capacity as a cavalry leader. On the first of April he fought and won the bloody battle of Five Forks, which was the beginning of Lee's utter discomfiture.

On the morning of the thirty-first of March our brigade moved out to a small stream called Chamberlain's, a mile or so from the court house, and formed along its edge—connecting with Davies' brigade a mile above, while the remaining brigade of the division was held in reserve. Here Lee's and Rosser's cavalry divisions succeeded in forcing a passage, but were afterwards driven back with heavy loss. The fighting was very severe. Standing under a large tree, not two hundred yards in the rear of the forces that were struggling for the possession of the stream, I had a most excellent opportunity to observe several acts of gallantry. One of these relates to the enemy. In an attempt to charge the stream, they were driven back to their cover. One of their men, however,

was left badly wounded in the water and exposed to the fire of both sides. Suddenly a Confederate rushed into the shallow waters of the stream and bore his helpless comrade safely to the other side, and I imagined for a moment the fire sensibly slackened in obedience to an inherent impulse and admiration for a gallant act.

In order to encourage our men the brass band was brought up, and on the other side the Confederates had theirs going also and the strains of "The Union Forever" and "Way Down in Dixie" mingled with the rattle of musketry and cheers of the men. General Sheridan himself here did a characteristic act. To encourage the men whose ammunition was running low, he galloped madly, and under fire along a part of the line, bareheaded, with hat in hand.

Finally, however, the Confederate cavalry, aided by Pickett's division of infantry, succeeded in forcing a passage over the "Run," pierced our line, and pressed our two brigades back towards Dinwiddie. This was the first time that I had ever been in such a pell mell retreat. It was getting dark, everything was confusion and disorder, and for all we knew we might be suddenly stampeded even to a greater degree; and so we were quite glad to find ourselves soon after in a secure position, with opportunity to break our long fast.

The hamlet where we camped and from which we had gone out in the morning to battle was called Dinwiddie Court House, the county town. The venerable court house had been sacked, and both recent and ancient documents were scattered over the ground in every direction. A few of these I picked up, some dating back more than two centuries, and they are now in my possession.

The spirited contest just described was only preliminary to the greater and more historic struggle of the morrow, the battle of Five Forks, which resulted in the capture of the lines of breastworks thrown up to impede our progress, with more than three thousand Confederate prisoners.

In the meanwhile various fierce assaults, both successful and unsuccessful, had been made by remaining portions of the army against the fortifications encircling the two cities of Richmond and Petersburg, and on the third, General Grant gave orders for what was hoped would be a final and success-

ful assault. At three o'clock in the morning, however, it was discovered that General Lee had abandoned every entrenchment, leaving us in undisputed possession.

And now began in good earnest the flight of the enemy's army, with ours in close pursuit and General Custer in the van. It was only six days that this race was kept up, until the enemy's remnant on the morning of the ninth, like a lion driven to his lair, made its final desperate struggle. But who shall attempt to describe in minute detail the incessant activity of the two armies during that brief period?

Every road for many miles was thronged with the pursued and pursuing. With every nerve strained to highest tension, Lee's objective point was Lynchburg, with its rations and defenses. The very poverty of his troops was an aid towards this. Lightly loaded, and impelled by every impulse of self-preservation, they marched with quick step, and although suffering from hunger and the depression of expiring hopes, they for a time repelled with all their old-time vigor and dash, every onslaught of ours. The two armies were now moving parallel with each other along the line of the Appomattox River. Every day had its battle, with smaller affairs not designated. The fight at Scott's Corners occurred on the second, Sweathouse Creek on the third, Tabernacle Church and Amelia Court House on the fourth, Fame's Cross Roads on the fifth, Sailor's Creek on the sixth, Farmville on the seventh, and Appomattox on the ninth. Sailor's Creek was one of the severe cavalry fights of the war.

The Confederates fought with desperation, but thousands of prisoners were taken including many general officers, among whom was the famous one-legged General Ewell. I was engaged in an operation near the roadside, and looking up, I saw these generals as they were being conducted to the rear, and immediately recognized Ewell by his deformity.

Owing to the rapid movements of the troops and the constant fighting the wounded were soon left far behind, and in attending them, I, with my little party of helpers, found myself many miles to the rear. For a day or two before we overtook the regiment our route lay along roads crowded with marching columns of infantry and artillery, and as we prolonged our chase far into the night, the scene on every

hand was rare and picturesque beyond description. Passing along the highway, through the encampment of some corps or division, the gleam from innumerable fires would redden the atmosphere for miles. In every direction they could be seen, now blazing up brightly, now glimmering faintly, while in closer proximity every fire had its group of weary men, intent on refreshment and repose. As the light played over the forms and faces of these men and of those that were sleeping, with here and there a blood-stained bandage, as it was reflected from the stacked arms, and penetrating woody recesses, revealed still other groups of blue-coated soldiers, scenes were presented well worthy to be reproduced upon canvas.

American art is progressing, but no one thing more clearly indicates the inferior position it held after our great war than the utter and lamentable lack of any adequate reproduction of its scenes and battles. After the Franco-German War of 1870 there were many artistic and truly great representations of the German and French soldiers and of war time in those countries in all its varying phases; but we have had no *Détaille* or *DeNeuille* to do the same for our own soldiers.

We finally overtook our command near Prince Edward Court House, and as I write these words an incident is recalled that is worth telling:

"When General Sheridan at the head of his troops reached this town, he dismounted at the fence of a stiff old gentleman who was sitting on his high piazza and scowling severely as we rode up. He was the typical southerner of fifty years ago; his long gray hair fell over the collar of his coat. He was arrayed in a swallowtail of a bygone period; a buff linen vest, cut low, and nankeen pantaloons springing far above the feet that were neatly encased in morocco slippers. A bristling shirt frill adorned his bosom, and from the embrasure of his wall-like collar, he shot defiant glances at us as we clattered up the walk to his house. Prince Edward Court House was a stranger to war, and our indignant friend was looking for the first time on the like of us, and certainly he didn't seem to be pleased by our appearance. He bowed in a dignified way to the general, who bobbed at him carelessly, and sat down on a step, drew out the inevitable map, lighted a fresh cigar, and asked our host if any of Lee's troops had been seen about



there to-day. "Sir," he said, "as I can truly say that none have been seen by me, I will say so; but if I had seen any, I should feel it my duty to refuse to reply to your question. I cannot give you any information which might work to the disadvantage of General Lee." This neat little speech, clothed in unexceptionable diction, which no doubt had been awaiting us from the time we tied our horses at the gate, missed fire badly. It was very patriotic and all that, but the general was in no humor to chop patriotism just then so he only gave a soft whistle of surprise, and returned to the attack unscathed.

"How far is it to Buffalo River?" "Sir, I don't know."

"The devil you don't!—how long have you lived here?"

"All my life." "Very well, sir, it is time you did know. Captain, put this gentleman in charge of a guard, and when we move walk him down to Buffalo River and show it to him." And so he was marched off, leaving us a savage glance at parting, and that evening tramped five miles away from home to look at a river which was as familiar to him as his own family."\*

And yet I cannot but admire the sturdy fearlessness of the old fellow who did not shirk, but who stood to the last for what he believed to be the right.

It was reserved for this last short campaign to demonstrate the inestimable value of cavalry most decidedly. In the earlier history of the war it was mainly used for the establishment of cordons around a sleeping infantry force, or for the protection of trains. General Sheridan did much to correct this want of appreciation for a well-managed body of horse, for his idea was that cavalry should not only fight the enemy's cavalry, but his infantry as well should occasion demand. If it had not been for the persistent attacks of the cavalry upon the flank and rear of the rapidly retreating army, there can be no doubt that he would have eluded us. It was the cavalry which, marching night and day, finally forged ahead of the Confederate army, and on the morning of the eighth of April threw itself boldly across the enemy's path.

That night from their elevated position the sleepless pickets of my own regiment, the Sixth Ohio Cavalry, saw the camp

\**With Sheridan in Lee's Last Campaign*—by a Staff officer.

fires of what was left of Lee's weary troops, as they flared and finally died away in the amphitheatre below. To be directly in the pathway of a desperate and dangerous enemy at bay is not the most pleasant of positions, but even the rank and file had heard that the infantry supports were being pushed rapidly forward, and knew that the expected morning attack must be held in check at whatever cost. At daybreak the forming of the lines of the foe could be plainly seen and soon our brigade and that of Mackenzie were attacked in front and flank, and so rapidly were we pushed back that it seemed as if, after all, they might escape us. All this time, however, the infantry had been hurrying on with might and main, and at the supreme moment, when the cavalry was giving way in every direction, Lee found two solid lines of infantry blocking the course. As the white flag was borne out from the broken ranks of the enemy towards us, how our cheers echoed and re-echoed through the morning air at the thought of peace.

Who shall describe these things, and who shall describe the unutterable sadness incident to the last conflict of a long struggle? Men who had passed unscathed through four long years of active warfare fell on this last day and closing hour. A personal friend, who had thus far escaped, received on this day a fearful wound, but from which he finally recovered. I myself, as the shells burst thickly around, feeling that the crucial moment had arrived and the end was near, must confess to a more than usual feeling of anxiety as regards personal danger.

One poor fellow was dying, and upon being told the cause of the cheering that reached his ears, mournfully ejaculated, "Too bad, too bad!"

It was only a few months before that I had had occasion to proffer assistance to young Colonel Janeway, commanding the First New Jersey Cavalry, who in an engagement had just received his eighth wound. It was a comparatively slight injury and I recall that he said to me at the time, "Doctor, I imagine that you are the youngest surgeon in the corps and I am the youngest colonel." He was only about twenty-one years of age, and that he was brave and of splendid promise goes without saying. Urgent appeals from loving friends had

extorted from him the promise that if he was ever wounded again he would resign. Shortly before the last shot was fired I saw him gaily riding at the head of his regiment, smoking his cigar, preparatory to leading his men into action. He caught sight of me, and waved his hand in friendly salute. Ten minutes later I was kneeling at his side, as he lay with his ninth wound, dead, with a bullet through his brain. Thus at Appomattox ended the sad and bloody work that attended the progress of Sheridan's cavalry.

And yet the war was not yet quite ended. Johnston's army was still intact, and confronted Sherman, who was on his march from Savannah to Washington. The cavalry was therefore ordered to join this army then marching northward. With all haste we started, but on reaching the borders of North Carolina, word came to us of Johnston's surrender also. We turned northward again, flushed with victory, yet feeling the calm that comes with the thought that our dangers and hardships were at last over. The return was more or less a joyous picnic, the remembrance of which has mostly faded from my mind.

One incident I recall with pleasure which confirms Sheridan's comradeship for those who fought under him, and his genial bearing towards the private in the ranks. The long line of cavalry had started out one morning, and Sheridan, a little belated, was making his way along the side of the road on which the troops were marching to the head of the column, and I remember that he was astride his favorite "Rienzi" that had carried him on his ride to Winchester, made famous by the poem of Buchanan Read. "How are you? How are you?" I could hear him say to the soldiers in response to their salutes. I was riding alone, the colonel having left his place for a moment, and the general, seeing a beardless boy at the head of the regiment, looked keenly at me and said—"Good morning, Major, a pleasant day," and then, "Are you the surgeon of the regiment?" "Yes, General." "Well, good morning, good morning—good morning," three times, and with a quizzical smile as if to say: "You are a very young man," he galloped on. Many years after at a reception to the army and navy at the White House, I was introduced to the general, and remarked that I was glad to meet him again;

that twenty years before I used to see him as he was raiding through Virginia. In a few moments, seeing me standing near, he approached and said: "You were in the army, then?" "Yes," I answered, "I was surgeon of the Sixth Ohio Cavalry." "I remember the regiment very well," he said, "and it was a good fighting regiment."

Then with that same quizzical smile which I so well remembered, he put in words what I imagined he had in mind so many years before—"You must have been a very young man." I asked him if he remembered Stedman, the colonel of the regiment, and the message to which I have already alluded that he sent to him on one occasion. "Indeed I do," and seemed mightily amused at the recollection.

On the fifteenth of April, 1865, after a leisurely and joyous day's march, we struck camp in the late afternoon. A beautiful stream rippled softly along, accentuating the peaceful conditions and the sense of rest, and while for a moment reposing on its banks and enjoying the quietude of the scene, I was aroused by an unusual bustle and the hum of voices. Excited groups had gathered, and the next moment the appalling news of the assassination of President Lincoln reached my ears. Sorrow and burning indignation stirred each bosom, and with us, as with many another group, unthinking and unworthy thoughts of reprisal and revenge usurped the place of reason. The better nature of the manly man, however, soon conquered these wild bursts of temper, and common sense assured us of the folly of holding the great body of our late enemies to blame for the crazy acts of a few madmen. Yet nothing could bring back to life the great and good man who had for four years guided and presided over the destiny of the nation. The South had lost its best friend, and as through the long succeeding years she groaned under the enactments of an unwise, unjust, and partisan Congress, how she must have longed for such a soul as Abraham Lincoln's.

Such men stand between a nation and perdition. They "see the invisible justice in the heavens, and know that it is still omnipotent on earth."

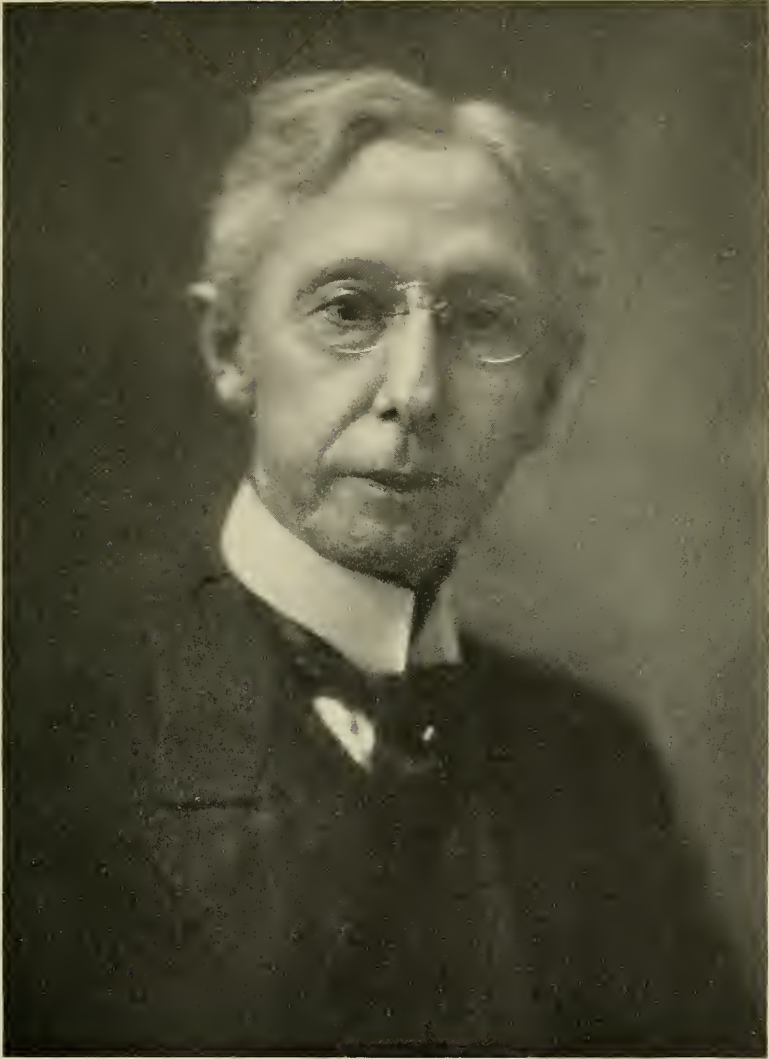
I did not have the good fortune to participate in the Great Review at Washington when the combined armies passed gloriously before the President amid the plaudits of the multi-

tude. Troops had to be retained in the South to keep order and for the protection of property, and it was not until the seventh of August that the regiment received its final discharge at Cleveland, Ohio.

One incident more and the scenes of my army experiences close. Latterly I had had an assistant surgeon. He was a German—he was also impecunious. In the goodness of my heart I lent him from time to time a little money. He was profuse in his gratitude, and was to pay me in full when he drew his money in Cleveland.

He was to meet me in the morning at the Paymaster's office. I was there bright and early to meet him, but he was there still earlier, drew his pay, and was off for parts unknown. I never saw nor heard of him again, nor of my fifty dollars. It should have been a valuable experience for me, but, as with many others, the lessons taught by experience are not always thoroughly learned. Through softness of heart, or a foolish confidence in human nature, there have been other dollars of mine that have gone the way of those loaned to my assistant surgeon.





*A. D. Rockwell*

(1919)





BOOK IV  
CIVIL LIFE AND PRACTICE  
CHAPTER XXVII

**S**HORTLY after the close of the War, but before my own discharge, my father, then fifty-five years of age, tired of the hard work of the farm, and influenced also by the fact that his children would be for the most part settled in the East, sold his place, and bought another farm of fifty acres, in New Canaan, Conn., his old home. For a time he again attempted, in a very simple way, his profession of teaching, but finally gave it up altogether and resumed his old occupation of farmer. I am sure that he thoroughly enjoyed it, but hard physical work at his age proved a severe taskmaster. It stiffens the joints, wastes the muscular tissues, strains the nerves, and to a certain extent, I firmly believe, dulls the intellectual processes. And so my father died at seventy-six an old man. As my mother remarked, "he died of old age." I have always regretted that it seemed necessary for him to labor so strenuously with his hands, and yet, as before remarked, there was a compensatory side to it in that he was never more happy than when out in the fields watching the progress of growing things in which he had a part. "Blessed is he who has found his work . . . were it but true hand labor . . . let him ask for no other blessedness."

Immediately after my muster-out in August, 1865, I came East and found my father domiciled in one-half of the old homestead, my grandfather's house in Ridgefield, Conn. It was in the following fall that the home and farm in New Canaan was secured. My grandfather was in his ninetieth year and although physically rather strong, was suffering from a pronounced attack of aphasia. He had practically lost the power of speech and the co-ordination of ideas. The only words that he could utter were, "Yes, I can," and "Oh, my soul," and these he was constantly repeating when he wished

to express a thought or wished anything done. That his mind worked coherently was quite evident. For example, one morning after breakfast, I observed my grandfather looking out of the window, evidently somewhat disturbed, exclaiming, "Oh, my soul! Yes, I can." This he kept repeating more and more excitedly, my father vainly trying to interpret his meaning. It all sounded so strange that we found it difficult to keep straight faces, and this only heightened the old gentleman's displeasure. Finally, taking father by the arm he led him into the yard, pointed to a large board lying on the ground, and when it was removed he was quite satisfied. The pathology of the condition was then quite unknown to me and even the name, although in later years a great variety of such cases came under my observation. The symptoms were due to pressure on a certain cerebral convolution or speech centre, and were a precursor of the near end.

My grandfather was born in 1776, and before the close of the Revolution he was old enough to see and remember the American soldier of that time in his suit of buff and blue. His father, my great-grandfather, died in 1808. He held a lieutenant's commission, but as it was issued by the Commonwealth of Connecticut, and not by the Continental Congress, it does not entitle his descendants to admission to the "Society of the Cincinnati." Our Loyal Legion has a similar rule, State troops not being admitted to its ranks. This does not seem to be altogether just, since many of these State troops underwent the hardships of campaigns, and the dangers of battles, and still others were subjected to the fiercer ordeal of being prisoners of war. Both my grandfather and great-grandfather sleep in the old burial ground at Ridgefield, where they lived and wrought in their humble and useful way all the days of their lives. My great-great-grandfather is also buried, I am told, somewhere in the same parish, but no one knows just where. No stone now marks his resting place, as none now remain over any of the graves of the four or five predecessors of the two to the first John Rockwell of our name and branch of the family in America.

The Rockwells in their sphere have been a goodly race,—there can be no doubt about that. No gleam of genius is discoverable in the stock nor even evidences of extraordinary

talent, but in multiplying it has given to the state its share of sturdy supporters and patriotic defenders, and helped to make the nation great. For nearly three hundred years have we been here, and witnessed the transformation of a vast and inhospitable wilderness into a great and progressive civilization to which we have contributed at least our tiny share.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

THE winter of 1865-66 was mostly occupied in attending a third course of lectures at the College of Physicians and Surgeons then located at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. And very much I stood in need of some further instruction. My preliminary studies in medicine had been very superficial and unsatisfactory, as were all the prescribed courses at that time, and in some branches I had absolutely no practical experience. Take the important department of obstetrics, for example. I do not remember that I had ever seen a case of parturition. When, therefore, my friend, the late Dr. E. Darwin Hudson, himself later an expert, asked me if I would assist him in taking charge of a case in one of the poorer parts of the town, I readily consented. Hudson was in the graduating class and to its members the professor occasionally assigned cases of this kind. Hudson had never seen a case, either, and in some trepidation he turned to me for help. I was a graduate of two years. I had been an army surgeon. Surely, here was a young man of large experience and one upon whom to lean in time of trouble. It did not occur to him, I suppose, and I did not refer to the fact that with an army in the field there was scant need for the services of an obstetrician. We found the suffering woman on the top floor of an old tenement and entirely unattended. The only furniture of the room was a rickety bed (one end of which broke down during the accouchement), a washbowl half filled with dirty water and an old chair. Being the older and of supposed greater experience, I took chief charge. The usual preliminary examination took place, of which I could make neither head nor tail, but I looked wise and pronounced everything shipshape. The hours passed wearily and drearily away, and seeing no signs of any immediate ending, we withdrew for a while to the old Earle's Hotel in Canal Street for rest and refreshment. Returning in the course of an hour, and making another examination, I became puzzled and all at sea. I felt the great responsibility of it all, and packed Hudson off in haste to the residence of Dr.

Thomas in lower Fifth Avenue to report and to ask for instructions. In due time he came back with word from the professor that everything was probably all right and that all we had to do was to wait. We waited, and finally in the early hours of the morn, a new soul was ushered into this waiting world. We washed the babe and dressed it in the few rags we found and went our way. What of the life and career of that boy? If still living he would be fifty-three years of age. Born in poverty and even filth and disgrace, as the world has it, like another *Oliver Twist*, what chance had he? A victim of an inexorable fate had he lived, let us hope that kind nature soon took him to herself.

The close of the winter session found me somewhat better equipped for practical service, and in the spring I put out my shingle at my brother's house in 119th Street and Second Avenue, and engaged in active, or in inactive practice, for of patients there were not many. However, I suppose I may have done as well as the average young doctor during the first year, even though the sum total of my receipts amounted to but \$400.00. About this time I attended one evening, by invitation, a regular meeting of a musical organization of Harlem. I was introduced to a young lady, plump, pretty and vivacious, by the name of Landon.

My first remark to her was to the effect that the name of Landon was a familiar one, as one of my best friends was called Landon. My interest was immediately engaged. The more I saw of her the more I liked her, and before many months this acquaintance ripened into an engagement. October seventh, 1918, marked the fiftieth anniversary of our marriage, one of the fortunate events of my career since it insured for me a long life of domestic harmony and a family above all price.

For sixteen years after my marriage, and while my family was growing up, I made my summer home in my father's house. We did not board, but kept house on one side of the rather spacious old structure. Our sleeping as well as living room (although we had the range of the entire house) was big enough—some fifteen by thirty feet, and cool and comfortable. Here for many years we slept the happy hours of night away. The first summer there was a crib beside the bed and a baby in

it. Two years after, this baby was promoted to a small bed on the other side of our own, and another baby occupied the crib. Another two years saw this last baby sleeping with his older brother in the small bed, while baby number three filled the crib. These were all boys, every one, but it would never do to have only one kind and so Dame Fortune sent a girl and with her in a cradle, one in the crib and two in the little bed, we made up a happy family, as cozily fixed as one could wish. We could put our hands on any one of them o' nights, which is more than can be said of the later years. As the first two boys grew older, say eight or nine years, they were given a room upstairs. Such happy days they were for them and for us too, and often I think how fortunate they were, to have a grandfather's house to which to go for their summer home and a grandmother's pantry to which they could make frequent visits. Somehow there seems to be no relationship that can quite take their places. Years of development and experience have ripened the fruit. Mellowness and softness and just judgment attend on age or else age is not worth its salt; and so in the grandfather and grandmother of the right sort, the child knows where to find sympathy and favor. More than this, at school and at home, the child is more or less dominated, but somehow or other, when in the home of his grandparents, he himself seems to be the dominant factor, and well he takes advantage of this opportunity.

While studying at Bellevue, before my graduation, I met during the rounds of the hospital wards a student of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, by the name of George M. Beard, whose acquaintance ripened into friendship and finally into a professional association, which changed the whole current of my life. He belonged to the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity as did I, and our badges brought us together. Had it not been for this tie the acquaintance probably never would have been formed, and the work of Beard and Rockwell, such as it was, would never have taken form.

There are arguments against the exclusiveness of secret societies, but in my own experience they have opened up business and social relationships that have added much to the zest and joy of life.



*George M. Beard.*

(1882)





Dr. Beard was such a unique character that I may as well say something about him here as elsewhere.

Let me first mention, however, that after our graduation we both entered the service—I in the army as an assistant surgeon and he in the navy as a “contract surgeon.” I suppose neither of us had any special thought of seeing each other again, but one day after the war, we suddenly stumbled on one another in one of the clinics of the town, I think the Demilt, corner of Twenty-third Street and Second Avenue, where our acquaintance was renewed and our friendship cemented.

Dr. Beard was a most unusual man. He had a face of almost preternatural gravity, but underneath this deep solemnity of countenance there lurked such a sense of humor, at times subtle and elusive and again so explosive and rollicking, as to amuse, mystify or disturb, according to the occasion or type of mind affected. As was remarked of Jean Paul Richter so also it may be said of Beard, that at times, he might be said to “live, move and have his being in humor.” Beard kept a diary during his youthful years, from about the age of fifteen to his junior year at Yale. His father was a clergyman (Congregational), and George was reared in all the strictness and strait-laced orthodoxy of the times. His daughter has permitted me to read this diary, and a most interesting and illuminating production it is. It illustrates how the youthful soul can be submerged in gloom and deprived, through a well-meant but hurtful theology of its birthright of joyous, helpful living. We see a keen intelligence backed by high moral principles, coming gradually into its heritage of rational living, but not without scars. Inwardly he resented this long thralldom, and the pendulum which had swung so long in one direction made an equal arc in the other. While giving up every vestige of belief in the supernatural, he might have made more of the soul of man and of human emotion and sentiment. Nothing seemed to interest him much in literature or books but pure science, accuracy of statement, mathematical precision or certainty. This is not to say that he had not read deeply and largely of the best literature of the world. He modelled his writings on Addison and Macaulay. He alluded to the well-known saying that if one aims to be a master of English let him spend his days and nights in the study of Addison. He fol-

lowed after these masters, and became a clear, brilliant, and rapid writer unsurpassed in his profession. He told his story, whether in the field of legitimate medicine or along psychic lines, with the delightful facility of a Macaulay. No one subject could hold him long after it had ceased to interest him—or after he had taken from it all he thought it capable of giving.

In the earlier days of Mr. Edison's career, Beard collaborated with him in investigating what at the time seemed to both of them a strange, mysterious manifestation of electricity, which was termed "etheric force." It led to nothing practical, but his clever and exhaustive discussion of the subject in the pages of the *New York Tribune* was a notable contribution. In the late seventies he coined the term "neurasthenia," and wrote his classic and memorable monograph on that subject. It is not too much to say that all the subsequent literature both here and abroad on neurasthenia is based on Dr. Beard's original investigations.

Hypnotism and questions of psychic interest then engaged his ardent attention and keen, discriminating examination, when presently he fell a victim to his all too strenuous and concentrated labors. His contributions to the subject of seasickness and hay-fever, his fascinating works on American nervousness, his valuable monograph on the "Legal Responsibility of Old Age," with innumerable other contributions, all more or less original and forceful and charming in tone, marked him as a worker and writer of an unusual order. What he would have achieved with a few more years of active work, who can say?

To return to the subject of Beard's intellectual relation to what the world calls religion and to dogmatic theology, I remember on one occasion his saying to me, that if now for the first time, he should take up the Bible and attempt to read it, especially the Old Testament, he would be able to make neither head nor tail of it. In a thoroughly sober and test moment he would not, of course, and could not, impeach the greatness and grandeur of this book of books, but it simply illustrates the trend of his mind, his waning interest in studies outside the practical affairs of human thought, and his rebound or revolt from the hampering teachings of early days.

This journal of his is a sort of confessional. At the age of sixteen he was teaching one summer at Manhasset, L. I. In walking to church on a beautiful morning, he saw a number of pleasure boats with their happy occupants. He comments on it as a sad sight, and a sad commentary on human nature, and all through his journal he bewails his tendency towards "sinful pleasures" (ice cream parties and other joyful occasions), and in other places fears that he himself will be a castaway. As the years go by there seems to be a gradual relaxation of the severity of his introspections, until finally in his junior years there occurs what may be termed a halfway climax to these questionings. He writes that it is time for him to get to the Bible Study or Prayer Meeting, which he is to lead and then asks the question, "Why is it that these meetings are not better attended by the brighter and quicker-witted men of the College?" Notwithstanding his final views, many of the clergy were among his closest and warmest friends to the end, and his relations with some of them were as intimate as were the relations of that incorrigible heretic, Mark Twain and his lifelong friend, the late Dr. Twichell, the preacher of Hartford. In regard to the affair of the soul and its future, he neither affirmed nor denied.

"The great beyond" was to him "unknown and unknowable" in this life, and when death came he met it as behooved a philosopher, with fortitude and serenity. He suffered the severest pain, but this was not sufficient to disturb the clarity of his judgment or to abolish his fellowship or sense of humor. To an old friend who came to see him, he said, "Behold a dying philosopher." To a number of physicians, personal friends, who were about his bedside, he said, "You are all good fellows, but you can't help me." Finally in his last moments, when almost beyond the power of articulation, he faltered, "Oh, that I had the strength to write out the thoughts of a dying man." His funeral was held at the Broadway Tabernacle, of which the celebrated Dr. Taylor was the pastor. His classmate, Joseph Cook, was to have officiated, but was unable to get there. The pallbearers were Dr. William A. Hammond, Dr. Charles Dana and myself among others. The remarks of Dr. Taylor were to my mind cruel and reprehensible. He said that he was but

slightly acquainted with Dr. Beard, having only met him abroad, and remembering him as a bright young man of large intellectual activities. He spoke of his agnostic views, and then in the presence of his widow, child and friends, delivered a sermon upon the fruits of infidelity, with some sort of the same spirit in which the term would have been used in mediæval times. It was a foolish and shortsighted thing to do, for Beard was no proselyte and did not publish abroad his views on these affairs of the inner life. As much as any man I ever knew he possessed the "open mind" of Plato, ever seeking knowledge, facts. He loved to talk, but he loved to listen equally well; in truth, he was the best listener, for a man who had so much to say himself, that I ever knew. However great the pressure of professional or literary work, he was always ready to drop everything for the purpose of conversing. It made but little difference whether the one with whom he was in communication was intellectual or the reverse, he would listen as long as anything was to be said, and no utterance of value or striking manifestation of character escaped him. I was often amused and even amazed at the patience and gravity with which he would listen to the most trivial talk, and the most absurd expression of opinion, but I soon learned that these not infrequently constituted the basis of much that was strong and original in his writings. The power in him to formulate the crude ideas of others seemed to be instinctive.

Much of the wide and deep meaning represented by common and constantly reiterated expressions, he in some way drew to a point and gave to it a "local habitation and a name." As has been said of him, "he worked because he loved to work," not as a slave but as a child filled with and prompted by filial devotion, and in the very hour of his dissolution he expressed the hope that some one would take up his work at the point he left it and carry it forward. Among the many illustrations of his devotion to work, I recall the fact that soon after the Civil War and in the beginning of our professional relationship, I observed among his effects a pile of manuscripts which, upon inquiry, I found to be a work of fiction, written for want of something better to do while serving as contract surgeon in the Gulf Squadron. Parts of it were very

interesting and it contained many graphic descriptions of life and character. He, however, regarded it as of little account. Its purpose as a vehicle of expression when there was no special work at hand had been served, and he allowed it to become scattered and finally destroyed.

Such was the facility and accuracy with which his thought struggled to the birth in written language, that his pen was equally ready at his desk or in train or boat, and his manuscript seldom received a correction. But the publisher will not soon forget, nor will I, the sad havoc he made with the proof-sheets, in his additions and emendations, of our joint productions. The reputation for a certain eccentricity which was so universally accorded to Dr. Beard, was in great measure due to the element of subtle humor born with him; for between the intense solemnity of his countenance and the thought about to be uttered there was often such utter incongruity that it is not to be wondered at that the stranger or casual acquaintance should look upon him as something of an enigma. For that reason few men in his profession have been so little understood (or rather more grossly misunderstood) as was Beard. He had his faults, as have all of us, but his was one of the most kindly and genial spirits that went in and out amongst us. During the last year or two of his life he was subjected to an amount of abuse, both in public and by private communication, most unmerited. This was mainly due to his presentation of the subject of hypnotism before the sessions of the International Medical Congress in England. His demonstrations were so original and in a way so revolutionary that the ire of the English conservative mind was instantly fired, and he was accused of collusion and all manner of dishonest methods. This antagonism was heightened because of a physical infirmity, deafness, which prevented him from understanding at the time some things that were said, which resulted in his instant replies not always being effective. However, he always made them powerful enough later through the medical press. Amidst it all, however, he was to outward appearances as unconcerned as if every shaft were directed elsewhere. Against those who struck the hardest and with the least provocation the only revenge he ever sought or wished was the exercise, at their

expense, of a little of his inimitable and quaint humor, at times not unmixed, perhaps, with a shade of contempt. On the other hand, tolerance was a notable characteristic of Dr. Beard in his estimate of the life and work of others, practically holding that no character was ever rightly understood until it has first been regarded with both tolerance and sympathy.

One element of character which contributed not a little to the antagonism which Beard encountered was his positiveness of statement, which, in the minds of many, could proceed only from intense and offensive egotism. That Dr. Beard was egotistic, in the sense of placing a high value on his own interpretation of certain phenomena in physics and psychology as against the opinion of non-experts in these realms of science, cannot be denied. It was, however, the egotism that comes from the consciousness of a clearer and keener insight, and no better evidence of its inoffensive character is wanted than the fact that those who knew him most intimately found nothing disagreeable in the manner of these expressions of opinion. As he said of himself, "I never argue, I simply assert." This was the result partly of a natural disinclination for polemics, and partly of a settled conviction that the surest way to establish the truth, as he understood it, was boldly and persistently to reiterate it. Many instances could be given where those who were in any way placed in opposition to him would bear unreserved testimony to the height of his conceit; and from their standpoint, this judgment would be correct. On one occasion he was in court giving testimony in favor of the plaintiff in a suit for damages. The defendant's counsel, an astute lawyer, after a severe cross-questioning, in which in every way he attempted to belittle the attainments of the witness, suddenly asked him if he had not been in Germany lately. He answered in the affirmative. "For the purpose of study, I suppose," suggested the lawyer. "On the contrary, I went there to teach," was the reply.

At another time, in a somewhat celebrated trial, he had been in the witness stand several hours and had sorely tried the patience of the cross-examiners by his cool assumption of superior knowledge, until with heat one of them finally said, "Then it is to be presumed that all authorities who differ from you in this matter are in error." "It is to be presumed that they are," he answered.

Some have said that he sought notoriety and worked selfishly for his own ends. In regard to this I write in remembrance of the time, after our separation, when impelled solely by his ever-restless instinct for research he neglected every expedient of private prudence, for the purpose of investigation along lines which could in no possible way bring in any return, and in this he persisted until his practice, which was his only reliance, was so nearly ruined that for the time being he abandoned it for another field. He soon returned to it, however, and with what success is well known. After his death there was found among his papers manuscripts which, for a better name, may be called autobiographical sketches. I refer to them here because they illustrate many phases of his character, and especially this tendency to humorous exaggeration already referred to.

Anyone who knew Dr. Beard with some degree of intimacy was aware that he seemed utterly destitute of any financial sense, so far as any appreciation of the value of money excepting as a present necessity. Accordingly there were times in his earlier professional life, and occasionally in more recent periods, during which he was closely beset by clamorous creditors. It was during one of these periods undoubtedly, that the portion of the autobiographical sketch was written referring to the mutual relationships of debtor and creditor. It was not intended for mortal eye, and evidently was dashed off as a vent, in a condition of unusual mental depression. It was giving expression to the rather doubtful humor of the situation that saved the day. A more unique and quaintly humorous exposition of this relationship, I can imagine has seldom been presented. From so much that is original and rare it is difficult to select, but here is one brief extract:

"I congratulate myself that few persons at my time of life have succeeded amid severe discouragements in honestly acquiring so admirable a band of creditors. In that select circle are found names of whom, if the world is worthy, certainly I am not. It is truly worth all the deprivations and obstacles and misunderstandings I have encountered through this vale of sorrows to have been brought into such an intimate relationship, for, next to marriage, debt is the closest of all connections, and tends to make the parties concerned

thoroughly acquainted. It has been said by those who regard themselves as wise, that you must winter and summer with a man before you can know him, but I will recommend a shorter and surer road to acquaintanceship—the getting in debt to a man, or allowing him to get in debt to you. Such delicate relationships bring out, as I have noticed, the finer, subtler, and least suspected qualities of human nature, that would never reveal themselves to any other test whatever; indeed, no man can be said to know himself until he has been either a debtor or a creditor.

“Not the least of the charms of the relationship of debtor and creditor, if one may judge from his own experience, is its permanence; in this feature it is certainly superior to wedlock, or any other earthly relation. Marriages are followed too often by separations, divorces, or at least by infidelities; but my creditors or their representatives are never long away, and they never sue for a divorce, and are faithful unto death.”

Let it not be understood from this sketch that its subject was indifferent to the claims of others. His readiness further on, when the ability came, to meet these obligations, is a sufficient evidence to the contrary, and I have alluded to this somewhat delicate matter that the testimony of one who knew him better than most others might be borne to the essential integrity of his character in this respect; and while with the rest of mankind his imperfections are sufficiently manifest, it is an education, in this as in all ages of greed and gain and backbiting, to have held communion with a man who, so far as all outward evidences were concerned, seemed altogether free from envy, hatred and malice.

Judged by many an accepted standard, he would be readily enough disposed of and consigned by self-satisfied plodders to the oblivion appointed for all strange and misunderstood things, but tried by the great law of a culture which leads every man to become what from the beginning he was capable of being, resisting all impediments, casting off all foreign adhesions, and showing himself at length in his own shape and stature, be these what they may, judged, I say, by this standard, he represented to his contemporaries who understood him an unusually interesting, unique and lovable personality.



## CHAPTER XXIX

**D**URING my brief but not uninteresting experience as a general practitioner of medicine I was called one day to see a woman suffering evidently from an inflammation of the brain or its meninges. I spent most of the night at her bedside. She had all her life been a deeply religious woman, and of exemplary character, and yet in her ravings she made use of language both profane and obscene, rarely equalled by the most depraved natures. To me it is still a mystery how such perversions found lodgment and finally outward expression in one whose nature was gentle, and whose training and associations had been unexceptionable. During the evening a fellow member of the same church came in to see her. His name was William Miller, Dr. Miller by courtesy. I had before heard of him as a so-called "electrician," that is, one who treats disease by electricity. I found him a simple-hearted old man of about sixty-five or seventy, who had a great opinion of the value of electricity in medical treatment, and in the case at hand he expressed with some modesty and hesitation the opinion that a good strong application of electricity might be of service. I was amused by many of his absurdities of statement, but was much impressed by his evident honesty, and by his large, yet crude and ill-directed experience, and naturally desired to know more of his methods in a field at that date but little cultivated by the profession. I accepted his invitation to come to his office at 914 Broadway to study his cases, and see his work. I saw evidences of the good results that followed his stereotyped and simple method of application, for his sole apparatus consisted of an ordinary induction coil which, however, yielded a current of remarkable smoothness. Now this man knew nothing of electrophysiology and kindred departments, nothing of disease, pathology or practical therapeutics. While he had a superficial idea of the effects of the constant current, he had never used it, but had confined himself to the use of the faradic current. So far as concerns scientific electrotherapeutics, he existed as a most remarkable example of pro-

found ignorance and immense experience, associated with perfect honesty of intention. He never enunciated an idea; neither had he any conception of the principle on which he worked and through which he wrought cures. He was, however, so thoroughly the master of the method he invariably used, that the truth of the saying, "that it is not so much electricity that cures as the manner of using it," never seemed so clear as when comparing his effective manipulations with the awkward, slipshod methods of others. In many of his cases unquestionably the excellent results that followed were greatly aided by his powerful and skillful manipulating process, which for all practical purposes was expert and thorough massage. It is unnecessary to say that Beard was greatly interested in my account of this old man, with his novel methods and quaint ways, and we both visited him together, again and again. Here indeed was something new and worth investigating.

It must be remembered that at this date the whole subject was a veritable *terra incognita*, and to touch it, as one worthy friend remarked to me, was to imperil one's professional reputation. In entering a field so untried it was very natural that I should desire the moral support of men of character and standing in the profession. One of our most eminent surgeons, Dr. Willard Parker, a most kindly man, broad in his views, and well disposed towards myself, said to me: "It isn't worth your while—any old woman can apply electricity." Another physician and former teacher, equally eminent, and an author of great fame, Dr. Austin Flint, Sr., prematurely exclaimed as I began to speak of the matter to him: "I can not lend my name to any such project." "But I do not wish your name," I replied. "I simply came to tell you what our idea is, and to ask your opinion as to the propriety of endeavoring to develop the subject of electricity in a legitimate and scientific way." He advised me to keep on in the regular path, and not to meddle with it, but let it remain where it belonged—in the keeping of the charlatans. And yet, notwithstanding these initial and somewhat disconcerting experiences, both these fine, open-minded men referred many an interesting case to me in after years.

During all my medical training I do not recall that elec-

tricity was ever mentioned in connection with therapeutics or even surgery. All other physical agents, water, air, exercise, heat and cold received due attention, but nature's most subtle, all pervasive and powerful principle remained absolutely neglected, excepting by dishonest empirics and a few eminently worthy but uninformed irregular practitioners, like our own good friend Dr. Miller. Medical journals seldom referred to it in any way and of American literature upon the subject, with the exception of Garratt's ponderous and unphilosophic work there was absolutely none. It was impossible to obtain any form of apparatus for the generation of the galvanic current, and all our earlier efforts in this direction were made with the inconstant, inconvenient and ill-smelling voltaic pile.

Electricity was known to be of value in stimulating muscular contractions, and paralysis was believed to be about the only condition for which its use was in any way indicated. It seems that even before this time, Beard, with his usual curiosity in regard to every strange and misunderstood thing, had become for a time interested in the subject. While still a student at Yale, he had in his own person experienced some benefit from the use of the crude induction coils in the treatment of a condition of persistent indigestion and nervousness. He was, therefore, quite ready to co-operate with me in my proposed investigations. After two years of waiting I was beginning to get a foothold in Harlem, and it required some little resolution and courage to burn my bridges, as it were, and enter a new and untried field. Then again I had just become engaged, and needed more than ever to get firmly established. To be sure, the income for the year had been somewhat under \$1,000, yet it seemed to me fairly satisfactory and a precursor of improvement in the future. And then, again, it was somewhat unconventional and perhaps a little risky to become in any way associated with one who, however honest, was, in the eyes of the profession, little better than a quack. Most of my money had been used in self-support during the past two years, and the good Miller, gratified that a *bona-fide* doctor should take any interest in his methods, held out hopes that some of his cases could be directed my way. I came to the decision to break loose; and therefore took down

my shingle as a general practitioner and hired a little room on the same floor with Miller. In this way I had the advantage of studying his cases, and at the same time getting some of the overflow. The profits were not very large, for Miller received the munificent fee of one dollar for each patient, and I could not well charge more. When it is remembered, however, that sometimes his daily patients numbered twenty-five or thirty, it is readily understood that he enjoyed a comfortable yearly income.

An amusing incident occurred in connection with this subject of fees. When he first began his irregular practice, he charged but fifty cents a visit. Miller was a school-teacher originally, and being of a mechanical turn of mind, became interested in the subject of induction coils. He began to treat people of his acquaintance for some of their little ailments. By degrees, his practice grew, so that he made a business of it, and finally acquired a wide *clientèle*. The doctor himself thought his fee was rather low, and I urged him to raise it to two dollars. I confess to a selfish end in this, because as long as he charged but one dollar I could charge no more. I pointed out the fact that one of his old patients, again coming to him just then, was well-to-do, and a good one to begin on. With some hesitancy the old gentleman consented. She upon whom the experiment was to be tried came at the appointed time, received her treatment and handed the doctor the usual fee. He said somewhat bashfully that he had raised his price to two dollars. The richly-attired patient surveyed him curiously for a moment, and thrusting the bill into his hand, said, "Go 'long, take your money!" The doctor took it, and that was the last attempt he ever made to raise his fee.

Most of my practice, however, was unremunerative, excepting as it added little by little to the sum of my, or I should say our, experience. Beard, to be sure, did not have his sign up, but he was as deeply interested as was I, and might be called a silent partner. He was at this time connected with the Demilt Dispensary, and it was his function to send as many of the charity patients as possible to 914 Broadway for electrical treatment and experimentation. And to this day it excites a smile as I again see Beard with his grave face and chuckling interior, ushering half a dozen or more of the unwashed into the little office. In one way we earned all the

experience that came to us, for it was no pleasant job to go over the bodies of these unfortunates. It was a crude experience, but we saw all manner of cases, and, of course, kept a detailed account of each, and the results of treatment. Dr. Miller was getting old and thought seriously of giving up his work, and suggested that we should purchase the good will of the business and give him notes for the sum, for we had no money. I suggested that he stay away from the office some day and let me manage the patients that came, as an entering wedge. Alas, for human expectations! On reaching the office that morning I found half a dozen patients in waiting. I explained to them that Dr. Miller could not come, and that I would attend to his work. Without exception they one by one departed and left me alone, and of all the patients who came in that day not more than one or two dared or cared to trust themselves to the treatment of the youthful-looking substitute. That settled in my mind the feasibility of buying the practice.

By this time our experience had become such that we decided to give it to the world, and selected the *New York Medical Record* as the medium through which this experience should be disseminated. The result was a series of five articles through a period of two or three months. We had great hopes, for we felt certain that nothing quite like these papers had ever before appeared; but the interest they excited both here and abroad exceeded our fondest anticipations. The *London Lancet* and also one or more of the German medical journals republished each article as it appeared; and when finally William Wood and Company issued the combined articles in book form, its reception was in the main highly complimentary. There were, however, a few discordant notes.

Among the few the *Edinburgh Medical Review* was both humorous and unappreciative, if not actually condemnatory. In making applications of the faradic current to sensitive parts which required but a mild current, we explained our method of applying it through our own person. No artificial electrode could equal the hand in flexibility and ready adaptation to inequality of surface and in treating delicate women and children, and in all cases where applications were to be made to the head, forehead, eyes, face, and sensitive motor

points, the use of the hand was invaluable. In making use of this method we had observed that the muscles of our own arms had perceptibly increased in size and strength. In commenting on this passage, the *Review* went on to say "notwithstanding this alarming condition of affairs" (the enlargement of the biceps), "in consideration of the fact that the Atlantic Ocean rolls between us and them, we shall not hesitate to express our opinion." Then follows a slashing and destructive criticism.

About the same time also we wrote a joint article and sent it to Albany to be presented before the coming session of the State Medical Society. Among the committee which passed upon all papers to be read was Dr. Squibb of Brooklyn, the noted drug manufacturer. Upon reading the title he quickly exclaimed: "What! are these men regular?" If it had not been for the more hospitable minds of the board it would probably have been rejected. Not long after, being in an ambitious frame of mind, as Beard expressed it, "to do my part in scientifically evangelizing the world," I conceived the idea of presenting the subject in far-away Brooklyn. I mentioned the matter to that great and liberal-minded man, Professor Austin Flint, Sr., professor of the Practice of Medicine at Bellevue. "Certainly," he said, "I think you should do so. It is a subject of which the profession knows little or nothing, and I will give you a letter to my friend, Dr. Squibb."

Armed with this letter, in which I was called "his young friend," I found Dr. Squibb in his great drug establishment, and in person handed it to him. He received me coldly, but as the letter was from so great a man as Dr. Flint he could not actually kick me out, as I felt no doubt he would gladly have done. After reading it he handed it back, and with a sour face said that he did not have much to do with that sort of thing, and suggested that I call on Dr. Reese, as it was more in his line. To Dr. Reese I went, and found a most charming gentleman. It pleased me to hear that he had known of our work and he expressed great pleasure at the thought of my telling them something of which they knew nothing. He said he would bring the matter before the Kings County Medical Society. When he did broach the subject it was immediately met by opposition, and the chief opponent was Dr.

Squibb, who had told me that he had little to do with the matter. His objections were that the subject of electricity in medicine was one in which they could have no interest, since it was little less than quackery; that it was well known that the young man's chief aim was to drum up practice, and finally that they did not need any information from him.

Many years after I *did* read a paper before the Kings County Medical Society by special invitation, but this time Dr. Squibb had long been in heaven, and so missed the opportunity of hearing it.

Patients now began to come to us in greater numbers, referred to us mainly by members of the profession who had read our contributions, who had faith in our integrity, and who saw the reasonableness of our contention. About this time Dr. Beard received an independent commission from Charles Scribner's Sons to re-write a huge volume on Domestic Medicine. He entered upon the task with his customary enthusiasm and dogged industry, and in an incredibly short space of time it was completed. I aided him somewhat, but he received the fairly generous sum that had been offered. Some would have placed it in the bank for a rainy day. But this was against the principles of Dr. Beard, for with him money was a thing not to be hoarded but to be spent. He, therefore, immediately announced his intention of going abroad. I tried to dissuade him, but he persisted, saying with much truth that in visiting men of science abroad, and especially those interested in the work in which we were engaged, he would garner much material that would be of service in the writing of the more comprehensive treatise that we were contemplating.

He was gone three months. When he bade me goodbye, I was treating a patient. When he returned and unexpectedly entered the office, that identical patient was seated on the stool undergoing treatment. I can see Beard now, with his hands thrown up saying, "For the Lord's sake, have you been treating that man ever since I have been gone?" He brought back a lot of valuable information, but of the eight hundred dollars that he took with him he had but fifty cents left, no money in the bank and none coming to him. The complications that ensued and how he managed to surmount them is another story.

## CHAPTER XXX

ON October 7th, 1868, I was married by Rev. George Corey, to Susannah Landon, at the residence of her parents, Fifth Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. On our bridal trip we went first to Philadelphia and thence to Washington. When we arrived in Philadelphia we found the city in an uproar. There were marching bodies of troops, the crowds were dense, and all traffic was interrupted. It was for a moment a question as to the one for whom these honors were intended, as no recent event was then as auspicious or of so great importance to myself, at least, as my marriage. I soon learned that General McClellan was in town, and it was he that the city was honoring. As for myself and my bride, there was none to greet us, and not even a cab to hire. It was a long way to the Continental Hotel, for which we were destined. We pushed our way through the crowds, I with a heavy suit case in one hand and an umbrella in the other. Before we reached the hotel, we found it necessary to run the gauntlet of the marching columns two or three times. McClellan's quarters were immediately below our own, and in the evening we were favorably located to hear and see all that took place.

My old college mate, Rev. Percy Browne, had at that time a pastorate in Philadelphia. As I was registering he accosted me and asked me what I was doing there. I told him that I was on my wedding trip and invited him to meet my wife. About two years after, entering the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York, I met Percy as he was about to register, and on accosting him found he was on *his* wedding trip. Singular coincidence. He invited me to meet his wife, and so the honors were even.

In Washington we stopped for a few days with the Burchells, cousins of my wife, who treated us with true Southern hospitality, and it is an interesting fact that in later years they extended hospitality to nearly all my children on similar joyful occasions.

We called upon President Johnson at the White House.



It was during the impeachment trial. The following Sunday morning, while Mr. Burchell and I were walking near the grounds of the Treasury Building, he said, "There is the President, let us speak to him." He knew him well and I was again introduced. The President looked rather sober, since it was a critical time, and when Mr. Burchell said, "They are pressing you pretty hard, Mr. President," he replied, "Pretty hard, pretty hard." All honor to the seven Republican senators who had the courage and the honor, in face of threats and a mean and senseless public obloquy, to follow the dictates of conscience. I am no great admirer of Andrew Johnson. He had many faults, but he had virtues, too. He was a fearless and incorruptible patriot, true to the Union throughout the Civil War, and it would have been disgraceful to have deposed him simply for partisan reasons.

Returning to New York at the conclusion of these halcyon days, I again took up my work with hope and ardor. In my more commonplace way I, too, had "vague yearnings of ambition," such as were ascribed to the poet Burns. Every youth who is worth his salt must have them, and this fine prose poetry of Carlyle in reference to the lowly-born poet awakens answering response in every heart. "Dreamy fancies hang like cloud cities around him; the curtain of existence is slowly rising, in many-colored splendor and gloom, and the auroral light of first love is gilding his horizon, and the music of song is on his path; and so he walks—in glory and in joy, behind his plough upon the mountain side."

## CHAPTER XXXI

**A**FTER the return from the wedding trip we boarded during the winter at my elder brother's, who lived on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. Old Harlem then was a very different affair from the Harlem, or no Harlem, of to-day. It has long outstripped its village title, as has Yorkville.

Yorkville, in the region of Third Avenue and Eighty-sixth Street, like Harlem, enjoyed a little community life of its own, and the Yorkville Medical Society and the Harlem Medical Society held the same reciprocal relations as any two provincial societies of neighboring villages of the countryside. How everything has changed. Then half a dozen physicians sufficed for the medical needs of our Harlem community. Gregory, Colby, Brockway, Shrady, Farrington, White—these six were the main dependence of the people in times of illness; and when I first went to Harlem as a student in 1863 there may not have been quite so many. At that time almost everybody lived on the East Side, near the Harlem River, to be handy to the steamboat landing at One Hundred and Twentieth Street, from which the little steamer conveyed the business men and clerks to their daily labors in the busy city so far away. How primitive and leisurely it all now seems. And truly there was a charm about it—that sail of ten miles, more or less, every morning and night. Friends met each other, smoked, played cards, joked and talked. Private residences with spacious grounds and boat houses lined the banks of the fine waterway. The eye rested only on scenes of rural quietude. Today the great city has swallowed the villages and rural settlements that bordered the river. The Ghetto has transferred its quarters to quiet Harlem. Almost every foot of ground from river to river is covered with tenements. Children crowd the sidewalks; a foreign population is seen on every hand and a great body of physicians whom no man can number, mostly Israelitish in character, have taken the places of the old-time Saxon and American doctors whom I have named.

Harlem was in those earlier days a place of magnificent distances. We had our sociables and entertainments. We belonged to the Clarendon set, and afterwards to the "Entre Nous" and in attending the fortnightly meetings and dances, we had at times to traverse long distances, so far apart were some of the houses. Among my friends were John Van Orden, cashier of the newly founded Stuyvesant Bank, and T. W. Wightman, a lawyer of literary tastes. At that time the *Eclectic Magazine* was reproducing an anonymous serial story entitled "Far from the Madding Crowd." Wightman called my attention to it as a novel of unusual merit, and after reading it I said to him, "If George Eliot is not the author of the tale, then still another literary light is added to the world's number." It is unnecessary to say that Thomas Hardy was the writer and through this book he entered the hall of fame. No book of his that followed has escaped my attention.

One morning in the spring of 1869 I met Van Orden on a Fourth Avenue car on his way to the bank. Casually he remarked, "Wouldn't you like to take a trip to Charleston with me?" I replied, "Yes, if you will pay the bill." "All right," he answered. "I'll do it." He then explained that ten thousand dollars had been stolen from the bank, and the thief had been located in Charleston. The bank had decided to send Van Orden, accompanied by the informer and a detective, to make the arrest. He said that Wightman, as the attorney for the bank, would probably go, but that he (Van Orden) would say to the bank authorities that he would like to take along a personal friend for company. Such a request seems very queer to me now, but at all events no objections were raised and that very afternoon, with hasty preparation, we started, the cashier, the attorney and the detective, the informer, and the friend—that is, myself.

We reached Charleston only to find that our game had fled and was living in New York or near by. We spent, however, two or three days in this heart of the Confederacy, and were entertained right royally by a jovial banker who was in some way interested in the case. We visited the ruins of old Fort Sumter and were hastily driven from the island by a horde of vicious mosquitoes; and after accomplishing nothing but the

spending of a thousand dollars of the bank's money, more or less, we started home.

My wife's family were Methodists, while I was an Episcopalian, although never very ardent in denominational activities. It was a question to which church we should go. I preferred the "historic" church, and Holy Trinity had just been built on the corner of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue. Its first Rector was the Rev. Mr. McVickar, a big-souled man and big in body. The Methodists had also just completed a fine building on the corner of One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Street and Madison Avenue, and had called the Rev. Dr. Henry B. Ridgeway as its first pastor. We went to Holy Trinity a few times and found Mr. McVickar a bright and ready talker, and charmingly sociable. He belonged to the Low-church order in which I had been reared. He spoke readily without notes. Earnestness and evangelical fervor almost of a Methodistic type marked his discourses. Perhaps he was too Methodistic as an Episcopal clergyman for me, for I concluded to go with my wife, and take my Methodism unadulterated. Thereupon we transferred our allegiance to Dr. Ridgeway and St. James'. Nevertheless, for McVickar I have always felt the highest esteem and admiration. He was a true man, lovable and sincere, and no higher compliment can be paid him than to state that he became the warm friend of that great, broad apostle of spirituality, Phillips Brooks. McVickar succeeded Brooks as rector of Holy Trinity Church, Philadelphia, and subsequently became Bishop of Rhode Island. Both of these great and good men are now no more.

Brooks and McVickar, and Richardson, the eminent architect, were good friends and were in Europe together on one occasion. They were in Germany, and this is the story told of them, a story that was printed in almost every newspaper of the land. Some German, so that story goes, was lecturing to German audiences about America. He was uncomplimentary, saying that the Americans were even undersized. Now our trio were all big men, the shortest being six feet four. By agreement they went to one of these lectures, sitting in different parts of the room. After the lecture the great form of McVickar arose, saying that he had been somewhat sur-

prised at the statement of the lecturer that Americans were undersized, for, said he, "I am an American and perhaps there are other Americans in this room." Thereupon the stately form of Bishop Brooks arose in his place, with the remark, "I am an American," followed by the still greater height of Richardson, repeating, "I, too, am an American." Some years later, meeting Bishop McVickar, I referred to the story. "Yes," he replied, "it is a very good one, and I wish it were true, but there is not a word of truth in it!"

## CHAPTER XXXII

RECENTLY, after a lapse of years, I determined once again to visit old St. James'. We reached the building just before the beginning of the service, and were seated well up to the front, and by fortunate coincidence in the same little pew to which nearly a half century ago I was accustomed to go weekly with my wife and growing family. Only a few remembered faces were seen, and as my eyes wandered over the familiar interior unchanged through all these years, excepting in minor ways, memory had full sway. It was easy to revive the scenes of other days, and it was with deep emotion that I contrasted the past with the present. Almost every face was strange, but in their stead I visualized a multitude of the old forms and faces that stood forth as clearly as if there in actual bodily presence. The old pulpit, how familiar! In it stood the slight form with the thoughtful, scholarly face of the first minister of the new structure, the Rev. Dr. Ridgeway. More than any other man, of the rather long list of succeeding clergymen, he satisfied my spiritual and intellectual needs. He was earnest, sincere, logical, and at times eloquent. More than any others that followed, he often caught a sorrowful glimpse, I imagined, of the inadequacy of the doctrines in which he was reared and which it was his duty to preach. His was a sensitive soul and his nature of the purest type, making him not quite at home in the semi-politico-religious conventions of his church.

Fortunately for him and his peace of mind, as it seems to me, he found relief from the stress and strain of an itinerant ministry in the presidency of a divinity school of his denomination, in Evanston, Ill., where he enjoyed for the rest of his life the quiet dignity of intellectual pursuits. His memory is very pleasant to me. His successor, Cyrus Foss, was quite another type of man, and yet they had for each other a strong friendly feeling. Indeed they both came to St. James' from pastorates at St. Paul's, the wealthiest among the Methodist churches of the city.

Dr. Foss was a strong man, both in intellect and will, and

this combination made him powerful in the conferences of his church, and was a stepping stone to its most coveted and highest honors. He subsequently became president of Wesleyan University, and finally a bishop. His preaching was uniformly good and he had eloquent periods.

Apropos of this, I recall that when he was about to leave St. James' for the college he called at my office, and rather to my astonishment, and with a prefatory remark, commendatory of my intelligence as a listener he asked for my opinion as to his merits or deficiencies as a preacher. Here was a poser—asking me, a young fellow, to pass upon the proficiency or deficiency of a much older man distinguished in his calling. I do not remember all I said, but I do remember to have said, in comparing him with his friend and my friend, Dr. Ridgeway, that while the latter, on occasion of inspiration, which came all too unfrequently, could rise to heights of stirring eloquence reached by but few whom it was my fortune to hear, he (Foss), on the other hand, was more uniformly satisfactory, seldom falling below a high degree of excellence. The vigorous body of Foss, and his optimistic temperament, kept him on a pretty high level, while dear Ridgeway was at the mercy of varying moods of mental and physical depression. I remember that some time before his pastorate at St. James' was ended and while his next destination was unknown, gloom and depression marked his attitude. Some little financial difficulty also had occurred, and in speaking of both to me he said in mournful tones that the future looked rather dark to him.

Another, Rev. Dr. Henry Baker, who came later, more nearly approached the standard of the two former than any of the others that followed. In gentleness of disposition and kindly tolerance he more resembled Ridgeway than any of the others. He was a very good preacher, too. His gentle and retiring nature gave him no taste for polemics, and, like Ridgeway, unfitted him for the rough-and-tumble debates of church conferences.

I ought to speak of Rev. George H. Corey, who really preceded Dr. Ridgeway, although he was never really pastor of St. James'. He was pastor of the old wooden structure, which is now perched high in the air at the corner of Lexington Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, just

before the congregation moved into the new structure and the name "125th Street Methodist Episcopal Church" changed to the more fashionable "St. James'" with its new vested choir and ambitious appurtenances. Corey was a character, and I shall always remember him with kindly gratitude because he performed my marriage service. He was a tall, bold, imperious sort of a man, and a good companion in spite of his egotism. He possessed a vigorous mind, and his written discourses were often strong and to the point. But his voice was harsh, not specially well modulated, and his delivery was not specially graceful. His opinions were given dogmatically and yet he was hospitable to differences of opinion. In his earlier days he was fond of fast horses, and if he had not chosen the ministry he would have enjoyed the racetrack. I once heard him rather briefly summed up by that old war-horse of theological discussion, Rev. Dr. Daniel Curry. After hearing Corey preach the good old doctor said: "I rather like Corey, and if he would get religion he would be all right."

In his own conference, partly perhaps because of characteristics already noted, he failed to receive due recognition, and was shoved into an unimportant charge, not at all to his liking. Subsequently, however, through the influence of the noted preacher John P. Newman, the friend of General Grant, Corey was called to succeed Newman as pastor of the famous Metropolitan Church, at Washington. This was a piece of great good fortune for him.

Rev. Wesley R. Davis followed Dr. Foss in the ministry at St. James'. He had an engaging personality. Scrupulously neat in dress, with great fluency of speech, and in the pulpit especially impressive, solemn at times even to the point of gloom, he became the center around which many of the women of his congregation worshipped in ecstatic admiration. After leaving St. James' he succeeded George H. Hepworth as minister of a Congregational church of large membership. Subsequently he went to Albany as pastor of a Dutch Reformed Church there.

After Davis in the pastorate of St. James' came Rev. Dr. James M. King. He, too, was no ordinary man. As a preacher I never found him very interesting. His sermons



were generally read and were more like formal essays, but in debate and in expressions of opinion he was all but resistless. His likes and dislikes were equally strong. He was a good liker and a good hater. If in trouble and in need of a defender, fortunate he who had Dr. King on his side. As he was both strong and fearless and full of color, every man knew just where he stood, and as he was, it must be confessed, opinionated and aggressive, he excited intense opposition. In other words, he was not a little lacking in tact, and so opposing forces in the church conferences grew, and he missed the prize for which all good Methodists who are in any degree eligible are always fighting, a bishopric. We were very good friends, indeed, and I have often wondered why so many of these fine men were such excellent friends of mine, especially as I was never active in any sort of church work, and indeed differed radically from these friends along the line of beliefs and creeds. As an illustration, my friend Ridgeway, of whom I thought so highly and who was a far older man, once said to me, "Doctor, why don't you mingle with us more in the prayer meetings, church work, etc?" My reply was, "Dr. Ridgeway, when you get to know me better you will find the answer without asking for it." And yet after that we were even better friends than ever, if it were possible, for when he went abroad to the Holy Land for a rest and to gather material for his big book, "The Lord's Land," he left me in charge of his pet society, the "Arigon," the one literary feature of the parish, and wrote me some beautiful letters during the course of his travels. How these preachers and teachers of the old St. James' came and went.

Following Dr. King came Drs. Vail, Tiffany, Baker (of whom I have already spoken), Price, Haynes, and Tipple. Dr. Tiffany was one of the big men of the church, famed for his eloquence and impressive presence, and thought by many to be fit timber for the bishopric. How grand he was as he stood in the pulpit and as Sydney Smith, expressed it, "six feet above criticism," hammering in the dogmas of the church. He believed that every word in the good old Bible was directly inspired by God, and regarded it as a desecration and irreverence if anybody presumed to walk up the aisle when it was being read.

As I sat that day in our old pew listening half-heartedly to the strange man in the pulpit, with thought dwelling on the past rather than the present, my memory claimed free range. Dreamily I repeopled the scenes of long ago and in every pew saw, as in a vision, familiar faces—the gray heads and bowed forms of age, those in middle age, and others in the proud strength of early manhood, and well-remembered faces of boys and girls. In the pulpit I recognized now the gentle face of the well-beloved Ridgeway, the virile form of Foss, and all the others who for a time followed and held sway, and as one after another I recalled them and the long list of those who listened in the pews, reflecting that the greater number had gone to that bourne from which no traveler returns, I bethought myself of Bryant's noble lines:

“A mighty hand from an exhaustless urn  
Pours forth the never ending flood of years  
Among the nations. How the rushing waves  
Bear all before them on the foremost edge,  
And there alone is Life. The present there  
Tosses and foams, and fills the air with roar  
Of mingled noises. There are they who toil,  
And they who strive, and they who feast and they  
Who hurry to and fro. The sturdy swain—  
Woodman and delver with the spade, is there—  
And busy artisan beside his bench—  
And pallid student with his written roll,  
A moment on the mounting billow seen,  
The flood sweeps over them and they are gone.”

## CHAPTER XXXIII

**M**Y partnership with Dr. Beard continued eight years. We worked together harmoniously in the main, which speaks rather well for both of us, for Beard was a sort of a genius, while I was rather commonplace and matter of fact. Beard had no idea of values in some of the practical concerns of life. He bought numerous books in the pursuit of our joint investigations, and others for his own special purposes, many of which were charged to the firm. What was my surprise, in glancing over these books one day, to find not a few of them mutilated here and there. When Beard wished to quote, instead of copying the quotation, he would clip the extract and paste it in, thus destroying not a few valuable books. He found no fault with my protest against this, and agreed that all such purchases should be in our individual names thereafter. He had assumed obligations for books at a certain publisher's which he found it not easy to meet. Finally, tired with the non-success of the ordinary collectors, a member of the firm, or one high in its councils, came in primed for the encounter, and determined to settle the matter then and there.

Beard was, as usual, writing when the gentleman entered, and without giving him time to state his business, rose and greeted him with great effusion, telling him how glad he was to see him, etc. When the man had a chance to get in a word, with some severity he made known his errand. Beard was even then a little deaf, although he could, as a rule, hear pretty well when he so desired. With hand behind his ear he affected to misunderstand the purpose of the remarks, and made an altogether irrelevant reply. The man repeated it with growing asperity, and Beard, all this time with hand at ear, replied that he had no complaint to make; that the firm had always served him, that he should continue to buy his books there and would recommend them to his friends. Thus, at cross purposes, the dialogue was kept up for some time, the collector with increasing heat pressing his claim and Beard, with that look of vacancy on his face, which he knew so well

how to assume, failing seemingly to understand. Finally the exasperated collector started for the door with great disgust depicted on his face. Beard followed, insisted on shaking hands with him, asked him to come again, saying that he remembered that he owed a trifling bill for books, and in due time would pay it, which he failed not to do.

In due course we found ourselves at 122 Madison Avenue. At this time Beard had an office in Brooklyn, where he spent the morning, coming to the New York office in the afternoon. For some reason best known to himself, he announced his intention of spending his morning hours at the New York office. To this I strenuously objected, and very naturally, since we both could not well hold office hours in the same room at the same time. He persisted, when I suggested that rather than that, we had better separate. Beard said, "All right," and the affair was settled then and there, Beard taking an office in Thirty-seventh Street. We were paying \$1,600 a year for this office, which I regarded too much for my shoulders then; I rented the use of it at the odd hours to a young physician named Du Bois, who had recently been an interne at the Woman's Hospital, with which I was connected. He was a natty, amiable young man with some monetary resources, and was to sleep in the office, getting his meals outside. He did not like it, and before he had been there a month decided to give up the arrangement. We settled the matter amicably between us and he left with no hard feelings on either side.

I have stated that Dr. Beard and I had concluded to separate. This was in 1876 after a harmonious partnership of eight years. On my part it was done with regret, since I had a high conception of the abilities of my friend and partner, and believed it to be advantageous to me, if not to him, to keep together. At all events, the die was cast, and we parted the best of friends. Looking back at it all, the subsequent quarrel and brief estrangement seem thoroughly foolish and unnecessary. The first edition of our book had sold well, both here and in England, and had been translated into German, as was the case with our first and smaller book entitled the "Medical Use of Electricity." The larger work we called by the more ambitious title of "The Medical and

Surgical Uses of Electricity, including Localized and General Faradization, Localized and Central Galvanization, Franklinization, Electrolysis and Galvano Cautery." The second edition was now going through the press, and as we were no longer in the same office, the proof sheets were first sent to Beard, and after correcting them he sent them to me, or *vice versa*, as the case might be. Now for some reason or other, he seemed to think that he had originated more than I, and suggested that in alluding to things that had been done, instead of saying, "we" it should be written "Dr. Beard" or "Dr. Rockwell" had done this or that. Although not favorable to it, I agreed, and the fun began. We very frequently disagreed as to where the credit should be placed. Where I had written, "Dr. Rockwell" he would erase it and write "Dr. Beard," to whom he thought the credit belonged, and I in my turn would re-erase and so the unseemly conflict ran on to the disgust of the printer, and to the detriment of our pockets. William Wood & Co., the publishers, had limited the amount of our corrections to four hundred dollars or some such sum. This was ample for all reasonable corrections, but our contentions raised the bill to eight hundred, thus costing us four hundred dollars for our little by-play. This is but a single illustration of what foolish things men will do in the thick of the fight, when seeking the bubble (too often only a bauble) called reputation or fame. Dr. Beard is long dead, and the little things that we contended for were not worth the price, and the reputation of neither of us, such as it is, would have been influenced one way or the other, whichever name went into print. At the time, however, so spirited and intense became the conflict that I wrote my old friend the severest sort of a letter. I then thought myself justified, and think so still, but the way Beard took it well illustrates the abounding amiability of his nature. He did not answer the letter, but when our animosity had somewhat subsided and some sort of a "rapprochement" had been established, he said in a good-humored sort of a way, "Whatever possessed you to write me such a letter?"

We remained good friends ever after. And now comes a very interesting episode in the life of Beard, relating in some measure to myself as well. Although our book subsequently

went through eleven editions, and was an unqualified success in many ways, this second edition fell rather flat. The sales halted, and were not great, and altogether it seemed as if the profession had lost all faith and interest in the subject of electrotherapeutics. My practice fell off greatly, and Beard, as I clearly saw in my occasional visits to his office, had but little to do. I shall never forget the year that shortly followed our separation, and Beard had equal cause to remember it, for it was during this period of depression that he wrote those inimitable sketches regarding his finances and his lecturing experiences, to which I have already alluded. It was during the winter when money was most needed that there was the greatest dearth of it.

For five long months my wife was bedridden, subsequent to the birth of our daughter. Expenses increased, but my practice so fell off that I was compelled to borrow to make both ends meet. I think I may say this much for myself, however, that during that winter of depression and gloomy outlook, with four little ones and a sick wife dependent, I did not lose my courage, but kept a serene front before my family. It was at this turn of affairs that Beard in even greater straits called upon me, proposing to sell his interest in our book, upon which we had toiled so long and faithfully. Discouraged by lack of business and the apparent failure of its second edition, he announced his intention of abandoning the profession of medicine and entering the arena as a popular lecturer on scientific subjects; in a word, to bring science to the level of the average or common mind. His humorous idea was that to interest the public and draw audiences, three things were necessary: first, stories; second, splurge; third and most important, absence of thought! He asserted that to try to make people think would be a deadly obstacle to popular success.

"But," said I, with friendly frankness, "You do not possess the necessary qualifications for what you propose to do. In the first place you have not a good voice and are not a graceful speaker. You might tell stories, but it is foreign to your nature to 'splurge,' and as for absence of thought, you have too much of it in your make-up to assume otherwise. Besides," I continued, "what is the use of getting discouraged? Things will pick up and the book with it." Beard's idea was

to have some sort of a stereopticon and by showing things upon the screen, to interest the eye and to adapt his explanations to the understanding of the average mind. "Then again," I went on, "I shall want your assistance in getting out subsequent editions of the work, if any are called for."

He replied that he had never really cared for the details of the practice of medicine. Temperamentally he was unsuited for it, and this seemed to be the time to make a change. "But," said I, "even if I wanted to buy you out, how am I to do it? I haven't any money and have been compelled to borrow from home to meet expenses." It is unnecessary to enter into further explanations. The result was that, because of urgent pleadings and under protest, I managed to raise a small sum and the book became mine. I took the risk of having on my hands, if not an elephant, yet something of little value. For months subsequently there were few calls for the work and it seemed that I had paid the doctor all, if not more than it was worth, when, little by little, the sales began to pick up. I continued from time to time my contributions to the medical press, and others became interested and the edition was finally all sold. The reviving interest called for a third edition and then a fourth, until now eleven editions stand to its credit, and, although out of print, superseded by other and later productions, it had a career that one can be rather proud of. In the number of years that it stood the test, nearly forty, it has been matched by few purely medical treatises, and in its time both here and abroad was accepted as standard.

But to return to Beard and his lecturing experiences, than which nothing can be more interesting or delightfully humorous, as he recounted them in a long paper, found after his death with other unpublished articles. Beard chose Harlem, where I was then living, as the place of his first adventure. He hired a small hall on Third Avenue, capable of holding one hundred and fifty people. I tried to help and, of course, was promptly on hand. I had even persuaded the clergyman of the church that I then attended to announce the lecture from the pulpit. I found Beard alone, with the caretaker and doorkeeper combined in one. Eight o'clock came, but no audience. Ten minutes more, and still no one. At this

moment a small boy entered and shyly took the rearmost seat. Surveying the scene and without emotion, Beard calmly announced his intention of beginning the lecture. When he began he had an audience of three; the janitor, myself, and the small boy; when he closed, after an hour of conscientious delivery, there were two; the boy, soon becoming discouraged, had slipped quietly out. Nothing daunted, Beard went from place to place for some months, encouraged here, disappointed there; but on the whole it was a desperately losing game, which he was at last compelled to acknowledge. His humorous exaggerated account of these experiences, found among his papers after his death, is a curious compound of philosophy and fun.

Returning to his profession, prosperity turned his way, and was in its full tide when quick death overtook him.



## CHAPTER XXXIV

IN the early seventies I first met that great gynecologist and surgeon, J. Marion Sims, the founder of the Woman's Hospital in the State of New York. He sent me a number of patients to whom my treatment was of some service, when one day, meeting me on the street, he said, "I have been telling the Medical Board of the hospital that we are all behind the times; that our patients should have the benefits of electrical treatment," and he asked if I would accept the position of electrotherapeutist of the institution. This was, I imagine, the first appointment of this nature in this country, and without hesitation I accepted. For many years I did faithful work there, going two or three times a week and treating a multitude of patients. It was, of course, without remuneration, as are most hospital positions, and sometimes I found it an irksome grind. Besides Sims, the surgeons were Thomas Addis Emmet, T. Gaillard Thomas and Nathan Bozeman. Very little attention was paid to me or to my work by these men, or the assistant surgeons, or the young house surgeons. I think they all looked at it very much in the light of a harmless fad and with good-natured tolerance, all except Sims, who was the most discerning and far-seeing man on the board. The patients, at least, soon found out how much relief this form of treatment often afforded their multifarious neurotic systems and conditions of pain, and I had plenty to do and gained much valuable experience.

During the latter part of my connection with the Woman's Hospital an important medical event occurred which was largely instrumental in finally severing my connection with the institution. As the subject was widely discussed at the time, as much so abroad as here, it is worth the telling. Ectopic gestation or extra-uterine pregnancy is not of common occurrence, but it is so serious in its nature that without prompt recognition and surgical interference it becomes surely fatal. One morning a messenger hurriedly entered my office and said that I was wanted at the house of Dr. George Peters. Repairing there I found Dr. Peters, his young partner, Dr. Mc-

Burney (to become later the famous surgeon), and the already famous T. Gaillard Thomas, and Thomas Addis Emmet. Dr. Thomas seemed to be in charge, and the case was one of ectopic gestation. It seemed that an immediate operation had been decided upon, the patient being a daughter of Dr. Peters. Indeed, the instruments were all in position, and everything in readiness. At the last moment Dr. Thomas bethought himself of electricity, remembering that a single case had been thus treated some years before in Philadelphia. I had heard nothing of this, nor did I then know that as early as 1853, Bachetti, in Italy, and in 1866, Hicks in England, had each treated a case. Explaining the situation, Dr. Thomas asked me if I thought it possible to destroy the foetal life, then in the third month. I answered that I thought it not only possible, but highly probable. When he asked me whether it could be done without injury to the patient, I felt a greater hesitancy and sense of responsibility, but finally replied that I believed that it could be done with perfect security.

I sent to my office for a powerful galvanic apparatus, and the treatment immediately administered was entirely successful. Several other similar cases quickly followed, some of them in the practice of Dr. Thomas himself.

Months passed, and seeing no account of the new procedure in the medical press, I conceived the idea of writing it up myself, and called on Dr. Thomas for his approval, but he rather curtly announced that *he* proposed to do it. At the annual meeting of the American Gynecological Association he related the cases, naming me as having used the electricity. Other cases came my way. The new procedure was exciting wide interest, and so I wrote an article for the *New York Medical Record*, entitled, "The Successful Treatment of Extra-Uterine Pregnancy," in which I gave in detail what had not yet been given, the method and technique of the operation. The article was widely read and much commented on, so that I was called in to treat many other cases. After this I noticed that Dr. Thomas no longer greeted me with his former cordiality, much to my perplexity, and I further noticed, to my discomfiture, that he no longer referred cases of any kind to me. This was more or less of a blow, since he had in the past sent me many a good patient. The mystery was soon to be ex-

plained. A professional friend said to me one day, "What grievance has Dr. Thomas against you?" "I do not know," I answered, "he evidently has something. Why do you ask?" It seems that this friend, Dr. Malcolm McLean, had called Dr. Thomas in consultation in a case of this kind. Dr. Thomas confirmed the diagnosis and asked Dr. McLean what his ideas were in regard to the treatment. McLean said he believed electricity would be the thing. "Why do you think so?" returned Thomas. "Because I heard Dr. Rockwell's paper on the subject read before the Harlem Medical Association." At this Dr. Thomas broke forth—"Dr. Rockwell! What does he know about it? I called him simply as a mechanician; besides, he published cases that he had no right to publish." The secret of all this was a certain trait not altogether admirable in the character of a man otherwise brilliant and of high eminence in his profession. The term brilliant, I think, fits Dr. Thomas; clever in debate, with remarkable command of language, he charmed his audience, whether of medical men or the students of his classes, as few men could. Dr. Thomas was one of the most charmingly polite men that I ever knew, but his polite promises were not quite sure of being transformed into performances. His associate, Dr. Emmet, was not quite so polite a man, but when he said a thing, he always did it. Now as to the finality of my connection with Dr. Thomas: Dr. Cornelius R. Agnew, the eminent eye specialist and pioneer in that department, one day on meeting me on the street, inquired whether I wished to resign my position at the Woman's Hospital, he being one of the governors on the board. I replied that I had no such thing in my mind. He then told me that Dr. Thomas at a recent meeting had moved that the position of electrotherapeutist be abolished. Dr. Agnew inquired if I had been informed of this, and finding I knew nothing of it, protested and said that such an action without my knowledge would be treating me with scant courtesy. He said the office would not be abolished, that I had performed the duties acceptably, and that the position was mine so long as I wished to hold it. Others told me the same, but I then and there concluded to resign. I had had enough of it, and was glad to be relieved of the regular attendance and the

work. I learned afterwards that jealousy on Dr. Thomas' part of his subordinates and associates was no new thing.

The Church of the Holy Trinity, then located at the corner of Forty-second Street and Madison Avenue, was in these earlier years of my practice under the ministrations of the somewhat noted Stephen H. Tyng, D.D., the younger. His father, Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, the elder, had been for many years the well-known rector of St. George's, on Stuyvesant Square. Dr. Tyng, the elder, was a celebrated Low churchman in the days when that title prevailed, and was, of course, the natural inheritor of the narrowness of theological view that then prevailed, and still characterizes, although in less degree, all cast-iron creeds. His son, Stephen, Jr., was also a Low Churchman, of a somewhat peppery and aggressive nature, which kept him much in the public eye and in hot water as well. He had established a dispensary in connection with his church and I was invited to become one of the attending physicians.

In this way I saw more or less of Dr. Tyng, and finally was called upon to treat his wife, a lady of lovely character and great refinement. She was a daughter, I believe, of Mr. Arthur Tappan, the well-known abolitionist. My association with Mrs. Tyng, together with a subsequent experience, caused me to establish a new rule in regard to fees. It had been my habit to charge neither clergymen nor members of their families, and this without regard to position or salary. I treated Mrs. Tyng faithfully, at her own residence, and always by special appointment. More than once, however, when I went to the house, the servant would meet me at the door with the remark that Mrs. Tyng was called out that morning and would I come on the morrow? This rankled a little, but I made no sign. Not long after I was consulted by a Rev. Dr. —, a most charming gentleman, and rector of a church that gave him a generous salary. He came to the office. I treated him a number of times and he was most agreeable. One morning, however, he failed to keep his appointment, and with no word of explanation, never came again professionally. I was annoyed, and for the first time in the case of a clergyman, rich or poor, sent him a very moderate bill. A note was handed me, and opening it I found the money in payment of

the clergyman's bill, and a line from him reading as follows, in part—"In a ministerial experience of twenty years this is the first bill I have ever received from a physician for professional services." I was somewhat astonished, and the thought entered my mind that if he had never before paid a cent to the hard-working doctor, it was time he did. I receipted the bill and went to the door myself to give it to the messenger, when to my surprise, the minister himself was in waiting. I said good morning, and handed him his receipt. As I opened the door for him to go, he volunteered the information that it was a pleasant morning, to which I agreed, and the worthy Doctor took his departure. I then and there made up my mind not to treat a clergyman gratuitously simply because he was a clergyman. It is very natural that a parishioner should make no professional charge to his own minister. That is a graceful act of courtesy, but for a worker in special fields of medicine to be asked to give his services to strangers from all over the country, simply because they are ministers, is not just to him nor elevating to the patient. It has been my custom to adapt my fee to the circumstances of my client, and the poor minister as well as the poor layman has always received consideration at my hands.

About the year 1886 I was offered the professorship of electrotherapeutics at the New York Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital. It was entirely without remuneration, as have been all similar positions held by me. Previously there had been no training in this country known as post-graduate instruction, and this institution was founded by an old acquaintance, Dr. D. B. St. John Roosa, an ear specialist of some note, but pre-eminently a man of executive ability, persuasive manners, and ready speech. As a politician he would, I think, have had a great success, indeed as a member of the Union League Club I have seen his hand in some of its political affairs.

This professorship, then, I accepted with hesitancy and some misgivings. I think I knew then, and know now, my limitations as well as any living man, and one of them is a want of readiness and aptness as a public speaker. However, I accepted the position, and for four years tried to fill it—how successfully or unsuccessfully I never knew. I am of the opin-

ion that my so-called lectures were not a great success. I endeavored to give my hearers as clear an idea as possible of the principles on which electrotherapeutics is based. I went into the subject of the physics of electricity, and of its physiology as well, and I seemed to be listened to with interest and was the recipient of applause only when, through the line of least resistance, the attention and curiosity of my audience were excited. How they would crowd around a patient who was being treated by static electricity, and with childish curiosity watch the pyrotechnics, and give and receive the slight discharges from the person of the one on the insulating stool. When, however, I attempted to explain that wonderful law of Ohm, that North Star of electrotherapeutics, without which no one can be a master, either on the commercial or therapeutic side of electricity, it was quite a different matter, and my audience varied according as I made my lectures superficially interesting, or dwelt upon the dry but necessary fundamentals of the science. After four years of this work I resigned, and was succeeded by Dr. William J. Morton.

Book V  
ELECTRO EXECUTION  
CHAPTER XXXV

IT had long been conceded that the rope was a barbarous method of execution, but it is always difficult to substitute a new method for an old, and the long contest over this merciful change in the law of the State of New York proved no exception. If the law must kill, let it kill decently. Although no strong advocate for capital punishment I revolted at the brutality of the strangulation method. And so, when it came my way to advocate with tongue and pen the passing of this new and humane law, I did so ardently, and after its passage I was equally interested in finding out the best methods of procedure. My connection with this (in a small way) epoch-making change happened in this wise.

My friend and comrade in the Sixth Ohio Cavalry, Dr. Carlos Macdonald, was at this time at the head of the Lunacy Commission of the state, and it was on his recommendation that I was appointed by the Commissioner of Prisons as one of a committee of three, to advise the state as to the best method of carrying out the provisions of the law. It was at first proposed to appoint me alone, but to this I objected. I was unwilling to take alone the responsibility, and therefore, Professor Laudy was also appointed. Before this appointment I had become somewhat prominently identified with the new procedure. How I came to be selected as a witness for the state I do not know, but one morning I was waited upon at my office, 113 West 34th Street, by Mr. Post, assistant attorney general of the state, who said he wished to secure my services as a witness for the state, indeed as its principal witness, in defence of the new law. It appears that the great Westinghouse Electric Company was bitterly opposed to it and proposed, if possible, to break it at whatever cost. Why should they wish to do so, it will be asked. At this distance of time, as it turned out, their opposition seems to have been entirely foolish and unnecessary, but at the time it seemed

to them a wise thing to do, and they were willing to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars to prevent the law from going into effect. They reasoned in this way, perhaps: If the alternating current which is the basis of our business is used for this deadly purpose, to the exclusion of the Edison current, it will greatly injure us. The public will be afraid of it, to our detriment, and greatly to the advantage of our rival. So they hired eminent lawyers, gathered together a large number of highly paid witnesses, and the contest began.

With some reluctance I consented to act as a witness for the state. I felt a very natural timidity in being subjected to the merciless cross-examination of such an expert in that line as Bourke Cockran, but the urgency of the attorney general prevailed, and after I had agreed to come, he apologized for not being able to pay me more than one hundred dollars for my testimony. He said the state treasury was low, the money appropriated for this purpose being almost exhausted. How much some of the distinguished witnesses on the other side were paid for testimonies not very valuable, I never knew, but undoubtedly something greatly in excess of the sum I received, and yet without egotism I think it may safely be asserted that in the main it was my testimony that saved the "law." Bourke Cockran was at that time coming into great prominence as an eloquent advocate and keen cross-examiner, and as I appeared before him and saw seated beside him one of the best-known electricians of the country, who had been hired by the Westinghouse people as a mentor and guide to the wily advocate in things technical and scientific, my apprehensions were but intensified. Before going to the court room, I had reasoned with myself in this way: Why be worried? You know far more about the subject than Mr. Cockran. In this way I whistled to keep my courage up, as one will, and entered the arena in a fairly composed state of mind. When, however, I saw the great electrical expert beside him as a coach, my confidence fell a bit. However, I soon rallied, and reflected that while I might not be equal to the eminent expert in my intimate knowledge of the physics of electricity, yet I knew enough for practical purposes. On the other hand, however, I felt that in my knowledge of the relation of electricity to the living tissue, to



nerve and to muscle, I must be far ahead of him; and this, after all, was the important thing.

The New York *Evening Post* had about the best epitome of my testimony, which was as follows:

"The interrupted current of the hearing before Tracy E. Becker, referee, in Bourke Cockran's office in the Equitable Building, for the purpose of preventing murderer Kemmler from being put to death by the alleged cruel and unusual means of electricity, was restored to its circuit at half past ten o'clock in the morning, and flashed along with unusual alternating, high tension energy, as befits a non-continuous current. Dr. A. D. Rockwell, whom Dr. Loomis in his evidence, given on Friday last for the criminal, named as an electro-medical authority, was put into the chair by Mr. Post, and his testimony was of the most straightforward nature and entirely satisfactory, not to Kemmler or his attorneys. Special investigations into the general subject of electricity, study and experiment had led him (this was his testimony) to the conclusion that the resistance of the human body to an electric current did not keep up under the application of that current. On the contrary, it fell with a rapidity proportionate to the continuance of the current, and with still greater rapidity in proportion to the increase in the energy of the current. Such was the fall in the rapidity of resistance that if a current, say from a galvanic battery of one thousand cells, were applied to a human being, it would, in his judgment, effect an almost instantaneous reduction from the subject's maximum to his minimum resistance. While the question of resistance must be admitted to be an important one in cases for medico-electric treatment, no manifestation of it was ever an obstacle to any desired application of electricity. But, with all that has been said, or might be said about differences of resistance, he had found that whenever the same voltage of current was used, and the same care taken in the preparation and adjustment of the electrodes, he always obtained approximately the same milliampere measurement of resistance.

"The electrical resistance of a human being was also largely a matter of appliances. It materially lessens, for instance, as the surface of the electrodes is increased. It was very much heightened, on the other hand, if the adjustment of the elec-

trodes to the subject was imperfect and the contact defective. It is true that there were from day to day variations of resistance in the same individual, but they were easily overcome if known efficient means were used to defeat the merely skin resistance. It was true, too, that there were distinct variations in susceptibility to electrical effects among different people. These variations were manifested by exhibitions of nervousness in some, sensations of burning in others, contraction of muscles in others; but, said the doctor, this subject would lead us into the wide question of the primary, secondary, and permanent results when applied to the human system. These variations, however, he regarded more as differences in 'nerve'—in the stoic quality of the individuals—than as registering actual differences of body in relation to electricity. Dr. Rockwell was present at Edison's laboratory in Orange, N. J., when experiments in killing animals were conducted. Four calves, four dogs and one horse were operated upon that day. The dynamos in Mr. Edison's laboratory were used, and the current was the alternating current. At the request of some of the scientific men present, Dr. Rockwell made suggestions as to the best method of placing the electrodes in position. The result of the experiments was instantaneous death in every case except one. In this case there was some accidental derangement of the electrodes, and the solution of sulphate of zinc, with which the sponges covering the electrodes were saturated, ran down the hide of the animal, and diverted a portion of the current. Another shock, unattended by this accident, killed the animal. He was absolutely convinced that in these cases death was instantaneous. A current of one thousand volts was used upon the horse, and from four hundred to one thousand upon the other animals. Then Mr. Post focused things for Dr. Rockwell in the specific, crucial question with which he always winds up, and the doctor answered that it was his unhesitating opinion that an electric current of sufficient strength could be generated by artificial means, and could be applied to the body in such a way as to produce instant death without pain, in every case, and without mutilation from burning.

"If, as execution by electricity contemplated, electrodes were affixed to the head and feet of a man who had been

placed in a recumbent position in a chair, and an electric current was then applied to him, it would diffuse itself generally throughout his body along the paths of least resistance. These were the blood and the muscular tissues, which were the elements most fully charged with the saline solutions of the body. The portions which offered the major resistance were the bones and the skin. As to the kind of current to be preferred for use in executions, his experiences, though confined to low pressure, approved the alternating as being the most deadly. He would advise, in inflicting capital punishment with electricity, that electrodes should be used large enough to cover the whole surface of the subject's brain; that they should have metal backs, and should have interposed between them and the points of contact with the subject a thickness of sculptor's clay, or absorbent cotton, thoroughly moistened with salt or sulphate of zinc. He would be very much astonished if after all this were done, an alternating current of one thousand volts failed to kill instantly. The immediate deadliness of one thousand five hundred volts he did not doubt for a moment.

"The pathological effect upon the body of a fatal current, would be a mechanical action upon the tender interior tissues, tearing them apart; the stoppage of the heart by paralysis of the nerve centers, and consequent cessation of respiration." Apparently nothing further could add to the clearness and directness of Dr. Rockwell's testimony and to the wisdom of Mr. Gerry and his commission, and Mr. Post turned him over to Mr. Cockran. That counsellor immediately applied to Dr. Rockwell all the instruments of cross-examining torture known to the inquisitorial chambers of his brain. The Doctor was compelled to admit that, as he had never vivisected, all his knowledge of the pathological effects of electricity upon the human body was derived from his reading. Perhaps the keenest torture inflicted by Mr. Cockran were the questions relating to the professional standing of electro-medical experts who had previously testified. "Hem,—Yes," the Doctor did know of Dr. Gray. "Isn't he a great authority on Medical Electricity?" asked Mr. Cockran. "He makes a specialty of nervous diseases," evasively responded Dr. Rockwell. "Is not Dr. Sachs recognized as an expert of high authority?" demanded Mr. Cockran. Dr. Rockwell paled and compressed

his lips. "Dr. Sachs is a neurologist," he finally answered, "but I am not aware that he is a high authority on electricity." Mr. Cockran went on into the various subjects of Mr. Post's examination, questioning like an agnostic and trying his best to get Dr. Rockwell to answer like one.

"The tremendous lightning bolt proven by the fact of its denuding Alfred West of his clothing (as Mr. West testified on Friday last) was a subject of which Mr. Cockran never tired. Dr. Rockwell said that it only showed that the periphery of Mr. West's body was more affected than the nerve centres."

"Mr. Cockran:—What is a periphery?"

"Dr. Rockwell:—The outside of a thing."

And thus ended the much dreaded ordeal, begun with some fear and trembling but from which I emerged somewhat exhilarated and with a sense of mental alertness rather in excess of what I had thought to be mine.

As an illustration of how much bluff there is in legal affairs, I recall a certain question put to me by Mr. Cockran. I do not now recall the exact nature of it, but he required an answer either Yes or No. I did not fall into the trap, for I instantly saw that either an affirmative or negative answer would put me at a disadvantage and weaken my cause. I, therefore, replied that it would be necessary for me to qualify my answer. With great sternness and force the eloquent pleader said, "No, sir, the answer must be either Yes or No, without qualification." To my mind, untrained in the law, visions of contempt of court flashed before me, but after a moment's hesitation, I said, "Mr. Cockran, that is an utterly senseless question and you know it, and I refuse to answer." Mr. Cockran's aspect and attitude immediately changed and he dropped the subject, much to my relief.

On the whole he conducted the cross-examination like a gentleman and with fairness, and when I left my seat, I halted a moment and said, "Mr. Cockran, I have to thank you for not carving me all to pieces to-day." "Oh, doctor," he replied, "we don't do that here." Then adding, "but you have been the best witness that we have had upon the stand." To say that I was not gratified in receiving such a compliment from my cross-examiner, especially since my testimony bore

heavily against his case, would hardly be in accordance with the truth. I was still further pleased when Mr. Post told me that I had rendered the state a great service.

The *Post's* report of my testimony was correct excepting in one particular, which refers to my friends Drs. Landon Carter Gray and Bernard Sachs, for although I was in no way intimate with them, we were on the most friendly terms. They were both of them able men, and Sachs, in particular, I have always regarded as a man of exceptional ability. They were neurologists of eminence, but had not devoted special study to electricity and electrical methods; and so when asked as to their fitness in this department I felt justified in saying that it was not of a high standard. But there was no "paling," and "compressed lips." The reporter either drew upon his imagination or said it to give interest and piquancy to what he wrote. I was told that Dr. Gray felt very much hurt on reading my testimony, and so I wrote him saying that the implied innuendo was made out of whole cloth; that neither my speech or action justified any such interpretation. "But," I continued, "much as I appreciate your abilities in other directions, I do not consider you an authority on the subject of the relation of electricity to the human body."

Gray promptly acknowledged my letter, characterizing it as "frank and manly," and so the affair ended with no break in our ordinarily pleasant relations. Gray, indeed, was grossly ignorant in the matter, and he well understood that I knew it. But a short time before this he asked me how many milli-amperes of current it would be safe to apply to the head. I told him that with proper precaution one could use fifty and even more. He was greatly astonished at my temerity, saying that in his experience one or two was the limit. He thus learned a thing or two, and when on the stand he was asked what strength of current could be applied without injury to the human body, he replied five hundred milli-amperes, or some such amount. This was all true enough, but serves to show how quickly (in some few weeks) he graduated as an expert in this particular line, and received what, I doubt not, was a very handsome fee from a great corporation for knowledge he did not possess.

Among the witnesses for the Westinghouse people was a

General Michael Kerwin. Indeed the General preceded me by just a day on the witness stand, and the fact of his appearing just then was an exceedingly interesting episode. I had known him in the Civil War as the Colonel of a Pennsylvania cavalry regiment. During a short illness of mine in 1864, he occupied an adjoining cot in a hospital tent at City Point, Va. He was suffering from complete paralysis of one side of the body, due to a lightning stroke. This bolt first struck a tree, killed five horses, and paralyzed the Major (as his rank was at that time). He finally recovered, and in the last campaign of the war, as I was sitting on my horse by the roadside watching the troops as they hurried along, I saw the Colonel at the head of his regiment. He saw me, and turning aside for the moment he touched the sign of the eagle on his shoulder, and proudly said, "You see, Doctor, I have my reward." From that day, some twenty-five years, I had neither seen or heard of Kerwin, and it was an interesting coincidence that we should both be called as witnesses as to the power of electricity to kill. The capital that Mr. Cockran hoped to get out of Kerwin's testimony related to the fact that if a bolt from Heaven failed to kill him, how could we be sure that the far lower potential of artificial electricity could always be relied upon. His testimony did not, of course, stand the test of analysis, but was indeed quite worthless. Subsequently Kerwin became United States Pension Agent for this district, and in renewing our acquaintance we laughed together over the futility of his evidence, although he probably did not see it exactly in the same light as did I.

Following this testimony of mine for the state, as already mentioned, I was appointed as one of the committee to determine the best method of carrying the law into effect. In our investigations we visited and executed animals at Edison's laboratory, in Orange, New Jersey, Sing Sing prison, Clinton prison at Dannemora, and Auburn prison, at Auburn, New York.

It is something of a privilege to have witnessed at the Edison plant the first feeble attempts to reproduce the human voice, and the first phonograph attempts to represent the world in motion. I spoke a few words into a crude talking-machine, and it was an amazing thing to have returned to me the very words spoken. I knew it was my own voice, but the

sound seemed strange to me and beyond recognition. It is no less interesting to have been among the first to have seen the beginnings of the world-wide wonders of the moving-picture business.

After our visits to the different prisons were completed, in which we saw executed some nineteen animals of all sizes and kinds, the committee reported that they were unanimously of the opinion that the electrical machines there installed would fulfill their purpose. The results of the test are given in the following table.

	<i>Sing Sing</i>	<i>Auburn</i>	<i>Clinton</i>
Commercial voltage . . . . .	1,560	1,680	1,170
Mean voltage . . . . .	1,404	1,512	1,053
Maximum voltage . . . . .	2,206	2,376	1,655
Speed of dynamo . . . . .	1,650	1,900	1,500
Speed of excitor . . . . .	2,100	2,700	1,800

The dynamo tested at Sing Sing was an alternating current intended to supply 750 incandescent lamps of 16 candle-power each. At Auburn and Clinton the dynamos were each intended to supply 650 incandescent lamps of 16 candle-power each. The committee suggested the following necessary alterations to the machinery: The shafting should be adjusted and put in line, the pulleys balanced, and the engines adjusted to procure a uniform motion and necessary speed. With these changes the dynamos could be made to fulfill the contract. At Auburn prison, among other animals that were killed, the deadly energy of the current was tested on a calf and also on a horse, the latter weighing about 1,000 pounds. Placing one electrode on the forehead of the horse, and the other on the outer aspect of the hind leg, just above the gambrel joint, a current of electro-motive force of 1,200 volts was passed. Death was instantaneous. In order to throw light on the question as to the possibility of resuscitation after apparent death by electricity, Dr. George C. Fell of Buffalo was invited to be present with an apparatus devised by him for the purpose. Immediately after the calf had received the electric stroke, Dr. Fell opened the windpipe and inserted the tube of the apparatus, and for a half an hour kept up forced respiration, but failed to elicit any evidence of life. This demon-

strated that the condition was not one of suspended animation, but of death. At Sing Sing we attempted to kill an old horse, which the owner, a daughter of the warden, was willing to sacrifice. The electrodes, having been applied, a current of 1,200 volts was turned on, when greatly to our surprise, the animal, instead of falling dead as in the previous case, dropped to his knees and then struggled to his feet, seemingly not much the worse for the stroke. All were greatly astonished and perplexed, but a glance sufficed to explain the reason of the failure. The lower electrode had been insecurely fastened, and when the current was turned on was lying on the damp stone floor near the hoof of the animal, which consequently received but a fraction of the full force of the current. In falling he had struck his head and was bleeding profusely. The electrode was readjusted and a second stroke thoroughly did the work. It was fortunate that no reporters were present, and we who were there agreed to keep our lips closed. If the accident had gotten into the papers, it would have gone through the press from one end of the country to the other, to the prejudice of the law.

At Clinton prison a young bull weighing about 600 pounds was instantly killed by a current of 900 volts. On receiving the full force of the current the animal fell, and instantly the muscles relaxed owing to a drop in the voltage from 900 to 400. The period of contact, however, was continued for ten seconds, but as experiments have shown that a current of 400 volts is hardly sufficient to kill one of the larger animals, the conclusion that the bull was killed by the instantaneous impact of 900 volts is inevitable.

The first man to be executed by the new method was the murderer Kemmler at Auburn prison. When the witnesses reached that city, we found a postponement awaiting us, and when the execution took place I was unable to be present. There was more or less bungling in this first attempt. Death seemed not quite so instantaneous as was hoped, and there was distinct evidence of burning flesh, but the press throughout the country greatly exaggerated every defect and raised a cry of indignation. It is not too much to say, perhaps, that the mistake of those having the matter in charge was in not following the suggestions which by request I made in our first



experiments at Edison's laboratory. In the case of Kemmler, instead of placing the electrodes on the head and calf of the leg, the clumsy and inefficient method was adopted of placing the lower electrode at the small of the back, and if my memory serves me, the other covered the back of the neck. The other, the best method, adopted at the next execution and still prevailing, is far more effective, in that we get the most perfect adaptation of the electrodes and the best conduction.

A short time subsequently four murderers were to be executed at Sing Sing, and the severe comments on the first killing threw Warden Brush into little less than a panic. Very much disturbed, he came to New York to see me, begging that I would help him out. This I promised to do, and suggested electrodes of another form, insisting also that they be placed on the parts of the body that I had before indicated. I attended the killing of these four criminals, my first and last attendance at an execution. I had no desire to go, excepting as I was very naturally curious to see with my own eyes the success of the method, to establish which, I with my associates Dr. Macdonald and Professor Laudy, had given so much time and attention. It is a solemn thing to see a human being, helpless and ashen pale, deliberately stricken to death through the impersonal, awful, resistless power, the arm of the law. And yet, as one after the other, these miserable victims of fate and their own ungovernable passions took their places in the death-chair, and were quickly sent into the unknown, a species of dreamlike apathy seemed to steal over me. It all seemed so unreal and without human touch that I could fancy myself wafted to the middle ages, and to the inquisitorial chamber. As one after another, in quick succession, these poor specimens of our race came in with vacant expression and staring eyes which looked nowhere, I experienced a feeling of shame and blood-guiltiness. As never before the awful meaning of the terms "immutable" and "irrevocable" was driven in. What if one of these men was not truly guilty, or if technically guilty, yet not fully so, for a man can be a murderer in name, yet not in heart? Many a man has been so. Whatever the case, no human power could now avail, and each man was as sure of his fate as if entering the final swirl of the maelstrom.

The practical reason which brought me there, however, was fully satisfied. What I had before asserted, "If the law must kill, let it kill decently," was an accomplished fact. All the horrors of hanging—the first terrible fatal fall, the gradual choking, the blackening face, and protruding tongue, and above all the convulsive, agonizing and long-drawn-out struggle, were absent. It is truly astonishing that such a barbarous method of execution should have been so long tolerated by a civilized and Christianized people, and all honor to Mr. Gerry and his supporters for their advocacy of a better law.

Aside from the knowledge that a human life is being sacrificed, there is nothing revolting in the sight. With face covered and person securely bound, the victim awaits the final stroke, and the translation from life to death is quicker than thought, and with a mathematical impossibility of pain. All that the onlooker sees is a quick, darting forward of the body for the few inches allowed by the leeway of its bonds and there in a perfectly motionless attitude it remains until the current ceases. Then the body returns to its original position as quietly as a child sinking to its sleep. The certainty that no pain can be experienced under a lethal dose of electricity is evident from the fact that, while nerve force travels at the rate of but 100 feet a second, electricity travels at the rate of 160,000 miles a second. The brain, therefore, can have absolutely no time to experience a sensation, since the electrical current travels a million times faster than the nerve current.

BOOK VI  
A TRIP ABROAD  
CHAPTER XXXVI

COMMON as a trip now is across the Atlantic, yet to the American of Anglo-Saxon birth who for the first time sets foot on English soil it is one of the notable events of his life. Here his ancestors lived and died, and as never before he appreciates the fact that, differ as we may in the unimportant, we are in essentials one people. If this idea is not strongly impressed in the beginning, let him cross the Channel and sojourn for a time among those who speak in unknown tongues, and he will return to England almost as to his own country. After my visit to the Continent, I recall with what a homelike feeling of security and satisfaction I again found myself in London. What though its atmosphere was heavier and its hues more somber, could I not speak understandingly with every man, was its literature not mine, and was not every historic association of the great town and nation preliminary to the Pilgrim fathers, to the heroic struggle of the Revolution, and of the Civil War that followed?

In 1895 I found myself somewhat impaired in health, and it occurred to my son, then a student at college, that an ocean voyage and its accompanying change would do me good. This idea was prompted by the fact that the professor of the department of English literature was about to take the trip and would be glad of my company. The arrangements were made, and on the last day of July we sailed on the *Germanic* of the White Star Line. Aware of my susceptibility to "mal de mer," I decided to use the remedy that I had so often prescribed for others, namely, the bromide of sodium. The idea was more or less original with Dr. Beard. He had written much about it, and sometime before, at the instance of the steamship company, some 10,000 booklets dealing with the subject, both theoretically and practically, were printed and distributed broadcast. The theory was and still is that sea-

sickness is primarily a brain disturbance due to shock to the cerebral nerve cells, and that the drug, by obtunding the sensorium, acted as a local anæsthetic. However this may be, experience had fully confirmed the fact that the treatment was of no little value in many cases. Long before this I remember listening to a paper by Professor Fordyce Barker on seasickness, and his method, which had been found of service, was in a measure based on the same pathological principle. It was the habit of Dr. Barker to go abroad every year, and later Dr. Beard did also, and so the attention of both these keen observers and alert minds was naturally drawn to the subject. Dr. Barker's method was this: He required his patients to board the vessel the night before sailing, go to bed and stay there for twenty-four hours after sailing without lifting the head from the pillow. Moreover the head must be toward the bow of the boat, on the principle that as it plunged forward the blood would press less heavily on the brain tissues than in the reverse position. The water in a bottle moved rapidly forward presses to the rear, and the analogy of the blood in the body acting in the same way under similar circumstances has its weight. This method undoubtedly proved effective in many cases, but its disadvantages were many and obvious. The disadvantage of the bromide method also will be seen when the procedure is told. In order to get results, the salt must be taken according to certain rules. Beginning three days before sailing thirty grains of the bromide must be taken three times a day. The object is to get thoroughly under the influence of the drug before leaving the shore. This influence is seen mainly in a tendency to sleepiness, associated often with slight unsteadiness in the limbs and some dryness of the throat. In other words, it is the physiological action of the drug that we are seeking, rather than any exact amount. When that is attained, a certain proportion and I think a large proportion, of cases that would be ill without it, are rendered immune for the time being to the action of the waves. One who is going to sea for the first time and knows not whether he will be sick, naturally hesitates to drug himself on an uncertainty, but he who has had experience and is sure of his fate will be only too glad to avail himself of any hope of relief. As one who has had a somewhat large

experience in prescribing this treatment to others and has experienced its good effect in his own person, I have no hesitation in standing sponsor for its value.

On shipboard, when alone and still under the influence of the drug, one does get singularly drowsy, and a very pleasant feeling it is, but when joined by another and engaged in conversation, or when the interest is excited in any way, the sleepy feeling seems to pass away. The layman, however, who attempts this treatment, excepting under proper direction, is more likely than not to fail in attaining his object. There is more or less of further advice and warning needed which can be given satisfactorily only by a physician of experience. Comfortable and calm under the sedative influence of the drug, I watched the receding shores, and, when darkness closed around, we were far out at sea. It was like most voyages, quiet and uneventful, and just suited to a complete and healthy rest. I am always glad to meet persons of unusual intelligence or distinction, and I availed myself on this occasion of making the acquaintance of two men of large reputation and ability. One was General Benjamin F. Bristow, who served with honor through the years of the Civil War, and subsequently became secretary of the treasury in the administration of General Grant. He was politically active in the years following, and was in line for the Presidential nomination, but failed in his ambition. Bristow seeing by my Loyal Legion button that I, too, had been in the army became very friendly. The little button has often that effect. Bristow never had high command. He may have been a brigade commander, but at the battle of Shiloh his rank was that of Colonel. It will be remembered that at that battle our forces were surprised by the enemy and driven back, so that at nightfall they formed a semi-circle with the two flanks resting on the river. With its back to the river and a victorious army in its front, the Union Army was in a position of real peril. According to Bristow, General McPherson, afterwards killed at Atlanta, rode up and excitedly told of happenings at the front that demanded immediate attention. Grant listened apathetically, and continued calmly smoking without reply. The two were warm friends and McPherson, who was at that time on Grant's staff, asked the latter somewhat impatiently what he

was going to do about it. Removing his cigar from his mouth, Grant calmly replied, "Mac, I am going to attack them at sunrise, and by G—d, how surprised they will be." Now all such little episodes of history are interesting and I have no question that in substance what Bristow told me was correct. To McPherson, the staff officer, the position of our army was more or less appalling, with its back to the river and no power of retreat in case of its defeat, which seemed probable. Grant, however, evidently knew of the near approach of Buell, and that the morning would find him amply reinforced. But Grant never swore. It was foreign to his nature, and I doubt whether the epithet, "By G—d" ever passed his mouth. Here, perhaps, Bristow unconsciously embellished Grant's reply to give it greater piquancy, and was influenced by the way he would have expressed himself under similar circumstances.

The other interesting person that I met was "Boss" Shepherd, so called. Just a moment before the steamer left her dock, a carriage rapidly approached and a large, imposing figure stepped quickly from it, paid the driver and hastened aboard. My attention was attracted because of the masterful bearing of the man and his late arrival. Soon after I learned his name, and one day in the smoking room I offered him a light for his cigar, and our acquaintance began. I spoke, of course, of the great work he had initiated in beautifying the city of Washington, but did not allude to the unfortunate complications that ensued. Before his time the city of Washington as the capital of a great country, was a disgrace rather than a pride in all that concerns beauty, regularity and cleanliness. There were the fine public buildings, to be sure, but by very contrast they only heightened the surrounding squalor. Mr. Shepherd took the bull by the horns. With authority and without, he went boldly and vigorously to work. He tore down and upbuilded, straightening and widening streets, and establishing innumerable little park spots of beauty, until he transformed the city into one of the most attractive of the world. Only a man of extraordinary energy and capacity could have accomplished such a work, and how far he transgressed legal limits I know not; but the work done, he came to grief. He was accused of illegal actions, and, as I seem to remember, stood at one time in imminent danger of trial. This

one thing is sure, however, instead of having profited financially by his splendid achievement, the end of his work found him poor.

Years ago I knew a practising physician, whose name escapes me, who subsequent to Shepherd's departure from Washington became intimately associated with him. He accompanied him to Mexico, where Shepherd, with characteristic energy and foresight, recouped his lost fortune in the mining fields of that country. In my friendly intercourse with these two men, Bristow and Shepherd, I happened to notice them almost face to face on several occasions, but never saw them once speak, or as much as give each other a look of recognition. This I thought strange, as it was in Grant's administration, while Bristow was a member of the Cabinet, that Shepherd's great work was done. Later I found that the men were not friendly, and that Bristow had been one of his strongest opponents. Each must have occasionally seen me conversing with the other, but I took good care not to mention the name of either. Since they have left this earth let us hope that both of these notable characters, so genial and likeable in their private relations, are now where they can enjoy the good fellowship which ought to have been theirs while here.

My companion, the professor, had brought his own bicycle with him across the ocean, since it was our purpose to wheel our way over the country. I tried to hire one in Liverpool, but not meeting with success, we took the train for Chester and spent the night. After exploring the wonders and antiquities of that old and famous town I succeeded in getting a wheel, and we sped on to the town of Ludlow. We stopped at the Feathers Hotel, an old timber-and-plaster house containing some panelled rooms with rich ceilings. The professor had selected our route well. He was an experienced traveller, and the valley of the Wye was away from the usual stereotyped tours. Beautiful and secluded it is, and while hundreds visit Kenilworth, few see the fine old ruin of Ludlow Castle.

Although I did not cross the Atlantic especially to see this fine old historic ruin, I would gladly have done so. I here met a man about forty years of age, from the adjoining town, who was out for a little trip on his wheel. He said he

had never seen Ludlow Castle, but meant to get there sometime. He left early the next morning without doing so, leaving it for a later date. He probably will never see it, on the principle that what can be done at any time is never done. The old castle dates back nearly a thousand years, and the mingled romance and fact that make up its history constitute a fascinating tale. In the old times it was the seat of the lords president of Wales, and, being so near to the border of a hostile race, was the centre of many a desperate fight. While the outer walls were staunch and strong, the floors had fallen, but the situation of the room where the masque of "Comus" was first exhibited is pointed out, and also that where the two Princes were confined, those little innocents who, on the accession of Richard III to the throne, were recalled to London to perish mysteriously in the Tower. About this time another professor, a professor of Greek, a friend of my traveling companion, joined us. Both were congenial spirits. The newcomer could read the Greek inscriptions and both of them had a smattering, at least, of architectural matters, ancient and modern. They kept much to themselves and I began to have a practical demonstration of the old saying "two is company—three is a crowd." Indeed I had greatly counted on the pleasure I should derive from such close contact with a professor of English literature. I could not have asked for a more opportune alliance for, although making no pretensions to proficiency in the great field of literature, yet I do not hesitate to say that I have been for many years one of its worshippers. Although occupying the same stateroom on our way out, for more than a week, we did not see very much of each other excepting at meal time. As his friend joined us at Ludlow and at about the same time also a young man named Rogers, whose father had solicited me to take him along, we grouped accordingly.

Rogers was a good-natured, happy-go-lucky young fellow, always out of money, but altogether companionable. The late Commissioner Lyman, a patient of mine, was not far wrong in his idea of a traveling companion. When I told him with whom I was to go abroad, he asked, "Do you know him well?" I was compelled to admit that he was a new acquaintance, but that I knew of his high character and standing.



Lyman asserted that he would not go on a long trip with any man, whatever his reputation, unless he knew him well. "Whatever his virtues," he said, "you two may be cast in different molds." This seemed to be the case with the professor and myself, but it soon happened that our companionship, such as it was, was severed. In going down a long stretch of hill between Bristol and Bath, both of us started to coast. When getting up to high speed, I suddenly recalled the fact that my wheel was without brakes, and realized my danger. The hill was long and steep, and, as is the way with English hills, there was a sharp curve some distance ahead. I had had but little experience in using my foot as a brake, but such skill as I had was put into instant use; in doing so I lost my balance, and found myself going over. Visions of broken bones flashed before me. We were driving along at an alarming rate of speed, and in my fall I brushed the professor, and he, too, fell; but as his speed was far less than mine, no harm was done to him. I, however, sped along the rough ground many feet, and when I arose the blood was trickling abundantly from a bad wound in the hand, and my clothes were a sight to see. I must have presented rather a sorry spectacle, and was open for some commiseration; but the first words that greeted my ear from my excellent fellow-tourist, the professor, were in regard to the condition of his wheel. He hoped that it had sustained no injury! Bath was but five miles further on, and binding up the injured member as best we could, I painfully made my way, guiding the wheel with my uninjured hand.

From there I went by train to the cathedral town of Wells, our destination for the night, the others following on their wheels. I was glad to see this fine old structure, especially as a direct ancestor (a Bishop Creighton) of an esteemed college mate, one George Creighton Peet, reigned here in years long past. My hand was too badly damaged to continue the trip, and the next day, after looking through the cathedral, I started for London, accompanied by Rogers.

During this comparatively short trip through rural England, there was much of interest and delight and the memory of it has always been freshly pleasant. I recall the several evenings spent in an English tap-room or bar-room. I was

alone in this enjoyment, for my friends, the two professors, evidently disdained this low species of pleasure, preferring architectural discussions of the Gothic and the Norman, of towers, keeps, embattled parapets, and pointed gables. I, too, loved old ruins, and how I gloried in Tintern Abbey! No remains of former life and movement, simple as the life of the old monks must have been, impressed me more. The ruins are fairly well preserved and there was to me a romantic halo over all. The lovely Wye lends its gentle charm to the scene, and as I gazed upon its quiet waters into which the inmates of the Abbey had so often cast their lines for their Friday's dish of fish, I recalled Wordsworth's beautiful verses on Revisiting Tintern Abbey and the banks of the Wye:

“Five years have passed; five summers, with the length  
Of five long winters! and again I hear  
These waters rolling from their mountain springs  
With a sweet inland murmur.” \* \* \*

But I am not ashamed to say that I enjoyed the old English inns, and found no places better adapted to study character and to getting into close human touch with the heart of the people than in these century-established meeting places for the brawn and muscle of the countryside. I would not have missed the opportunity, and since then in reading the descriptive pages of Hardy and Phillpotts, and other English writers, I have been able to enjoy their masterly portraiture of types as I could not have done without this experience.

At Ludlow, calling for a glass of English ale (which by the way I detest; it is flat and tasteless to me) and a cigar, I engaged an honest yeoman in conversation, and told him that I understood that Stanley Weyman, the then celebrated novelist, author of the “Red Robe” and other popular works of fiction, was a native of the town. He brightened up and said they were schoolmates when boys, and seemed to take great pride in the fact. Further on, in the tap-room of another inn, I spent an interesting and instructive hour. Unlike some American barrooms, you hear no obscene talk. It would not be tolerated for a moment, for a woman, perhaps the wife or daughter of the proprietor himself, presides over the beer

cask. There is, however, plenty of loud talk and acrimonious discussion. On this occasion a man under middle age called for his ale and stood at the bar drinking it. He was rather better dressed than the others, and carried a whip in his hand and from what was heard I judged him to be a farmer of the higher class, or some sort of a petty squire. As the discussion waxed warm, our squire became more and more excited. He had one sturdy opponent, and as the argument increased in warmth, language was indulged in and epithets hurled by each at the other that, in an American bar-room, would inevitably have led to violence. I became very uneasy, and thought it about time to go, but to my surprise the violence of the encounter subsided almost as quickly as it had begun, and the two disputants parted seemingly the best of friends. I noted that at the height of the discussion, the bar-maid kept on with her work as if nothing was happening, and the other inmates continued their smoking as placidly as if there was no wordy fire and brimstone in the air.

In Phillpotts' "Dartmoor" novels, one may find such wordy wars duplicated time and time again.

## CHAPTER XXXVII

IN England and in all the older countries men plod along in the footsteps of their fathers, generation after generation, with little possibility and therefore with little thought of entering a higher social grade. In our country, however, with the ever present thought of the possibility of stepping higher, few are content to rest, and the race of life becomes all haste and unrest. While in the shop of a saddler, in one of the rural towns of England, I engaged the proprietor and his son in conversation as they sat working upon the same bench. The grandson, a little fellow of five, was running in and out, and I remarked that he, too, perhaps, would follow the same trade. "And why not?" said the old man; "my father and grandfather worked and died here, and what is good enough for us is good enough for him." Imagine, if one can, five generations in America, content to work in the same poor shop and along the same restricted lines. Far less rapid would have been our progress in all material developments if our energy had been thus conserved; and yet the quiet and content of that humble home, handed down from father to son since before the independence of America, will always remain a pleasant memory.

My journey to London in a third-class car, patronized by most sensible Englishmen and by all sensible American tourists, hence patronized by comparatively few well-to-do American travelers of the *nouveaux riche* class, was full of novelty to eyes still new to English scenes and English ways. As we swept through a portion of Devon, I thought of it as ground made classic by the genius of Hardy; and as the graceful towers of Salisbury came in sight, by a similar association of ideas, Trollope and his ever-charming tales of old cathedral towns was in my mind. In all my chance association with the English people I found them almost universally courteous and considerate. My bandaged hand attracted the attention of a fine-looking, intelligent gentleman in the compartment, and he politely inquired as to the nature of my injury. From unmistakable signs, without doubt he knew that I was an Amer-

ican, and when I told him I was from New York, he evinced real interest, as evidenced by many questions. He pointed out some places of note along the route, and we parted regretfully at the end of the journey.

I spent the first night at the Victoria Hotel, and found quite a number of my fellow practitioners of New York there. Among these was Dr. Herman Biggs, the celebrated pathologist, and later head of the State Board of Health, and Dr. Leonard Weber, a well known practitioner and neurologist. Weber was a German, and was on his way home from the place of his nativity. He said that he visited the celebrated savant, Erb, and that the latter, referring to things medical in this country, said that it was too bad that both Beard and Rockwell had passed away. Weber replied that Beard had gone years before, but that Rockwell was very much alive. Even though thought to be dead, I was glad to be remembered at all by so distinguished a foreign authority. Because of the injury to my hand I determined to spend the most of my time in London and from this center make little trips here and there, and so took a room and board in Craven Street, just off the Strand. Directly opposite was a house upon which an inscription told that Franklin had lived therein during his sojourn in London. I saw nothing of damp and smoky London. During my stay there of nineteen days not a drop of rain fell, nor was there the slightest indication of fog. The only rain I saw was during my cycling trip. It was the last day of the rainy season as our party left Ludlow for Hereford, fifteen miles away. How it did rain that day! Lowering, as we started out, the drops soon began to fall, and those fifteen miles were made over muddy roads and in the face of one of the worst rain-storms that we had ever breasted. Thenceforth the skies were clear, barring those floating moisture clouds so characteristic of the British Isles.

Everything combined, therefore, to render my stay in London suitable for thorough and pleasurable sightseeing. Every day found me in touch with things both new and old, but everything was new to my experience, and as compared to my own country everything savored of the old, of the long ago. The Tower, the Abbey, Houses of Parliament, the old Curiosity Shop and other scenes of Dickens's immortal stories, a

night ride to the Whitechapel district, and daily walks through innumerable streets where the sights and the life were all novel, were a continual source of pleasure. One of my most cherished experiences was a visit to Chelsea, and the former home of Carlyle. The house is always open for inspection, and I entered it almost with reverence, for although not without his faults, yet here had lived and wrought for many years a great intelligence, yea, a great soul who left an impress not alone upon the thought of England, but upon that of the world. To my liking he was the greatest prose poet of the century, if not of many centuries. The notes of high and lofty thought that he has struck in his incomparable essays, in his "Past and Present," and "Heroes, Hero Worship and the Heroic in History" and other imperishable works, will never be without their blessed and strengthening influence upon the soul of humanity. "When a book," says La Bruyère, "raises your spirits, and inspires you with noble and courageous feelings, seek for no other rule to judge the event by; it is good and made by a good workman." Carlyle was denunciatory enough. His times, as indeed all times, call for it, but his clarion notes for reform carried conviction and stirred Parliament and a sluggish people as never before.

And so as I stood within this shrine, dedicated to him and to his great work in the world, I thought that this experience alone was worth a voyage across the Atlantic. To quote his own words in his essay on Schiller and in reference to the great ones of earth, "Such men, far more than any Alps or Colosseums, are the true world wonders, which it concerns us to behold clearly and imprint forever on our remembrance. Great men are the fire pillars in this dark pilgrimage of mankind; they stand as heavenly signs, ever living witnesses of what has been, prophetic tokens of what may still be, the revealed embodied Possibilities of human nature."

I find myself at last in the very house, in the very room, at the very desk, where the great apostle of reform and of the best in human nature hurled forth his philippics and sarcasm against the stupid evils of the day. There, too, was the old hat he wore, and the cane he carried in his daily walks, and the pen with which he wrote. That Carlyle was not an adept in acoustics and architectural construction is here found in lasting

evidence. He worked on the top floor of the house, but was annoyed by the many sounds ascending from the streets. He, therefore, had an inner partition placed all around the upper floor, thus giving an interior sanctum where he thought silence would reign. Alas, it was of no use. The same sounds came as before to the ear and the very considerable money spent proved fruitless.

A street or two away was the last residence of George Eliot, whose first work that gave her fame, "Adam Bede," I read when little more than a boy, and whose every work thereafter I perused with great, if not equal interest. As I passed and then repassed the gateway I tried to visualize the personality of this gifted woman, as, at her Sunday evening receptions, she chatted with the interesting people who thronged her rooms. When Dr. Beard was first in London, interviewing some of the great ones of the town, with but twenty-five cents in his pocket, he had the opportunity of attending one of these Eliot receptions. I was immediately interested and plied him with questions as to the personality of the famous woman and his personal impressions and experiences. He replied that he had not closely observed her, having been more interested in conversing with Mr. Huxley and other scientific men present. When, however, I expatiated on her literary fame, he expressed regret that he had not used to better advantage his opportunity to get into closer touch with so renowned a woman. Of course, he knew of George Eliot's fame, but largely read as he was in some of the best literature of the world, I doubt whether he had ever read a book of hers. Fiction did not much attract him, nor did he have for it much regard, although he himself in his early days once wrote a novel which he never attempted to publish.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

IF one wishes to see his friends, let him go abroad. This half truth was impressed upon me by my own experience. I have referred to the various professional friends that I met at the hotel on the day of my arrival in London. A few days later in a chemist's shop on the Strand, whom should I run across but my old college mate and sometime roommate, the well-known Indian, Oronhyatecha of Toronto, whom I have already mentioned. I had not met him for many years, and while it was pleasant to see another familiar face, yet our greetings were pleasantly perfunctory instead of genially cordial. He was conducting a touring party of "Royal Foresters," and introduced me to an attractive young girl as his secretary. Other old friends I met, but the fact that my nephew was then residing in London took away, in a measure, the sense of loneliness which occasionally came over me.

One evening especially I recall. After a day of sightseeing, I had returned to my quarters, and after supper, had gone to my room. Suddenly a profound feeling of loneliness and nostalgia stole over me, a half-frightened feeling at the thought of the vast waste of waters that separated me from those best loved. I was wide awake, in no mood for bed, and finding the dreariness almost unbearable, I rushed from the house, hailed a 'bus, which in due course landed me at the lodging of my nephew. It was rather late, and my visit was unexpected, but my reception was none the less cordial. An hour's chat calmed my perturbed spirits, and I returned to my room and to a night of quiet sleep. With him and his chum, we went the following day by coach to Hampton Court and with keen enjoyment explored that historic relic of the times of Henry and Wolsey. Windsor Castle, Eton, Stratford-on-Avon, Kenilworth, Warwick Castle, stock places of interest were visited, but nothing charmed me more than a visit to Stoke Pogis and the old church and churchyard, the scene of Gray's Elegy. The Yew tree was there standing, old, alone, and suggestive. I questioned the driver who drove me along the pleasantly shaded winding road to the place, but he



seemed, strangely enough, not to know the name of the poet or of the poem itself. So much for the complacency of human ignorance. I found Goldsmith's memorial just off the busy Strand and riotous Fleet Street, and was much attracted by the fine courtesy of a gentleman of whom I inquired the way. He had a book under his arm and seemed to me, I know not why, as if he might be a barrister. There were some windings, and with great good nature and interest he stopped to give me the directions, but finally said, "it is not out of my way," although it was, "and it will give me great pleasure to save you the trouble of hunting it up." Not a few such simple courtesies were proffered by both men and women, and made upon my mind a most favorable impression. Emerson somewhere says that "England is the best of actual nations." Whatever we Americans have of culture, of energy, of morality, of strength, has come to us, I like to believe, more from the English than from any other people. The Englishman is slow to act upon suggestions, even though they seem to be approved by every rational test. He is exasperatingly conservative, and will not change a good thing which has long done him service, for a better, without long and laborious proof. In business life here, a letter of introduction is taken in person. In England it would be sent by post, and a reply awaited designating some time and place for the desired meeting, and the patience of the eager applicant is often sorely put to test before he accomplishes his object. The Englishman seldom hurries, either in his office, on the street, or at his meals. We suffer in this country, more than in any other, from a disease termed "neurasthenia," the so-called American nervousness, which is in reality nervelessness, and a potent factor in its production is the hurry and worry of professional and business life on this side of the ocean. The English have acquired the virtue of deliberation. All business is conducted in a quiet and leisurely way that seems to an American like child's play, but it is in dead earnest all the same. An English banker will be found in some building not at all like an American bank, and with very few clerks in sight. Nobody rushes breathlessly in and out, yet the amount of business transacted daily in that dingy little building is enormous.

Two important causative factors, it seems to me, underlie

these differences in English and American traits, the first of which is climate. An American in England, for example, is frequently surprised to find that he is able to indulge in malt and spirituous liquors to an extent he would never attempt in his own country; while the Englishman, if for any time a resident here, finds to his cost that excesses in eating and drinking impose a heavier tax upon the conservative processes of the body than in the humid atmosphere of his insular home. A gentleman who has made frequent visits to England tells me that on his pedestrian excursions through the country he was accustomed to drink the common English ale with impunity, while in this country, under the same conditions of exercise, he can take but a comparatively small amount without unpleasant results. The Englishman is less nervous than his American cousin, and therefore more deliberate, not because he is less abstemious in his eating and drinking, but because excesses are less hurtful, in certain directions, in his climate than in ours. No more exact delineator of certain English types and habits has ever written than Anthony Trollope. His "Man about Town," with his enormous capacity for brandy and soda, is a unique creation in a way, and quite puts to shame the comparatively mild potations of his American counterpart. While the Englishman does not escape the inevitable consequences of such folly, the punishment falls not so much upon the nervous system as upon other organs. With the will, perhaps, to indulge as freely as the Englishman, the American succumbs to alcoholic excesses that are relatively far less. As a second causative factor in the production of these mental and physical characteristics of the English and American, I would indicate their different business and social environments, as illustrated by my recent reference to a saddler and his descendants.

Notwithstanding the almost constant humidity of the English atmosphere, it is a very different condition from what we term humidity here. Both the electric tension of the atmosphere and the barometric pressure are higher, with a relatively less depressing influence upon the general system, and the extremes of heat and cold are far less in degree. The effects of this moisture-laden atmosphere are seen, not only in the physical characteristics of the people, but in the aspect of

nature. The grasses are more luxuriant and of a deeper green, while the trees show a richer foliage. Centuries of cultivation and care have increased the fertility of the land, and the streams flow full and clear. That this should be so in a small island crowded with so large a population, seems a surprise, but is also explained by the incessant showers, and the fact that the people are massed largely in towns, leaving the country still delightful in its rural simplicity.

To describe the inexhaustible panorama of England's varied history and literature as it is unfolded in its old cathedrals and universities, its castles and abbeys, its prisons and palaces, some still triumphant over time and decay, others magnificent in their ruins, seems a hopeless task,

“Soul to soul can never teach,  
What unto itself was taught.”

## CHAPTER XXXIX

I N crossing the Channel on a visit to Paris, I had another personal opportunity to test the efficiency of the bromide treatment for seasickness. The accommodations were so vile below that I stayed above during all the four hours of the passage, walking the deck or reclining on the comfortless benches. I was not sick, notwithstanding the waters were rather rough. I might not have been sick had the drug been omitted, but the probability is that my besetting idiosyncrasy would not have permitted me altogether to escape. In the compartment of the train for Paris I made the acquaintance of an Englishman, a young man of about thirty-five, who was taking a short vacation. He was what is termed an untraveled Englishman, and this was his first trip outside his native isle. He was a fairly well educated and intelligent man and evinced great curiosity about America, especially New York, from which I hailed. After we had become pretty well acquainted during the week, we passed more or less time together, and he said: "You do not seem like an American." He intended this as a compliment, but it did not so appeal to me, although to him I made no protest. His idea of the American had been formed probably by the bold and blatant manners that characterize so many of the newly rich who overrun the Old World. This young man was an excellent type of the best to be found among the so-called middle class in England. As I was twenty years his senior, he became more or less confidential; told me of his wife and two children, something about his business and the good comfortable income that it yielded. He lived in Leicester. On my remarking that I had not had much opportunity to know about the social life of England, he said, "Doctor, I would like to put you up for a few days." The ice being thus broken, he urged me with great warmth to accept his invitation. I told him that I expected to meet friends on my return to London, but promised, if I could come, to let him know. I found it not easy to accept his invitation and indeed had quite forgotten about it, when on my way to Liverpool to take the steamer for home, I stepped

from the car at Leicester for a moment to stretch my legs. Someone tapped me on the shoulder, and turning I saw my Paris companion. He took it for granted that I was there in response to his invitation and was very warm in his greeting. He had just boarded the train to go to a neighboring town, and saw me from the window. He expressed real disappointment when I informed him that I was on my way to the steamer. "I told my wife about you," he said, "and she asked me why I didn't write to you. Of course, I could not as I did not know your address." I have always regretted that I did not accept this warm-hearted fellow's invitation, seconded as it was by his excellent wife. I have even forgotten his name. If living, he would be fifty-five years of age, just my age at the time.

What has become of him? What has been his career since? If living he would have been rather too old for the late war, but how about his children? I recall that he spoke of them.

Recrossing the ocean I was glad again to be at home and among those I loved. The sad news of my mother's death was then told me. I had gone to her home in Connecticut, just before sailing, to bid her goodbye. She had appeared to be in her usual health, but on the day I reached London, less than two weeks thereafter, she had quietly passed away, in her eighty-fourth year. Not only to her own children had she been a loving and faithful mother, but out of her great motherly heart, all graciousness and tenderness, she had poured a mother's loving sympathy, patience, and sacrificing service in so rich a portion that every pupil of my father's school felt in no little measure a son's affection for her.



BOOK VII  
PERSONAL SKETCHES

CHAPTER XL

SALMON P. CHASE—EDWIN M. STANTON  
RUTHERFORD B. HAYES—THEODORE ROOSEVELT

WHEN a boy at school in the preparatory department of Kenyon College, Ohio, I first caught a glimpse of three men destined not only to become famous in our national history, but to achieve international distinction as well. With these men in after years I had the honor and pleasure of agreeable acquaintance. I refer to Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase, Edwin M. Stanton, and ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes. At this time Mr. Chase was governor of Ohio, and Mr. Hayes a rising lawyer of Cincinnati. Mr. Hayes was a comparatively recent graduate of the college, and the two had come to attend the commencement exercises, the one by special invitation as governor of the state, the other comparatively unknown, yet none the less welcome. The governor was the central figure. Wherever he went, he was followed by an admiring crowd, and many predicted for him greater honors; indeed the highest was confidently believed to be within his reach. I suppose in his wildest dreams of future advancement, our ever modest and unassuming Mr. Hayes, as he sat with the less distinguished alumni on the platform, never once thought of himself as a presidential possibility; yet he finally grasped the prize, while Mr. Chase, with his high ambition and expectation ever before him, failed to reach the goal, like those other great statesmen, Webster, Clay and Blaine.

Probably no college of its size has sent out more men to achieve high national reputation and international reputation than Kenyon. I have only to mention, besides these three, the names of Stanley Matthews, Judge David Davis and Henry Winter Davis, names of which any university might be proud. It is interesting here to note that the Twenty-third Ohio In-

fantry had Mr. Hayes for its Colonel, Stanley Matthews for its Lieutenant Colonel and William McKinley for its Major. Its first Colonel was the celebrated General Rosecrans. Two Presidents, one of them a Kenyon man, a great jurist also a Kenyon man, and an army commander from the same regiment, is surely an unusual record, seldom matched.

After leaving Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet, Mr. Chase was appointed by that magnanimous immortal (for Mr. Chase was not as loyal to his chief as he might have been) Chief Justice of the United States. A few years subsequently he suffered a slight stroke of paralysis, from which he never fully recovered. He was sent to me for treatment, and the month of our association was one of the most interesting of my life. Mr. Chase was a man of magnificent presence, somewhat cold and repellent in his greeting to strangers, and yet on occasions of an urbanity that was very attractive. His nature was imperious, a characteristic that had become accentuated through his high positions and habits of command; but it was now associated with an intense irritability from physical causes. The first few visits were quite unsatisfactory. My patient was evidently suffering from much mental as well as physical depression. He seldom spoke unless spoken to, and then only in monosyllables. Our association was getting to be exceedingly monotonous, and to have a great man as a patient was not quite as agreeable as I had hoped. One day Mr. Chase remarked that he did not like to sit in the waiting-room for people to stare at him, and asked if I could not see him at some other hour. I appointed half past twelve, and he was promptly on hand; but in no better or more communicative humor than before. I had tried on a former visit to talk about Kenyon College and our common interest in it, and now ventured to say something about the late Civil War, in which I had been an humble actor and he a great historic figure. But all in vain. The next day at 12:30 the Chief Justice failed to appear, but he came at one o'clock while I was engaged with another patient. He tapped vigorously at the door, but I could give no heed until through with the work in hand. On entering the reception-room I found it empty, but saw Mr. Chase leaning against one of the pillars of the porch outside, his carriage gone, and he himself in a seemingly un-



happy frame of mind. I joined him, and the following conversation ensued:

"Good morning, Mr. Chase." No answer. "Won't you walk in?"

"No!"

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting, but you were half an hour behind your time, and I had another appointment at one."

"I won't wait."

"Will you come in tomorrow?"

"No!"

"Good morning, Sir." And with that I withdrew, very sorry to have offended such a distinguished patient. A few days thereafter I received this laconic note: "When I was at your office on Friday last I was impatient, and, I fear, rude. I regret it. If your engagements take you down this way I should be pleased to see you."

Now this recital illustrates how a story only partly told may give a totally wrong impression. My first experiences seem to show a man unreasonably irritable and altogether disagreeable. But this was not the real Mr. Chase. He was fighting against almost overwhelming odds. There was a physical basis for all this bad temper, and when he realized his discourtesy, the greatness and inherent nobility of his character reasserted itself and he made the "amende honorable." On the following day I went to the Brevoort House, where he was stopping. He received me very cordially, in marked contrast to his previous greetings, introduced me to his two daughters, Mrs. Sprague and Miss Chase, apologizing again, saying that I, of course, had my appointments which must be kept. After this there was no more trouble with Mr. Chase. He was altogether agreeable, inviting me to drive on several occasions, and conversing freely on many subjects. He told me about the beginnings of Kenyon College, and how its founder, his uncle Bishop Chase, used to enforce discipline by caning the boys, after the good (?) old-fashioned English method. He was rather reticent about Mr. Lincoln and the cabinet in which he had been secretary of the treasury. I did not press the matter, for even then I knew of the antagonisms, personal and political, of that

period. Of his early life and struggles he was fond of talking. He said that he had taught school in Washington when a young man. He knew Webster and Clay and most of the eminent men of that day, and in a sort of musing tone remarked that "perhaps he might have accomplished more through this acquaintance if his disposition had not been quite so retiring." I replied, "Mr. Chase, it seems to me that a man who has been governor of a great state, secretary of the treasury during a great war, and chief justice of the United States, has accomplished about as much in life and for his country as most men." He made no reply, for even then he was ambitious for the presidency, and his friends, and especially his daughter, Mrs. Sprague, were working strenuously for his nomination. With what admiration and patriotic emotion had I read the great speech of Webster in reply to Hayne, and my patient's description of the scene was thrillingly interesting. He said it was the greatest speech he had ever listened to, and unequalled in the impression it made, save perhaps by that of Patrick Henry, and Burke in the impeachment of Warren Hastings. The old Senate Chamber, where the speech was delivered, is now the Chamber of the Supreme Court, and "my seat," said Mr. Chase, "is almost over the spot where Webster stood, and I often re-people the scene."

Mrs. Gardner G. Howland, who was also coming to see me at this time, one day remarked: "My father wishes to see you, and I shall bring him with me tomorrow morning." At the time appointed, in walked a hale, hearty old gentleman, straight as an arrow, with quick, nervous step, who without any introduction, said in a loud, strong voice: "Doctor, I am ninety-five years of age, and I came to tell you that I saw Benjamin Franklin flying his kite to bring the electricity down from the clouds. I often played in his study with his grandchildren, and I remember how heartily he laughed on one occasion when he gave us all a shock of electricity. My father's pew was immediately in front of George Washington's in Christ Church, Philadelphia, and I remember well how the General held me on his knee. I was an intimate friend of Daniel Webster and William Wirt,"—and more than that I now fail to recall.

This gentleman, himself an able lawyer of Philadelphia, was of the well-known family of the Maryland Merediths, and his brother was, I believe, secretary of state in the cabinet of one of the earlier presidents. On speaking to Mr. Chase of Mr. Meredith, he was much interested and expressed a desire to meet him, for, although they had never met, both of them had been intimate with Webster, and especially with William Wirt, the great jurist. The following Sunday morning, as I was crossing Washington Park, I met Mr. Chase walking slowly and scanning the houses. He said he was looking up Mr. Meredith, and I was able to point out the house to him.

It is something in these modern days to have met a man who had been thrown in intimate association not only with such men as Webster, Clay and Wirt, but who even knew Franklin and Washington. How it bridges the centuries; and once in speaking to the children of a public school on a "Washington day," I was able to interest and amuse them by saying that, if they had never seen Washington, they had at least seen a man who knew a man who knew not only Washington, but Franklin, too.

The incident of my aged acquaintance, who once sat upon the knee of Washington, recalls the interesting episode told by Washington Irving to George Haven Putnam, when the latter was a boy and visiting with his father at Sunnyside. Washington, on horseback, once passed the Irving home in lower New York, and his little namesake was lifted toward him and a blessing asked and given. Mr. Irving further remarked to his young listener, to his mystification, that he could not now put his finger on the spot touched by Washington. Young Putnam, asking his father for an explanation of this cryptic statement, received answer: "Why, stupid, don't you know he wears a wig?" As this little incident shows his humorous side, so does another told me unfold quite another:

Washington Irving's great-nephew, once under my professional care, related the story. When a lad he was a visitor at the house of his great relative in Tarrytown, and, during the absence of his uncle, ventured into his study. While examining the things upon the writing table and handling books and papers, he was startled by a stinging stroke. It was from

the cane of Irving. He had unexpectedly returned, and followed up the blow by a command to the "young rascal" to "get out," with a warning not to be found there again.

My acquaintance with ex-President Hayes began in this wise: Entering a car at the Grand Central Station, on my way to Tarrytown, I found but few vacant seats, and halting before one, the occupant of the other half looked up with a pleasant smile and with a motion as if to make room for me. Mr. Hayes had just completed his presidential term, and I was so struck with the resemblance of my neighbor to the ex-President, that, after exchanging a few words, I spoke of it, and asked if he had never been mistaken for him. With a merry twinkle in his eyes, he said, "My name is Hayes." I expressed my pleasure at meeting him, especially as I had the honor of being an alumnus of the same college. "Oh, you are an old Kenyon boy, are you?" And he began immediately to talk about the old college and college days. At the next station Mrs. Rockwell joined me, and, on being introduced to Mr. Hayes, was in turn introduced to Mrs. Hayes, who was seated alone just behind her husband. In the course of the conversation I remarked: "Mr. Hayes, you and I are alike in one respect. Our wives are Methodists and we are Episcopalians," which gave him the opportunity for the apt response, "And like myself, I suppose, you go with the one who has the more religion."

As a member of the Loyal Legion, of which Mr. Hayes subsequently became the head, I had occasional opportunities thereafter to meet him, and his greeting was always unaffectedly cordial. It has been the habit among some to decry Mr. Hayes as a "fraudulent president," as an accident, as a man of little force of character and wanting in ability. They who have thus spoken could never have known the man, or they have been actuated by the narrowest sort of partisan politics. While not a great man perhaps, as measured by the standard of some of our greatest statesmen, yet he was a man of pronounced talents, excellent judgment, and firmness of purpose. His addresses to the Commandery were well expressed, finely delivered and models of good sense. He was an honest man with a heart, and his whole career illustrates and emphasizes

the fact that goodness, nobility of character, without which there is no true greatness, is after all the only real thing; and in the last analysis the world surely recognizes this. The strength and beauty of his character were well illustrated at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Loyal Legion, celebrated at Philadelphia in 1890. Serious differences of opinion had arisen, bitter feelings had been engendered, and a stormy session was threatened. The storm indeed broke and no one could foresee its results, when Mr. Hayes, with infinite tact and perfect knowledge of every phase of the subject, poured oil on the troubled waters, and brought order out of chaos. Undoubtedly the halo that encompassed the personality of a former head of the nation had its weight; but I do not forget the ease and grace of his manner and the soundness of his contentions.

Hayes and Cleveland were quite different types of men. The former was more refined, better educated, far more genial, less abrupt and more approachable. But they were the same in sincerity and unassailable integrity. This was the bond that united Mr. Cleveland to Mr. Hayes. Of different political faiths, the former followed the latter in the White House. Their liking for each other was based on mutual respect, and when Mr. Hayes died, Mr. Cleveland journeyed to a distant state to be present at the obsequies. It was no perfunctory duty, but prompted by the highest admiration for a noble character.

That other famous son of Kenyon, Edwin M. Stanton, did not complete his college course. I well remember when he came to Gambier in 1859 to enter his son, Edwin M., Jr., in the class of which I was a member. The father had recently defended General Sickles for the murder of Key, and his reputation had become nation-wide. I remember so well his stocky figure and bushy beard, as he strolled with his son along the quiet walks of the campus. We had pledged the younger Stanton to the Greek letter society of which I was a member, and had dined and wined him in honor of the event. He was considered an especially valuable acquisition, but we were doomed to disappointment. His father vetoed the election, and the son finished his course without connecting him-

self with any fraternity. We occupied adjoining rooms in Ascension Hall, and I found him to be, like his father, of strong character and high ability. He stood easily at the head of his class, and had no competitor for the valedictory. No son, however, could well be more unlike a father in temperament. As all the world knows, the great War Secretary was harsh and uncompromising, often seemingly to the point of brutality; while his son was as genial a spirit as ever the sun shone upon. It was very well understood by those who knew him that during the war he was quite overrun with petitions and requests from old college mates, and therefore, although I had passed through Washington a number of times during my army career, I had never called on him. Soon after the close of the war, I again found myself in Washington with the Colonel of my regiment, partly for the purpose of getting some information as to the date of our discharge. The pressure on every department was so great that the Colonel tried in vain to get an interview with General Vincent, who alone could give us information; and so I determined to make an effort myself. At the War Department I sent my card to young Stanton, who received me cordially and expressed his wonder that I had not called upon him before, at the same time glancing at my shoulder-straps and offering congratulations at my advancement. He asked for my regiment, and when I mentioned the Sixth Ohio Cavalry, he said: "Well, let me see what is said about the Sixth Ohio Cavalry." He selected a volume from among a vast collection in the room, and opening it, read to this effect:

"The Sixth Ohio Cavalry, a fine fighting regiment, but somewhat lax in discipline." This was or had been quite true. The regiment was, first and last, in fifty-two engagements, and was never found wanting; but, as in so many volunteer organizations, its former Colonel was friend and neighbor to many of the men. He was fraternal and familiar with the boys, and, although the bravest of the brave in battle, took things easy in camp and on the march. This accurate registration of the characteristics of the thousands of regiments that made up the Union army was a revelation.

When Theodore Roosevelt was appointed one of the police commissioners of New York City I wrote him a note of con-

gratulation, saying that in looking over one of my old case books I came across this entry, "Theodore Roosevelt, a bright precocious boy, aged twelve," adding that I well remembered how intelligent were his interrogations, and that I had remarked to my partner, the late Dr. Geo. M. Beard, that "the little fellow ought to make his mark in the world; but the difficulty is, he has a rich father." I had not seen Mr. Roosevelt since as a lad he came to my office, but I remembered well some things that he said, and I had followed his career with the greatest interest since his entrance into public life. He was an inquisitive lad, in the sense that his mind was always on the alert for some new fact or explanation. I have often had boys ask ordinary questions about electricity, but this boy wanted to know its "nature" and the principles of its therapeutic use. If I had known him then as well as the world knows him now, the handicap of riches would have seemed a trifling obstacle for the leader of the Rough Riders to overcome.

To the letter that I wrote to Mr. Roosevelt I received promptly the following reply: "You are very good indeed to have written to me, and I took great pleasure in showing your letter to my wife. I now have five children of my own. Yes, I do remember about the electrical instrument now, although I had forgotten it entirely until your letter revived my memory. I assure you your letter gave me most genuine pleasure, and I much appreciate it."

Thereafter I did not resist the impulse to offer my congratulations to Mr. Roosevelt on every occasion of his political advancement. Replying to a note of mine on his return from the Spanish-American War, in which I referred to my friend, General Chaffee, he wrote: "Chaffee is a trump all the way through." Some years later he signed the commission of his former comrade in arms and superior as Lieutenant General and Chief of Staff, thus for the first time in the history of the United States Army elevating to its chief command one who had joined it as a private soldier.

At a dinner of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, shortly after the close of the Spanish war, I was in conversation with the late Colonel Asa Bird Gardiner, when Colonel

Roosevelt was announced and was received with acclamation. He was then candidate for governor. Colonel Gardiner immediately left the room and his unfinished dinner, saying that the affair was a campaign trick. When Colonel Roosevelt was told of the occurrence at the time, he good humoredly repeated this nursery rhyme:

“Little Miss Muffet  
Sat on a tuffet,  
Eating of curds and whey.  
There came a big spider  
And sat down beside her,  
And frightened Miss Muffet away.”

During his term as Governor I wrote to say that I should be in Albany on a certain day, and with his permission would like to call and renew our acquaintance. After sending in my card on the day appointed, Colonel Treadwell, the secretary, came to me and wanted to know if it was on business that I wished to see the Governor, adding that it was the last day of the legislative session, and that he was quite overwhelmed with affairs. I replied that my call was social only, and I handed him Mr. Roosevelt's note. When in a few moments I was ushered into the presence of the busy executive, I realized that it was indeed an unfortunate moment for a social call. The large room was literally filled with men, and the scene presented was one of bustling activity. Mr. Roosevelt, who was standing in the centre of the room, greeted me with a hearty handshake and immediately began to talk. He spoke of their family physician, Dr. John T. Metcalfe, about whom I write further on in these sketches, and who had sent the Colonel as a small boy to me for special treatment. He referred with some glee to the remark I had made about him as a boy, to the effect that “he ought to make his way in the world, but the difficulty was that he had a rich father.” He said he would like to have me see his boy, Teddy, who was then about the same age as he himself when he was coming to me. “And they do say,” he added, “that he is very much like his father.”

Then without any preliminary adieux, he darted forth his



hand, and with a "so glad to have seen you," turned like a flash to his interrupted conferences with others.

Some years after I did have the pleasure of meeting Teddy, Jr., for a moment, and remember him as a charmingly polite boy. He and his fine brothers have since shown themselves to be the best of citizens and the bravest of soldiers.

It was shortly after the assassination of President McKinley. As I was driving along the road leading to the Roosevelt home in Oyster Bay, I saw a bareheaded boy busily engaged in poking up some small animals, and I asked him whose house it was that I saw—"It is Governor Roosevelt's house," he modestly said. "Oh, no," I replied, "You mean President Roosevelt." "Yes," he answered, "President Roosevelt," as if appreciating for the first time the new honor that had come to his father; for the bareheaded boy was Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.

My perhaps rather intrusive letters to Mr. Roosevelt, including those written when he was made assistant secretary of the Navy, governor, and vice-president were all duly acknowledged; but when he became president it was Mr. Cortelyou who replied. This was not quite what I wanted, and so shortly before the close of the presidential term I wrote that I would now like a letter from the President himself, adding that I thought myself entitled to this, because when he was a boy, I had told his father that the three things the son needed were change, plenty of fresh air, and exercise. "You had the change soon after in going abroad," I wrote, "and according to current report you still keep up the exercise." In his reply the President said that he was much amused at my memory of the advice I had given to his father.

The last time that I had the pleasure of meeting Colonel Roosevelt was at the dedication of the Orthopedic Hospital in East Fifty-eighth Street, when he was the speaker. His father had been one of the founders and benefactors of this splendid charity, and as I well remember, was deeply interested in its success. In his address the Colonel alluded to his father as *the best man he ever knew!* In greeting Mr. Roosevelt after the lecture, I told him that I could say that his father was at least *one* of the best men that I had ever known.

Theodore Roosevelt was a great and a good man. If he

had had no faults he would not have been human, and it is because he was so human that men loved him so much. His supreme service to his country—in the estimation of many—was in being instrumental more than any other man in saving it from the purchase of peace at the cost of honor.

## CHAPTER XLI

WILLIAM T. SHERMAN—COMMODORE C. VANDERBILT  
HENRY WARD BEECHER—JUDGE WILLIAM FULLERTON  
BENJAMIN F. TRACY

GENERAL SHERMAN was one of those genial souls who never seem to have a thought of their own military preëminence. He was quite unlike General Howard, one of his army commanders in the March to the Sea, a man for whom Sherman had a high regard.

Howard was a very religious and sincere man, but in his presence and in his conversation I could not divest myself of the feeling that there was a manifest self-consciousness and perhaps vanity in too large a degree for a truly great man. I will not say that he paraded his religious personality, but it seemed to me and I think to others that he emphasized it at inopportune times. I recall an exceedingly interesting meeting of the Loyal Legion when Sherman, Howard, Horace Porter, and other eminent Civil War veterans were present. In some way or other, and through General Howard's initiative, there occurred a certain religious trend to the speeches. Following Howard, Porter gave one of his witty talks. He said one time he was on his way with dispatches for General Grant at Chattanooga, when he heard that the great battles were in progress. The train seemed to creep, so anxious was he, when suddenly he recollected that Howard was there, and he knew Howard would take *Missionary Ridge*. And finally, I recall with what earnestness Sherman spoke, as he said: "Gentlemen, it makes no difference what you call Him, God, Jehovah, or the First Great Cause, the only thing for you and for me is to be good men."

General Sherman was as sincere and straightforward as a child, and with a character that could not be crushed into any foreign mold; that is to say, he was without affectation.

Men who might not be considered affected will often do things for effect, but I cannot imagine General Sherman, any more than I can imagine Mr. Beecher, posing for effect. As

in the poetry of Burns, there were "tears and consuming fire," so in the altogether kind and genial nature of Sherman there lurked the lightning that needed only provocation to blast wherever it struck. His reply to the Confederate General Hood, who accused him of unchivalrous conduct at the siege of Atlanta, instead of a defence was a withering philippic.

The first of many subsequent meetings with General Sherman occurred in this wise: Late one evening, I boarded an elevated train at Forty-second Street. There was a great crowd, and on the platform I found myself next to the General, who was returning from the Union League Club. Here was my opportunity, and I said, "How do you do, General Sherman."

"Who is it—who is it?" he asked in a quick, nervous way, using the expression twice, as I found was often his habit.

"I am quite unknown to you, General. My only claim is that of an old soldier."

"Well," he said, "I am glad to greet any old soldier."

And then we talked about Grant and Sheridan, and among other things about the prospective growth of New York. My young son was standing beside him, and in concluding some prophecy in regard to this growth, he said to me, putting his arm over the shoulder of the lad and pressing him to him, "You and I may never see it, but this boy will." A few weeks after, I again met the general on his way home from a gathering of the Loyal Legion, and he was alone. I greeted him, and as before he said, "Who is it—who is it?" I gave him my name, and he pointed to my black dress-shirt protector, worn in those days, saying: "I thought you were a preacher." He chatted in a very interesting manner all the way to his station at Seventy-second Street and was especially communicative in answer to a question in regard to the preposterous rumor that had spread through the country in the earlier part of the war, as to his supposed mental deficiency. With an unerring prescience, which was one of his most remarkable gifts, as related at least to his conception of the magnitude and character of the war, he had insisted that an army of two hundred thousand men were needed in the section in which he served, Kentucky and Tennessee. For this he was charged with a certain unsoundness of mind by the press from one end of the

country to the other. Indeed it came very nearly ending his military career and the loss to the country of his great abilities. "This accusation," he said, "was one of the most trying I was ever called upon to face," and the tone in which he repeated, "and they called me crazy!" indicated that time had not altogether obliterated the sense of wrong.

As he was about to go, I remarked that it had almost escaped my mind to give him a message. The boy whom he met some weeks before charged me to be particular to give his regards to his friend, General Sherman. "That's right," said the General, "tell the boy to come in some morning on his way to school and see me." I think no further illustration is necessary to show the truth of my statement, that this great and sometimes rough warrior was as simple and straightforward as a child. To those who wish an acquaintance with his far-reaching vision, I commend the letters that passed between him and his brother, John Sherman, during the years between '61 and '64, during the war. He was without question the most picturesque, at least on the Union side, of the great figures of our Civil War.

Few personalities have interested me more than that of Commodore Vanderbilt. There were so many stories current of his brusque peculiarities, that when the late Dr. Linsly, his family physician, called and said he would like to have me go and see the Commodore, I expressed some hesitancy. "You need fear nothing," was the reply. "He will treat you well, only he may want to get it done as cheaply as possible." Armed with the doctor's card of introduction, I went to the Commodore's house in Waverley Place, and was told he was in his office on Fourth Street in the rear. Entering the building, I saw him talking with a gentleman in an adjoining room. "Hello there, what do you want?" he called out. I said nothing, but handed him the card of introduction. "Oh, you are the doctor, are you? Well, sit down out there, will you, until I get through?" He soon called me, and began to question me, as if I had been a schoolboy, instead of a young professional man who thought he was achieving some sort of reputation and held the dignity of his position in high regard. I manifested no outward objection, for was it not the great and

unique Commodore, known throughout the land as its richest man? Finally he said, "Well, let's go into the house." He stopped at his stables on the way, patted his horses, of whom he seemed very fond, and led the way up to his "den." And it was truly a den—a den of disorder, plain as a pipe-stem, with its contents scattered around in great disorder. It was evident that the Commodore, like many another man, did not care much for meddlesome interfering in the way of tidying up. "Do you think you can help me?" he asked. "I think I can," was my reply. "What are you going to do?" I told him as briefly as possible. He then pulled from under his desk a little old-fashioned rotary electric machine and wanted to know if I could make it go. I made it "go." "Is it any good for your purpose?" he asked. "It is utterly worthless," I replied. "How much would such a machine as you want to use on me cost?" I mentioned a comparatively small amount. "That's a devilish big price," he commented, "for such a thing as that." He mused a while, and then said aloud, as if to himself, "I wonder what I had better do?" "Mr. Vanderbilt," I said, "would you like to have me tell you what you had better do?" "Yes." "Well, sir, it is very evident that the subject is entirely out of your province. You know nothing about it, and you had better waste no more time, but come to my office and let me treat you according to my best judgment." This reply evidently did not in the least displease the old gentleman. He smiled good-naturedly and said, "Where is your office?" I told him. "I will be there at eleven o'clock sharp to-morrow morning." Mr. Vanderbilt was punctual to the minute, and thereafter, as long as he came to me, I never needed the clock to tell when it was eleven o'clock. However rough and severe he might sometimes have been to others, to me he was always courteous and agreeable, and while I may be mistaken, I hold the idea that my rather straightforward and independent attitude toward him rather helped me in his esteem than otherwise. He was very fond of talking and did most of it, giving his views positively and without reserve on a great variety of subjects. He seemed interested in my army experiences, and was full of patriotism, and to my word of praise for his munificent gift to the government of a million-dollar steamship, he answered modestly and made light of the whole matter. His

opinion of Mr. Chase was that he was a good man, but didn't know much about money. "No," I remarked, with a slight attempt at humor, "he has not succeeded in accumulating a great deal." "I don't mean that," he answered. "Chase was honest, but in the management of the finances of the country he did things the wrong way." Of lawyers he did not seem to have a very exalted opinion. To one of this honorable profession and related to him, he is said to have remarked, "You can be more kinds of a d—n fool than any man I know." In regard to lawyers generally, he said sententiously, with a grammatical lapse not unusual with him, "Lawyers don't know nothing. They talk too much." He illustrated this in a reference to his difficulties with the banking firm of the Barings in England. "I went over," he said, "and took two of the best lawyers in New York with me. We met and we met, and we talked and we talked, and that was all the good it did. So I called my two lawyers to me one day and said to them that we would have one more meeting and one only, and you may talk two hours apiece, but when you have had your say, stop talking and let me talk. We met and each of them talked two hours. When it came my turn," said Mr. Vanderbilt, bringing his hand down rather heavily on the table, "I said: 'I don't sign it!' and that ended the matter."

The prediction that Mr. Vanderbilt would "want to get it done as cheaply as possible" was not fulfilled. When through, he simply said, "How much do I owe you, sonny?" and paid his bill. Mr. Vanderbilt was about eighty-four years of age and a more venerable and imposing personality was seldom seen. He was tall and well-formed, with regular features, and with his invariable white tie a stranger might readily mistake him in repose for a distinguished Presbyterian clergyman.

Various members of the Vanderbilt family came to me subsequently for professional aid, but none interested me as did the Commodore, unless I except the Commodore's brother, Captain Jacob Vanderbilt. He, too, looked like a parson, with his white necktie. When his bill was sent he seemed in no haste to settle it. When we met he complained bitterly of the size of the bill, which by the way, was our usual modest charge, said that we were a couple of "beats," referring to Dr. Beard as well, and closed with the threat that he would never

send any patients to us. Dr. Beard was good enough to say that he hoped he would not do so if he, Captain Vanderbilt, was a sample. This was not very polite, but not quite so impolite as the Captain's epithet of "beats." However, our patient was all right at heart. He was perfectly honest in his belief that he was being overcharged, for having placed us on the plane of mere mechanicians, he thought the fee of a mechanician only was due us.

When I think of the naturalness of General Sherman, I think also of Henry Ward Beecher. These two seem to be the most simply natural men I ever met, and it is altogether probable that one of the explanations of the great hold Mr. Beecher had on his fellow men was this absolute freedom from personal vanity. I was present on that day of his trial when Mr. Fullerton, of the opposing counsel, by every art familiar to this great cross-examiner endeavored to entrap him. Mr. Beecher never seemed to me greater than on that occasion, as calmly and benignantly he grasped the arms of his chair and successfully parried every fierce thrust. When the court adjourned, my companion remarked to Mr. Beecher that "judging from the experience through which he had so successfully passed, the terrors of cross-examination should be over for him." He replied most earnestly, "I cannot say. I hope to be equal to the occasion, but this sort of thing is quite opposed to all my habits and methods of thought." To me, he was the greatest of orators. Others do not rate him so highly. It is a matter of opinion, but if we accept Emerson's definition of eloquence, "him we call an artist, who shall play on an assembly of men, as a master on the keys of a piano, who seeing the people furious, shall soften and compose them, shall draw them when he will to laughter and to tears," then Mr. Beecher must bear away the palm, for his triumphs in this direction have been equalled by no man of his time. With sublime, but unconscious egotism, he said of the howling Manchester mob, whom he finally subdued by his patience, tact and magnificent oratory, "I knew if I could only get their ear, I should be the master of every man of them." It is somewhat of a coincidence that after the Beecher trial I should have in quick succession two of the prominent opposing counsel as



patients—Mr. Fullerton, of the prosecution, and Mr. Benjamin Tracy of the defence, afterwards Secretary of the Navy in the cabinet of Mr. Harrison. So bitter was Mr. Fullerton that, during the trial, he refused the proffered hand of Mr. Beecher, and I was therefore not very much surprised at his attitude when the subject was broached. I told him that I was present at the memorable field day of the cross-examination. He looked surprised but said only: "He is a slippery eel," and seemed disinclined to discuss the subject further. I do not wonder that he and all the counsel for the prosecution, including my old war-time acquaintance, Roger A. Pryor, felt more or less sore over the whole affair. They took the case knowing that any adequate remuneration was more or less doubtful, but willing to run that risk in return for the great prominence it would give them throughout the country. It was thought that the trial would last not more than two weeks or at most three. On the contrary it drew its slow length along for many months, ending in their defeat. Who could blame them for feeling deep chagrin? Mr. Tracy, or General Tracy as he liked to be called, for he did valiant service as a soldier, took naturally a very different view. His regard for Mr. Beecher was earnest and sincere. He freely talked about what he knew of the case in its subtle ramifications, "wheels within wheels," as he expressed it, representing a bitter enmity against Mr. Beecher and a determination to ruin him. An army of damaging testimony was brought against him, including letters of his which might be, and were, doubly interpreted according to individual opinion. One critic, not too favorably inclined, admitted that if anyone could write a certain letter that was made much of at the trial, and yet be guiltless of the interpretation put upon it, that man was Mr. Beecher. And this was notably true. This great open-handed, open-hearted lover of his kind wore his heart upon his sleeve, and as he thought and felt, so he spoke and acted, and the world believes in him still.

## CHAPTER XLII

SENATOR JAMES W. GRIMES—THE POTTERS—MOSES TAYLOR  
DAVID HOADLEY—W. E. DODGE—PETER STUYVESANT  
GENERAL ARCHIBALD C. NIVEN

SENATOR JAMES W. GRIMES of Iowa was one of the seven Republican senators who voted against the conviction of Andrew Johnson in the impeachment trial. These seven were subjected by their political associates to a moral pressure without precedent. They were threatened in every conceivable way, but all stood manfully by their convictions, and by a majority of but one the country was saved the disgrace of unjustly deposing its president. Whatever his faults, and they were many, Andrew Johnson was a sturdy patriot, and as governor of Tennessee had rendered inestimable services to the government, both before and during the rebellion. When Professor Austin Flint wrote me that he had given a letter of introduction to Senator Grimes, I was interested to see what manner of man he was. In manner, appearance and dress, one might at first glance have taken him for a respectable western farmer, but a few moments conversation revealed the fact that one was conversing with a man of more than the usual mentality and one worthy to represent the people in the Senate. I did not appreciate this at once, for in his note to me Dr. Flint referred to the mental depression of his patient, so profound that moral considerations alone prevented him from committing suicide. Like Mr. Chase he soon began to brighten, and as I had met President Johnson, and knew so well the chief justice, who presided at the trial, he evinced no hesitation in speaking with some freedom. He was no great admirer of Mr. Johnson, but his sturdy sense of justice impelled him to go counter to every consideration of the lower political prudence. By voting with his party he had in one sense everything to gain, and nothing to lose, but from the righteous standpoint, the reverse. He did indeed lose his life, for there can be no question but that the stress and strain of that exciting time undermined his physical forces and short-

ened his days. Senator Ross, of Kansas, suffered more than any of the seven. His state, to its shame, practically ostracized him, and he died prematurely in Texas, poor and alone.

It was a good day's work that these men did, but they received no fair day's wages for it. Their rewards recall those of Milton for writing "Paradise Lost," "ten pounds paid by installments, and a rather close escape from death on the gallows," and Cromwell's "burial under the gallows tree near Tyburn Turnpike, with his head on the gable of Westminster Hall."

The Potters unquestionably make up one of the notable families of America, so much so that on one occasion William M. Evarts, with his inimitable wit, took occasion to play upon the name. An English Potter, member of Parliament and a distant connection of the American Potters, was given a dinner by the latter. Mr. Evarts in his speech said that, as he surveyed the various members of the Potter family, the guest of the evening, the Hon. Mr. Potter, the Rev. Dr. Henry Potter, President Eliphalet Potter, General Potter, Clarkson Potter, Howard Potter, and others, he felt very much as did the young minister about to preach his trial sermon. In his trepidation and in trembling voice he began the opening prayer by saying, "O Lord, thou art the clay and we are the Potters." Alonzo Potter, as bishop of Pennsylvania, his brother, Horatio Potter, bishop of New York, to be followed by Henry Codman Potter, son of the former, make up a notable ecclesiastical succession of Princes of the Church in a democracy. All three were men of the very first rank.

While I had but a slight acquaintance with Bishop Henry Potter, I have had pleasant professional relations with various members of the family, especially with Howard Potter, the banker, and with Mrs. Clarkson Potter, wife of the distinguished lawyer and congressman. Howard Potter possessed in marked degree the tact and high-bred courtesy that distinguished his brothers, the bishop and the congressman. The latter served his country many years in that body which was saved then, as it is now only partially saved, from disgraceful failure by the leaven of such able, honest, patriotic men as he. Mr. Howard Potter had a unique fancy for mural

inscriptions, and I remember, while waiting in his drawing room, trying to bring back my lost classic lore by translating the numerous Greek and Latin quotations above and around me. I think I may have slightly offended him on one occasion. Passing his house on Park Avenue, one morning on my way to my office, I saw the strange sight of the faultlessly dressed and dignified Mr. Potter perched high up on a ladder resting against his house. He was inspecting some repairs. Seeing me he hastened down and after the first greeting, said he felt some slight symptoms of the old difficulty, and wanted to know if a little more of my treatment might not prove a prophylactic. The term, as coming from a layman (although why should it), excited a humorous vein and I laid special emphasis on the word prophylactic. He looked at me sharply, as if a little surprised, but made no other sign. That he held no grudge was evidenced by his very pleasant greeting when I met him in London a few years after.

Among the great fortunes of thirty or forty years ago was that of Moses Taylor. When I saw him professionally he was living on Fifth Avenue, below Twenty-third Street, and had then long passed the meridian of life. Like the Commodore he was a notable-looking old man—large, dignified and imposing, with fine, clear-cut features, and like the Commodore, one at whom you would turn and look a second time when passing him on the street. I saw him at his house many times, and he was quite as free and genial in his conversation as Commodore Vanderbilt had been. He was distinctly chatty, and I suppose my coming and going rather interested him and helped to pass the time; for many of these men of note in finance and commerce are woefully helpless and to be pitied when, through age or illness, they are laid upon the shelf. They have no avocation. They have formed no friendship with books, and are devoid of internal resources. The past is theirs, but it is too often the past of bitter struggles and hard methods. In speaking of Vanderbilt he said, "I was always afraid of the Commodore." He then alluded to some schemes which the latter wanted to talk over with him once, and how he eluded him. I remember well one expression he used in relation to a certain possible contingency. "I would have jumped down his throat," meaning, I take it, that he

would have stopped further discussion and balked the other's intention. As the Commodore left \$100,000,000, and Moses only \$40,000,000, the former had him at a disadvantage so far as financial strength was concerned.

An acquaintance of mine in the old days of Harlem, by name Roswell G. Rolston, had become the president of the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company. When I first knew him he was a bank teller, where he came to know Moses Taylor. The latter became interested in him and, through Taylor's influence combined with his own abilities, Rolston attained this highly responsible position. When Mr. Taylor learned of my acquaintance with Rolston, he commissioned me to tell him to come in and see him. "I told Rolston," said he, "after one of his promotions, 'Young man, we are pushing you ahead rather too fast, I am afraid.'"

When I sent him my account, instead of returning a check he wrote asking for a bill of items. It rather disturbed me, as it seemed to indicate an idea that I had overcharged him. So the items were sent, and a check for the amount promptly returned. It was simply his life-long habit of intimate touch with every detail of business, which was the foundation of his phenomenal success.

Among the patients of those earlier days, I recall Mr. David Hoadley, who was or who had been the president of the Panama Railroad. I remember him as a quiet, genial gentleman, who talked very interestingly about that narrow connecting strip of land and about the probabilities of a future canal, in which, like a far-seeing man, he confidently believed.

Mrs. William E. Dodge came to my office professionally for a time, and Mr. Dodge accompanied her. He was very chatty and agreeable, and, like both Commodore Vanderbilt and Moses Taylor, having passed over the border where reminiscence takes the place of anticipation and active endeavor, he was fond of talking of past events. Mr. Dodge was a philanthropist and a good man, and of such men a nation cannot have too many. Among so many virtues, one of his pardonable weaknesses was some little vanity when enumerating his various benefactions. Hanging on the wall of our office was

an engraving of Andover Academy. It caught his eye, and he became immediately interested. "Yes," he said, with nonchalance, "the institution was in need and I helped it out," mentioning quite a generous sum.

All New Yorkers know the old Dodge mansion on Madison Avenue near Thirty-sixth Street, next to the one occupied by the late J. P. Morgan. It is one of three covering the block. Long subsequently another patient, a Mrs. Colby, *née* Colgate, whose house was on Twenty-third Street facing Madison Avenue, told of the astonishment of the neighbors that Mr. Dodge should build "so far up town," and yet it was only thirteen blocks away. The Avenue was not yet paved, and in wet weather was very muddy; and Thirty-sixth Street as a place of residence seemed rather out of the way. I shall always remember with pleasure the colored butler of Mr. Dodge, whose name was Carr. He interested me for various reasons. In the first place, he had been for many years and during the Civil War in the employ of Stanton, the war secretary, whose son was my classmate. Secondly, his daughter Louise was nursemaid to my own children through a series of years, and few could have been more faithful or dependable. Thirdly, he was as perfect an example of a gentleman in character and manner as could be found in any society. When on occasions he came to visit his daughter, I always experienced a certain uncomfortable feeling in the presence of his courteous yet deferential attitude, his courtesy being so far superior to that of many of the best of my so-called social equals. I was glad to learn that Mr. Dodge at his death left this faithful servitor well provided for.

The last time I ever met Mr. Dodge was on the train, as we were approaching Tarrytown, his summer home. I have alluded to my meeting with ex-President Hayes on that occasion. Mr. Dodge, whose guest Mr. Hayes then was, came forward to point out Sunnyside to him, the former home of Washington Irving, and I recall with what interest both Mr. and Mrs. Hayes looked for the first time on the home of this popular writer.

About this time I was reminded of sturdy Peter Stuyvesant of early colonial times, whose portrait, together with the portraits of four of his lineal decendants, now adorns the walls

of the New York Historical Society. My patient was called Peter after his famous ancestor. The old Peter, as history relates, planted a great row of trees, pear trees, I think, part way across the island and along what is now the course of Thirteenth Street. Tradition has it that when the English took possession, he returned to his estate and set out these trees to shut out the lower town from view. However this may be, I remember some forty or more years ago, gazing on a sickly decaying tree, corner of Third Avenue and Thirteenth Street, carefully protected by stout iron railings and said to be the last of the Stuyvesant trees. It has long since vanished, but it is something to have seen this relic of a former time, and to have known the descendant and namesake of him who had it set out, or who possibly did the work with his own hands. The main thing that I can recall about the modern Peter Stuyvesant was that he bewailed his name. He said he was comparatively poor, and yet because of his name, he was thought to be rich and was compelled on all sides to dodge excessive charges and persistent importuning for donations of all kinds, both for public and private charities.

My acquaintance with General Niven, of Monticello, N. Y., adjutant general of the state, who often came to my office with his daughter, is worth noting because of a story he told me. This story relates to General Grant at the time, before the war, when he was making a precarious livelihood as a real estate agent in St. Louis, under the firm name, if I remember rightly, of Boggs and Grant.

An intimate friend of General Niven had his law offices in the same building. This man was a judge, distinguished in his profession, and of high social connections. As he passed to and from his office he would often meet Grant or see him sitting idly around. He formed but a moderate opinion of his ability or character. He always nodded politely to him, but would not have thought it according to the fitness of things to assume social relations on exactly equal terms. To him Grant was a harmless, rather shiftless man, who had failed to make good in his profession, and whose present outlook was not encouraging. He little knew the pent-up possibilities in that sphinx-like, modest soul, patiently waiting for some liberating touch.

## CHAPTER XLIII

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN—BURROUGHS LEWIS—SIMON STERNE  
CHARLES SCRIBNER—E. DELAFIELD SMITH—  
ALBERT BIERSTADT

**M**Y first impression of George Francis Train, that notable example of exaggerated egotism and unbalanced and ill-directed philanthropic enthusiasm, was gained at a lecture of his at Detroit in the early years of the Civil War. His dress proclaimed his oddity. It was of blue, with glittering brass buttons, and during the address he held a crushable operatic hat in his hand. His subject was the war then on, and how to end it. It was his crazy idea that he should be designated by the President as a committee of one to interview Jefferson Davis. It would seem, therefore, that there was some precedent for Mr. Henry Ford's quixotic idea of his "Peace Ship" journey. Just what Train's scheme was I do not now recall, but he was wonderfully fluent and had considerable oratorical skill. It was many years after when I next saw him in New York at a Turkish bath establishment. A number of us were seated in the hot room "in puris naturalibus" listening to a dogmatic lecture from another on the principles of health, especially as related to the hot air bath. The speaker was intensely amusing and everyone enjoyed it. He spoke as if with authority and imperiously waved aside every objection. So absurd were some of his hygienic propositions that I finally joined the discussion and pointed out some of his inconsistencies, whereupon he inquired if I were not a physician. When I answered affirmatively, he said no more, but quietly withdrew. I was then told by one of the men that our friend was George Francis Train, and that his fad at that time was to take six Turkish baths a day.

Train lived at the Ashland House for many years, and he could be seen almost any fine day seated on a bench in Madison Square Park surrounded by children, with whom he liked to talk. He would shake hands with them, but with no one over twelve years old, since from children he received a cer-



tain beneficial magnetic influence which would be extracted from him by contact with older persons. I never knew how he reconciled this theory with the logical conclusion that the children might suffer a magnetic loss in shaking hands with *him*. I sometimes stopped and had a word with him, and on one occasion when, surrounded by his youthful comrades, I placed my hand on the back of the bench on which he was sitting, he earnestly requested me to remove it.

If any man was ever the victim of profound mental alienation, Train was, and yet for many years in earlier days he was the head and front of great street railroad enterprises both here and in England. He was a harmless vagary—with great natural gifts, and it was never thought necessary to confine him.

I am greatly indebted to a patient, Mr. Burroughs Lewis, an English gentleman who first introduced me to the delights of Anthony Trollope. We were talking about literary matters in general, when in reply to a remark of mine that I knew very little about the social life of the English people, he asked me if I had ever read Anthony Trollope. I answered in the negative, and he advised me to take him up, since I would find in his works unsurpassed portraiture of English life and manners. This was forty-five years ago, and I have been reading Trollope ever since. In the midst of so much modern fictional trash, I commend him to the American reader. He is not very deep or profound, and, in comparison with some others, perhaps skims only the surface of human hopes and fears, yet he knew the people and the times in which he lived, and has depicted their salient points so correctly, so vigorously, so charmingly, that one seldom tires even under the prolixity of some of his analytical characterizations. I suppose it would be heresy to rank him with Thackeray, yet far more than Thackeray has he dealt with all English types, urban, suburban, and pure country, and with a Trollope story in one's hand one can get absorbed without excitement, and forget care more easily than with any other author. It will pay to read his autobiography, for a more interesting, frankly egotistical one has seldom been written. "Have you ever read the novels of Anthony Trollope?" once wrote Nathaniel

Hawthorne. "It is odd enough," he says, "that my own individual taste is for quite another class of works than those which I myself am able to write. His precisely suit my taste, solid and substantial, written on the strength of beef and through the inspiration of ale, and just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their daily business, and not suspecting that they were being made a show of."

Simon Sterne, whom I had the pleasure of knowing professionally, was a man of fine character and sterling worth. I was especially impressed with his hatred of shams, combined with a touch of cynical humor. In his day he took an active part in the purification of municipal politics, and was one of the founders of the American Free Trade League, writing much on economical subjects.

Charles Scribner, the publisher, I also remember with much pleasure as an exceedingly kindly, genial man. We agreed that the year 1840 held for us a common interest, as in that year he was graduated at Princeton, and I was born. He was the founder of the house of Scribner & Co., and of the "Scribner's Magazine" which followed the "Hours at Home," so popular in its time. In 1881 he sold the magazine but not the name, which was changed to "The Century," with the proviso that for five years the firm of Scribner and Company could not use its name for any serial publication.

E. Delafield Smith was another patient, much in the public eye a generation ago, and it was a pleasure to know him and to talk with him. At that time he was corporation counsel for the city of New York, and formerly had been United States district attorney for the Southern District of New York. He was very successful as a lawyer and had large legal ability. He loved literature, too, and was the author of several poems. In 1862 Nathaniel Gordon, master of the slave ship *Eric*, was convicted through the efforts of Smith and was hung, and one John Andrews, a leader of the draft riots, was also convicted following his vigorous prosecution.

I must not omit to mention the name of Albert Bierstadt, the artist, who in his day had a fame all his own. His sister was the patient, but I saw Mr. Bierstadt often, both in his studio and elsewhere. I found him rather reserved and seemingly a somewhat disappointed man. Formerly his pictures had been in great demand and he had received high prices. He had spent a great deal of time in the Far West, and his canvasses represented much of the wild scenery there. In the Capitol at Washington hang several of his great paintings, one of which I remember as being the "Discovery of the Hudson River." Another, "Lander's Peak in the Rocky Mountains," was sold for \$25,000 which in those early days was a great price. Bierstadt was a friend of President Arthur, and I am under the impression that one of his large paintings hangs or did hang in the White House through the interest and favor of his friend, the President. His disappointment to which I have alluded was due, I imagine, to the fact that his work was no longer much in favor, and his pictures did not sell well. After my services to his sister had been rendered, and my bill also rendered, she wrote me a note asking me to take a small picture in payment, on the ground that it would be for me "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Subsequently Mr. Bierstadt married in his waning days, and thereafter I occasionally saw him beside his wife, rolling through the park in a fine equipage, which seemed to indicate that financial troubles were a thing of the past.

## CHAPTER XLIV

S. W. CRAWFORD—MARK TWAIN—WILLIAM M. TWEED  
STEPHEN H. TYNG, JR.—JUDGE H. E. DAVIES  
WILLIAM S. MAYO

AT the outbreak of the Civil War, S. W. Crawford was a surgeon stationed at Fort Sumter. He was more military than medical in his tastes, however, and when Sumter was bombarded he took to the guns and commanded a battery. Resigning his commission, he entered the line, serving throughout the war and through successive ranks, finally becoming a major general. At Antietam he succeeded General Mansfield, who was killed, as division commander. He afterwards commanded the Pennsylvania Reserves, making up the Third Division of the Fifth Army Corps, and I remember him as commanding that division during my service with the Potomac army. Crawford was a faithful if not a brilliant soldier, and the paralysis which ended his life in 1892 may have been partly due to the strain and hardships of his four years campaigning. He was under my professional care in the eighties, and we enjoyed each other's reminiscences of the war, and especially the last campaign ending at Appomattox. His division was in the Fifth Corps, commanded by the unfortunate Warren, and while Crawford did not say very much about it, his sympathies were undoubtedly with General Warren rather than with Sheridan. Warren was a highly trained and capable corps commander, and when Sheridan exercised his prerogative and relieved him of his command, in these closing days of the war, he struck him a deadly blow. It ruined Warren's hopes for the future, for, although a major general of volunteers and one of the best corps commanders, he received no rank in the regulars above that of lieutenant colonel. To what extent Sheridan was justified in removing him and replacing him with Griffin, one of Crawford's fellow division commanders, I am not prepared to say. Sheridan asserted that Warren was too slow. This much is sure—they never liked each other. They were different types of men,

and belonged to different social grades, and could not assimilate. The court-martial, which Warren subsequently demanded, made up of experienced officers of high repute, was favorable to him rather than otherwise. Sheridan had said that Warren's manner had not pleased him, showing evidences of indifference. In regard to this, General Chamberlain, who served with the Fifth Corps, and afterwards as governor of Maine, gave evidence before the court that, on the occasion mentioned, General Warren had not been apathetic, but energetic. According to this officer, those who did not know General Warren's temperament might think him to be negative when he was deeply intent. Instead of showing excitement, he generally showed an intense concentration, and those who did not know him might misjudge this deep concentrated thought and purpose for apathy. It is quite likely, therefore, that this gallant and meritorious officer suffered a great wrong. On Little Round Top, on the battlefield of Gettysburg, stands a statue of Warren. Here at least his fame is secure. It was Warren who saved Little Round Top, which did as much as any one thing to give the North the victory on this decisive battlefield of the war.

With Mark Twain I had only a buttonhole acquaintance, as is sometimes said of relationships. To my regret I never met him, but on one occasion a sister-in-law, a Mrs. Langdon, of Elmira, was coming to me. Mr. Clemens was in town to deliver a lecture, and my patient said that he was coming to see me the following morning. Everything new excited his curiosity, as I was told, and he wanted to see what my particular method was. When the patient came, however, she was not accompanied by Mark Twain. She explained that the lecture of the preceding evening was a part of a symposium. The lecturer was full of his usual humor, spoke well, and was abundantly applauded. On his way home, however, he was taciturn and moody, declared he had made a fool of himself, and said that the best thing for him to do was to take the first morning train for Hartford. This state of mind, this revulsion of feeling, she added, was with him not unusual.

A son of William M. Tweed was a pupil of my father, and

so a schoolmate and playfellow of mine. Tweed, Senior, was at that time, prior to the Civil War, on the bottom rung of the political ladder. He was a chair-maker, and it is my memory that he had some sort of a dingy office on or near lower Broadway, which he used for political purposes. I well remember him in those early days of the fifties, when he came to the school to see his son. He was at that time a young man, but he seemed old to me, and with his great, curved nose and his burly frame, afterwards so familiar to the public, he made a lasting impression. Complaint by his son had been made of poor and insufficient food and hard beds. All unheralded, Mr. Tweed appeared upon the scene for investigation. He ate at the table, and punched the beds, pronouncing the food good and abundant, and the beds fit for anybody. What words of warning and displeasure were reserved for his son, Richard, whose letter had brought his father forty miles on a needless errand, I do not recall. I do, however, remember my father saying at that time that Mr. Tweed was very slow pay, and that he made frequent visits to his dingy office on Broadway to collect the monies due for his boy's tuition. The golden flow of ill-gotten gains had not yet begun to stream in. In the early seventies, while in the full tide of his political power, I again saw him as he boarded the train at Greenwich, his summer home, and instantly recognized him by the great nose and face made historic by Thomas Nast. The overthrow of Tweed, his arrest, imprisonment, flight, capture, and death, are now matters of history. A great and good work was accomplished by Tilden, the *New York Times*, and other agencies; but alas! in other forms and under cover does not the same old graft hold sway?

Mrs. Tyng was a patient of mine at one time, but my acquaintance with Dr. Stephen Tyng, Jr., was through my connection with the free dispensary supported by his church. Here I did charity work for several years, until my appointment to the Woman's Hospital. The Tyngs were a family of clergymen, his father being the widely known rector of famous St. George's at Stuyvesant Park, and an aggressive and more or less intolerant churchman. Young Tyng, too, was a "Low Churchman," a term little used now, since the better appella-

tion of "broad" prevails. As the jingle went at that time, it was, "low and lazy, broad and hazy, high and crazy," but the Tyngs were far from lazy, and Tyng, Jr., was a perfect dynamo of aggressive work. He was constantly kicking over the traces, and found great enjoyment in so doing. Against the protestations of a certain Dr. Boggs and Dr. Stubbs, he preached from the pulpit of a Methodist church in New Jersey. For this he was tried, convicted, and censured by the bishop. For so slight and trivial an affair it occasioned a lot of talk and newspaper comment, and I recall an editorial in one of the town dailies, headed "Tyng-a-ling, a-ling." His church was a fine, new, brick structure on the quiet corner of Madison Avenue and Forty-second Street, now one of the busiest and most congested parts of the city. The church has long since disappeared and the society dissolved, but at the time of my connection it ran its dispensary in a building near by on Forty-third Street. It was at the occasional meetings of the management that I had the opportunity of meeting and talking with Dr. Tyng. He was a comparatively young fellow like myself. About thirty, I should say, but this seemed rather young to be at the head of such a large organization with so many outlying interests. In connection with this trial of his I recall his defiant air, and the remark that he had plucked before the tail feathers of plenty of such fellows as Boggs and Stubbs. Like so many such human engines, he was a great smoker, to the detriment of body, if not of mind. The exact nature of the difficulties that led to the abandonment of his ministrations I am unable to declare, but it always seemed to me a very sad abandonment. He became connected with the Paris branch of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, and died in that city. It was his brother, the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, who, on his death-bed, used the expression, "Stand up for Jesus," which was heralded and made much of in all religious circles, as was that other expression by a dying Methodist, "Sweeping through the gates."

Through Mrs. Davies, a patient, I had occasion to know her husband, Judge Henry E. Davies, and I remember when, on first meeting him, I referred to the fact that his son, General Henry E., Jr., had commanded the brigade in which I had

served as surgeon, the great interest and pride he evinced in his son's military career. The family was notable not only because of these two, but a brother of the judge was Charles, the distinguished professor of mathematics at West Point, while another brother fought at the first battle of Bull Run and became a major general. In his early life Judge Davies was a partner of a son of Chancellor Kent, later becoming corporation counsel and justice of the Supreme Court. My remembrance of him is that of a man so genial and kindly that you felt immediately comfortable and at home in his presence. His son, the General, of whose brigade my regiment was for a time a part, I did not get to know well until after the war. He was a fearless soldier, and his fine aristocratic bearing, as he headed his command, is fresh before me to this day. Yes, he was aristocratic and exclusive, perhaps a little too much so to suit some of his more plainly-reared fellow soldiers. He was what one would call a natty man, from his carefully twisted imperial to his neatly clad feet, and I was told that, while in permanent camp, he dined apart from his staff. Some called him a martinet, but he was a good soldier. One of his staff I knew well, Henry E. Tremain, from Albany, just a boy, a bright, rollicking, reckless, yet charming fellow. He had just received his promotion to lieutenant colonel in the line, and in his first fight thereafter was wounded. He was brought back in an ambulance, got out unaided, and, as I proffered my arm, he laughed and said, "It doesn't amount to much. I don't need help." Nevertheless, within forty-eight hours he was dead. It is the way of war.

In his day Dr. William S. Mayo was fairly well known as an author, especially through his novel, "Never Again," which I read just before I formed his acquaintance. It represents very good work, and is quite interesting, although he told me that his best book was "Kaloolah," or "Journeyings to the Djebel Kumri," supposed to be the autobiography of Jonathan Romer, describing his adventures in Africa. He was the author also of "Flood and Field," or "Tales of Battle on Sea and Land." He boarded, with his wife, in "Boss" Tweed's former residence, corner of Forty-third Street and Fifth Avenue, where I made my professional visits to them.



He was surrounded by every comfort, even luxury, had nothing to do, seemingly nothing to disturb him, except his discontent with things as they were. He was seldom in an amiable mood, and my most distinct remembrance of him recalls him as he stood looking out of the window watching the pranks of the gusty March wind, complaining of the weather and everything in this country as compared with other lands not his own.

## CHAPTER XLV

DR. R. H. GILBERT—FREDERICK LOESER—BENJAMIN ALTMAN  
JOHN JAY—CAPTAIN E. L. G. ZALINSKI

THE public who now ride on and are deafened by the eternal clangor of the Metropolitan system of elevated roads, little reckon its small beginning, or of him whose name was first associated with it. In the seventies a Dr. R. H. Gilbert came to me professionally. The stress and strain of life had been too much for him. His nervous system was a wreck, and he lived not many years after. He it was who was the originator, or at least the most efficient advocate, of the system of elevated travel, and the first construction for this system in this city went by his name. The Ninth Avenue road was originally the Gilbert Road, but his name was soon dropped as he lost control, and now is hardly a memory. The fame and wealth looked for by him went to others. What the merits of the case were I do not know, but I found him a broken and disappointed man, with tales of imperious and unjust treatment. It is simply another illustration, too often seen, that he who originates reaps not always the reward.

Frederick Loeser was a man of whom I saw much both in a professional and a friendly way, and for whom I had a profound respect and liking. He was gradually getting away from the great Brooklyn business which he had built up with laborious care and foresight, and was beginning to enjoy some of the leisure and bits of travel that he had so well earned. He told me much of his early history. How he had come to this country, poor and friendless, and had taken up the life of a common peddler with his pack on his back. In character he represented the higher type of the Jewish race, although he had no affiliation with the Jewish religion. He was one of the founders of the Society of Ethical Culture, of which Felix Adler is the head in this city, and to many good works he was a liberal contributor. It has been written that a man's "religion is the chief fact with regard to him." But the same writer goes on to say that by religion he does not mean the

church creed that is professed or the articles of faith that are signed, "for," adds he, "we see men of all kinds of professed creeds, and no creeds, attain to almost all degrees of worth or worthlessness, under each or any of them." Loeser professed no creed excepting the creed of right living and sane thinking. In a future life he seemed little interested—only in the life that was consciously his. His real feeling about the matter was concisely expressed as we were driving one day on a country road during one of my visits to his country home. An old country farmer with horse and chaise approached, both typical of what had been seen for generations in that country. As we passed, Loeser nodded his head and remarked, "that is my idea of immortality, from father to son, one generation followeth another." I shall always remember him as a man who, although with no creed, appreciated his vital relations to this mysterious universe and his duties here as few men do, and who lived a life that might well be emulated by those who think they have a better understanding of and a closer relation to the Infinite.

Benjamin Altman was a man of another order. Unquestionably he had many excellent traits of character, and the Altman collection in the Metropolitan Museum of Art indicates his devotion to art. As I met Mr. Altman but once, I can have very little to say about him, but that meeting was in a way so interesting and amusing that I venture to give it. I had heard of Mr. Altman as a masterful and perhaps imperious man, and when his physician, Dr. Newton Shaffer, the well-known orthopedic surgeon, requested me to see him in consultation, my curiosity was aroused. At the appointed hour I went to his apartments. Mr. Altman eyed me keenly as I met him, and after my examination asked me if I could help him. I answered that I thought I could. "Do you think you can cure me in a week or two?" To this I answered, "No," as he had been ill for a long time. "My opinion is," he said, "if you don't succeed in a week you will not succeed at all." "Mr. Altman," I replied, "you have built up a great business, which clearly shows your commercial ability, but when you tell me in my profession what I can and what I cannot do, you speak from the fullness of your ignorance rather

than your knowledge." I think we were all rather astonished at my reply, including the attending physician who had called me, and for a moment a painful silence prevailed. Finally Mr. Altman broke the silence by saying that he had been thinking of trying "hot air." "Mr. Altman," I said, "if you have your mind on hot air, I would advise you to try it," and so the interview ended. A few days after I met the doctor in the street. "Mr. Altman," he said, "didn't like what you said to him the other day." "I suppose not," was my reply, "and an apology is due you for speaking as I did to your patient." "Not at all. I am glad you did, for that paid him back for some things he has said to me." I always gaze curiously at the countenance of Mr. Altman, as the eyes look down on one from the wall of the Museum of Art where his picture hangs. It impresses me as being far weaker, but more benignant than when I first encountered him.

I had often seen John Jay from afar. At the Alpha Delta Phi conventions and banquets he was a familiar figure, and his kindly rubicund face and commanding figure were an asset to any gathering. After a serious accident which he experienced, I got to know him better in a professional way. He was the third of his name, and although an eminently modest man he did not conceal an honest pride in his ancestry. He talked of anti-slavery days, and referred to his efforts in advocacy of the admission of a colored church to the Episcopal Convention. In this he followed in the footsteps of his grandfather, Chief Justice Jay, of whom it was said that he did more to abolish negro bondage in his own state than any other man, while his father, Judge William Jay, was foremost in the subsequent anti-slavery movement. John Jay, 3rd, was born in 1817 and died in 1894. He was at one time minister to Austria, and was counsel for many fugitive slaves. The serious accident that rendered him helpless and hastened his end he accepted with the resignation of a well-poised mind, and when I offered him sympathy, he replied in his gentle way, "Yes, it is a good deal of a bore."

One October day in 1864 I found myself on an overcrowded steamer on my way to rejoin my regiment at the front, during

the siege of Petersburg and Richmond. I saw a rosy-cheeked boy of not more than fourteen or fifteen years wandering aimlessly about. He wore the shoulder-straps of a second lieutenant; and, engaging him in conversation, I found that he, too, was returning to duty as one of the staff of General Nelson A. Miles. He had no stateroom, and I invited him to share mine. It seems that in a spirit of adventure he had a few months before made his way to the front, fraternizing with the non-commissioned officers and enlisted men of General Miles' headquarters, and finally attracting the attention of the General himself. Through influence, President Lincoln made him a second lieutenant and now though but a boy he was a full-fledged staff officer, probably the youngest in the Army of the Potomac. At City Point we parted, and a few weeks after, at the battle of Hatcher's Run, I caught a glimpse of him as he galloped over the field on some duty. During the years following the war I often thought of the boy and wondered what had become of him. I could not recall his name, only that it was Polish. At a Loyal Legion gathering many years later I was introduced to Captain E. L. G. Zalinski, the somewhat noted inventor of the dynamite gun, and I found the rosy-cheeked boy of 1864 had merged into this stout, bronzed, bearded man of the nineties. Zalinski was a versatile, cheery character, but I believe that his gun did not prove altogether a success. At the early age of forty-six he was stricken with apoplexy and came to me. For some years, even when able to get around only by the aid of a wheel chair and an attendant, he frequently came to Loyal Legion and Post meetings. Always cheerful and optimistic, and ready for a joke, he was game to the last.

## CHAPTER XLVI

REV. THOMAS R. SLICER—MONCURE D. CONWAY—WILLIAM  
ASTOR—J. K. EMMET—REV. ISAAC K. FUNK—ROBERT  
A. MCCURDY—ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

THE well-known Unitarian minister, Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, D.D., I have pleasure in referring to in these sketches, not only because of his gifts of thought and ready speech, but because in a professional way I gained a high place in his confidence, perhaps not for any skill or unusual insight on my part, but on account of a lamentable lack of these on the part of others. The son of a Methodist minister of some distinction in Baltimore, Slicer himself became a Methodist minister. In the shouting revivals in an earlier day of that denomination, I remember his zeal and activity in urging the unrepentant to the mourners' bench. His emotional nature had full sway without let or hindrance. In a few years he tired of this, and we find him preaching as a Congregational minister, and soon after he became a Unitarian. He ministered for some years among a fine people in Providence, R. I. Thence he went to Buffalo, and while there he was active in civil affairs and other good work outside his church. During this time I attended a medical convention at Buffalo and met an old friend, a distinguished surgeon of that city, who indeed operated upon President McKinley. He was an Episcopalian, my own denomination, and when I asked him about my old friend, Slicer, he immediately stiffened. "Slicer," he said, "is a dangerous man, and does more harm to young men in a religious way than any man in Buffalo." It was an amazing estimate of another man's work which could only count for good. It was a strong arraignment of the critical sanity of my good friend, the medical doctor, and can only be explained by the fact that he mistook creeds for religion, and thought that the one was as vital as the other. From Buffalo, Dr. Slicer came to New York as minister of All Souls' Church, to succeed the famous Dr. Bellows, famous not only as a minister but as the founder of

the greater Sanitary Commission of the Civil War. While Dr. Slicer was minister in Providence he came to my office in great distress of mind, saying that his physician had told him he was suffering from the beginnings of locomotor ataxia, and that whatever he had to do, he should do quickly. After I had examined him very carefully and thoroughly, he appealingly asked, "What do you think, Doctor?" "Mr. Slicer," I replied, "so far as locomotor ataxia is concerned, you will live a hundred years." The eagerness with which he received this assertion can better be imagined than described. In diagnosis an unpardonable error had been made, causing intense mental suffering. Later in life he again came to me, very blue. He said that a physician had told him that he had synovitis (water on the knee), and that he might be laid up for many months. As there was nothing of the kind, I was able to so reassure him, but who can overestimate the culpability of such ignorance on the part of the medical man? Notwithstanding my two experiences with the same person, such flagrant examples of false diagnosis, however, are rare.

The Grolier Club published Slicer's book, "From Poet to Premier," limiting the edition to twelve hundred and fifty copies, one of which he presented to me. In it he writes most interestingly and feelingly of six men, all born in the same year, 1809. The article on Lincoln is especially good, but each is worthy of the personality of which it treats.

At a meeting of the Authors' Club one evening I had the privilege of sitting with my friend, Dr. Titus Munson Coan, whose guest I was, at the same round table with Dr. Slicer and Moncure D. Conway. Conway had long given up his preaching in London, and although then an old man, was intellectually as vigorous as ever. Although bred a Methodist, he was, like Emerson, plainly beyond the traditions even of Unitarianism. He was positively and absolutely materialistic, and that evening these two clever men, holding different views regarding man's destiny, had a free field. Slicer was ready and even brilliant, but compared with the deep, philosophic tone of Conway's arguments, those of Slicer seemed superficial and suffered by comparison. Conway would admit of no premises for discussion that were not founded upon demonstrated facts, and so easily held the advantage.

If it be an honor to hold professional relationships with persons of enormous wealth, then I have been somewhat honored in my time. The overshadowing dignity of a great office oftentimes uplifts the man who holds it, but great wealth alone seldom does so.

One day a gentleman came to me, soliciting my professional services. He did not give his name, and on leaving paid his fee in cash. He came many times thereafter, but soon left his card on my table, on which was inscribed the name William Astor. Mrs. Astor accompanied him one morning, and she, too, became a patient. He was about to sail for Europe, and it was agreed that I should attend his wife, subsequently the famous leader of New York society, at her home, and suggested that, as the treatment might be prolonged, I should make the charges as reasonable as possible. As I had at first, when he came incognito, very much underestimated Mr. Astor's financial status, and had undercharged rather than overcharged him, his precaution seemed to me somewhat unnecessary. At every visit to Mrs. Astor she, too, paid me in cash. I remember seeing her son, John Jacob, then a boy, playing about the house. It was his sad fate to go down with the murdered *Lusitania*. Never was I made to feel more uncomfortable in any professional association. Not that I was treated with distinct discourtesy, but there hovered in the atmosphere a nameless something which bore heavily upon my *amour propre*, and which seemed to indicate Mrs. Astor's sense of my inferiority and that my presence was simply tolerated. A number of visits were made followed by appointments for subsequent days. One morning, however, a servant from the house brought to my office the apparatus which I had been using, and dumped it in the hallway without a word of explanation. And thus was I dismissed. I was not sorry for my dismissal, but should have preferred it in some other manner. This William Astor was the second of that name, and the third in descent from the original John Jacob Astor, the founder of the enormous real estate holdings of the Astor family. At that time Mr. Astor lived in a spacious brick building on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, and on the other corner was the house of his brother, the second John Jacob Astor, whose son, preferring England



to America, has been for many years an English subject. His wealth has yielded him a peerage. The father of these two, William Astor, Sr., at that time lived nearby on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street.

The William Astor whom I knew seemed to me rather a cypher in affairs civic and social, and devoted to his own amusements such as they were. His name was seldom seen in connection with the ultra-fashionable functions of the day, where his wife's name was supreme.

The quaint and old-fashioned simplicity of their lowly-born ancestor stands forth in amusing contrast to the aristocratic social status of a later generation of Astors. To an acquaintance, worth only a million, Astor is credited with saying that the former was just as happy as if he were rich, and that he himself (Astor) got only his board and clothes. In that interesting and informing book, "The Diary of James Gallatin," the American ambassador to France, "Mr. Astor" is often mentioned. The latter evidently had high admiration for the ability and character of Albert Gallatin, the distinguished grandfather of the author of the diary, and wished to take him into partnership with a fifth share in a business whose profits were \$100,000 a year. Mr. Gallatin refused and his reputed reason was that, although he respected Mr. Astor, he never could place himself upon the same level with him. "Whereupon," the diarist comments, "I am not surprised, as Astor was a butcher's son at Waldorf, came as an emigrant to this country with a pack on his back. He peddled furs, was very clever, and is, I believe, one of the kings of the fur trade. He dined here, and ate his ice cream and peas with a knife." Later he writes: "Really Mr. Astor is dreadful. Father has to be civil to him (this was in Paris), as in 1812-13 he rendered great services to the Treasury. He came to *déjeuner* to-day. We were simply *en famille*, he sitting next to Frances. He actually wiped his fingers on the sleeves of her fresh white spencer. Mamma in discreet tones said, 'Oh, Mr. Astor, I must apologize, they have forgotten to give you a serviette.' I think he felt foolish."

In his day all theatregoers knew of J. K. Emmet, the actor. In his line he was supreme, not only in the crowds he drew,

but in the money he made. His wife was for a long time a patient of mine, and Emmet, alert, talkative, and good-naturedly egotistical, frequently came to my office with her. On one occasion I said that I had secured seats for her husband's famous performance, which he had given hundreds of times. She seemed somewhat disappointed since the "great dog" which, as she explained, would add so much to the effectiveness of the play, needed further drilling, and it was not the intention to have him appear until the following performance. In order that we might see him, however, she would get her husband to call a special rehearsal, which I understood was done. At all events, the dog appeared in the play and we flattered ourselves that we were the recipients of an unusual compliment. Emmet began life as a house painter in the West, St. Louis, I think, and of their early married life Mrs. Emmet told me much. In his early stage life, before fame came to him, his hardships were those of many another star. Mrs. Emmet told of their struggles with poverty, and their hard life of travel in fulfilling second- or third-class engagements. In his palmy days, his income became so great that our actor launched into all sorts of extravagant expenditures. He built a fine mansion in the outskirts of Albany, but when days of distress came and he was obliged to part with it, it came into the possession of a famous democrat, ex-Governor Hill, afterwards senator.

It was drink that ruined Emmet. He had spells of chronic exaltation. His fame as an actor made him superior in his own estimation to other men. Drink finally overmastered him and wrought his ruin; not all at once, but the intervals of sobriety grew less and less, and the length of the debauch greater and greater. Once, for two years, as Mrs. Emmet told me, he kept in this chronic state, and during this time she did not see him. Finally he returned, worn, ragged and penitent. Notwithstanding these dreadful ways, he seemed to be most fond of his wife, and when money was coming in he would lavish on her anything she wished. He could not be induced, however, to settle upon her any sum of money. He did not wish her to be independent of him, but Mrs. Emmet was wise and far-seeing, for instead of spending everything he gave her, she carefully saved until she had some

\$30,000. I remember her anxiety about her son, who subsequently went on the stage and reproduced some of his father's plays. She counselled with me in regard to what she considered some of her son's wayward ways, and confessed that even as a boy he was allowed to have his own separate bank account and check book. Finally the boy's bank account was taken away, and he was allowed but fifty cents a week, extremes of treatment which were far from wise. Finally, a separation took place. Later the father died, the victim of his indulgences, and of the mother's fate I never knew. But she, too, probably has passed away long ere this.

One peculiarity of Emmet's addiction to drink was this: He did not drink convivially. When the "spell" came over him, as his wife called it, he would go alone and drink, and not with boon companions. Poor fellow, it was not vice, I take it, that held him in its grip, but inebriety, a veritable malady, as surely fatal in most cases as the most deadly disease.

Dr. Isaac K. Funk founded the firm of Funk and Wagnalls, so well known as a publishing house. He came to me for treatment for what is termed white atrophy of the optic nerve. It was finally determined that my treatment could do nothing for him, and he gradually lost his sight. Dr. Funk was in many ways an interesting character, and his business ability was evidenced by his success and prominence as a publisher. He founded the *Literary Digest*, and issued the *Standard Dictionary*. He had fads, one of which was simplified spelling, and the other, psychic phenomena. He was the author of a book entitled, "The Widow's Mite," a copy of which he presented to me. It was about a coin dating from the time of Christ, and which had been in the possession of Henry Ward Beecher. This coin disappeared, and without going into details and explanations, most of which indeed, as told by Dr. Funk, have escaped me, it is sufficient to say that on the occasion of a spiritualistic *séance* in Brooklyn, at which the doctor was present, the medium said that the coin would be found in a certain obscure corner of the big safe in the publishing house of Funk and Wagnalls. Search was made and it was found. There can be no question concerning Dr. Funk's sincerity and

honesty. He evidently did not wish to be considered a spiritualist, and said that his mind was open and he only told the facts observed along this line of research. I was indeed impressed by his sincerity, but could easily see that there was a vein of credulity in his nature that over-matched his reasoning faculties. He placed too much confidence in human testimony and failed to eliminate the sources of error that made null and void the statements of the average man in dealing with the occult. I think he really believed in spiritualistic phenomena, but persuaded himself that he did not quite believe in it, so as not to be classed as a spiritualist.

To the house of Robert McCurdy, the elder, father of Robert A. McCurdy, former president of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, I was called to see his niece, a Mrs. Salisbury, wife of Professor Salisbury of Yale. Mr. McCurdy was the grandfather of twin sisters, one of whom married Alexander Graham Bell, the well-known inventor of the telephone, and it is because of a certain interesting reminiscence relating to the latter that I refer to this professional relationship. Mr. McCurdy was chatty and agreeable, and like all elderly persons fond of retrospection. On one of my visits he told me that he had just received a letter from his daughter, Mrs. Bell, who was then abroad. He read it to me with evident pride, for it was cleverly written and abounded in interesting descriptive matter. "In this room," he said, "my granddaughter, Mrs. Bell, when a child, was severely ill with scarlet fever, which left her perfectly deaf." When the twins had grown up, Mr. Bell, then a young man, with neither fame nor fortune, became a frequent visitor. There was no question of his deep interest, and it was supposed that the interest centered in the sister who could hear. But no, it was the other who claimed his special affection, and whom he finally married. Mr. McCurdy had much to say about his distinguished son-in-law's subsequent career, all of which is now known to the world. To choose a wife who is deaf, is without question a wonderful tribute to the gifts and graces of the one so chosen.

I recently read in the morning papers that Alexander Graham Bell, who sent the first telephone message forty-one years ago, and who has now reached his seventieth year, has

received the Civic Forum medal of honor for distinguished public service. The original telephone instrument was exhibited, and a large map was shown on which was outlined, by means of small electric lights, the course of the transcontinental telephone line from New York to San Francisco.

Dr. Bell is a very modest man, and in his speech he endeavored to share his honors with those who had been associated with him in developing the telephone; he admitted that he might have some credit for blazing the trail, but was embarrassed with the honor which had been done him, because much of it should go to the many men who have since improved upon and extended its use. "Why," said he, "I am not even able to understand some of the mechanisms which have been introduced into the use of the telephone. When they telephoned from Arlington and were heard at Eiffel Tower in Paris, I could not see how it was done, nor could I understand how an operator in Hawaii was able to pick up the message." Dr. Bell told how, shortly after he got the idea of the telephone in 1874, he had called on Professor Henry at the Smithsonian Institution, who was then recognized as the greatest authority on electricity in America. Professor Henry listened to his plan kindly, and told him that he thought he had the germ of a great invention. "I told him that the trouble was that I did not have enough knowledge of electricity," said Dr. Bell. He answered, "Get it." And here comes a rather interesting and unusual proposition. It is to the effect that if he had known much about electricity, he would never have invented the telephone. He would have thrown up the idea as wildly improbable, for his study had been that of sound alone.

## CHAPTER XLVII

ADRIAN ISELIN—GEORGE KEMP—JAMES B. HAGGIN  
J. HOOKER HAMERSLY—THE COLGATES  
ASA PACKER

**A**DRIAN ISELIN, SR., was a fine old New Yorker, who came to me many times and whom I got to know very well, as I did his son-in-law, Col. Delancey Kane, so well known in New York society and in sporting circles a generation ago. Mr. Iselin was of Swiss descent, and was born in Switzerland, I think. He was proud of that little land and of his ancestry. This was evidenced when on one occasion there were some false, irresponsible rumors concerning financial irregularity connected with the name of one of his family. "The name of Iselin, such as it is, has remained untarnished through five hundred years," said he to me. Mr. Iselin was an ideal patient, and how obedient he was to the behest of his family physician and the suggestion of his wife, I had occasion to know. I had several times relieved him of rheumatic attack by physical methods. It seems that these visits to me were unknown to his family physician, who was an acquaintance of mine. When Mrs. Iselin mentioned the matter to him, he was very much disturbed. "This is all wrong," he said; "I should have been consulted. The treatment is in no way indicated and may do harm, and must be stopped at once." Mr. Iselin, with that fine sense of courtesy that always characterized him, came to my office personally to inform me of the decision of the conclave, but I am very sure that personally he regretted the decision.

Unquestionably Mr. Iselin was more or less of an aristocrat, but his was the aristocracy not so much of wealth as of good manners, associated with genuine kindness of feeling toward his fellow men of whatsoever degree. I was impressed by his charitable judgments of men and affairs. He seemed to me a man of great purity of character.

In the early seventies of the last century, there was a brutal murder which set all New York agog and became almost a

national sensation. A gentleman, Avery D. Putnam, was in a Broadway horse car escorting a lady home from the theatre. He had some words with a surly and boisterous young fellow by the name of Foster, who was somewhat under the influence of liquor. As Mr. Putnam alighted from the car, Foster, who had deliberately detached a car hook from its place, was awaiting him and struck him a deadly blow. The murderer was caught, and after a long trial was convicted and hanged. The uncle of the criminal was a Mr. George Kemp, a very wealthy wholesale drug merchant, well known in commercial circles, and whose descendants are equally well known in the fashionable life of the day. It so happened that the brother of the murdered man, and Mr. Kemp, the uncle of the murderer, were both at the time under my professional care. With the latter the painful subject was never discussed, but Mr. Putnam talked freely about it. There had been an unusual number of arrests without convictions in other murder cases, and the public was in an excitable frame of mind. This murderer had been caught red-handed and the press universally clamored for justice. The Kemp money was poured lavishly out for the defence and for the honor of the name, while the Putnams, without fortune, strove as vigorously with tongue and pen for the prosecution. The latter won and the murderer was in due course convicted and executed. Mr. Putnam, in his conversations with me, disclaimed any feelings of vindictiveness, and his manner and words all supported this statement. He felt that he was performing a sacred duty to the memory of his brother and to the public as well. Mr. Kemp was a large, fine-looking man, altogether a gentleman in appearance, having risen, as I understood, from the humble position of a porter to the head of a great establishment. I think that his natural temperament was rather stern and uncompromising, and this associated with an irritability due to physical causes, often rendered him quick to be unjust. On one occasion he was driven to the office in a cab. He paid the man and a moment after opened the window and called to him, and asserted that he had not received the correct change. The driver defended himself, whereupon Mr. Kemp spoke harshly, called him an evil name, and said he would never hire him again. Glancing down, he saw

the missing bill on the floor, whereupon, instead of apologizing, or even indicating that he had found the bill, he instantly shut the window, and the poor fellow went away conscious of his innocence, and yet under a cloud.

Mr. Kemp was, I think, more or less of a "rounder." By a "rounder," I mean a rich patient who goes from one doctor to another, thus helping to fill many pockets without much good to himself. After a while his visits to me ceased for a time. Happening in the office of my former associate, Dr. Beard, one day, Mr. Kemp was announced. Under a certain impulse, not caring to meet him and knowing that he would not care to meet me, I stepped into an adjoining small room, from which there was no egress, and thus found myself imprisoned for a full half hour while Beard was engaged with my former patient. Beard took in the full humor of the situation, drawing my name into the conversation, but I am bound to say that my old patient said nothing that caused any tingling of the ears. Indeed, he soon left Beard and came back to me, of which fact I was not slow to let the latter know. Mr. Kemp was the owner of the Buckingham Hotel, opposite the Catholic Cathedral, in which he took great pride. Entering the hotel one morning, I saw Mr. Kemp at a little distance, and was about passing without again looking when he accosted me very pleasantly. I think he was conscious of his occasional lapses from good nature in the past, for when I asked him how he was, he answered that he was feeling very well and was rather more amiable than he used to be.

The coincidences that occur in one's relationships with other people are often interesting. A Mr. Nash owned a very fine brown-stone house on Fifth Avenue, adjoining the Buckingham Hotel, and while coming to me, unburdened his mind of a great grievance. It seems that the owner of the Buckingham had discovered that the great front stoop of the dwelling house impinged a few inches on his property. It was doing no harm, and, so long as he had been ignorant of the fact, had occasioned no annoyance. Now, however, he was up in arms. He ordered its instant removal, but the other demurred. Suit was brought, and during the interregnum I was the recipient of both sides of the case. Law, however, was on the side of



the Buckingham, and our friend, perforce, removed the encroaching stones.

Truly the vagaries of man passeth understanding. Directly in the rear of Mr. Kemp's Fifth Avenue house stood another fine house with two or three windows, one above another, which overlooked the other's backyard. When the Fifth Avenue house was built, its owner ordered the owner of the house in the rear to seal these windows. The other demurred, as in the other case, Mr. Nash had demurred. He had for so long enjoyed the benefits of additional outlook, light, and air that he was loath to give them up. He offered to put in opaque glass windows that would not open, so that light might at least be left him. But Mr. Kemp was inexorable, and as nothing was done, he himself at some expense, erected a cut-out that covered each window from top to bottom. The mistake was made, however, of fastening this barrier to the other's house, who in exercise of his inalienable right had the fastenings quickly cut away and the whole thing fell to the ground. At still greater expense, Mr. Kemp put up another obscurator not at all interfering with his adversary's house, and to this day it still stands, mute evidence not alone of a tempest in a teapot, but of the foolishness of man.

In my brief professional relationship with Mr. James B. Haggin, I found him a thoroughly genial and friendly old man. He died recently, joining the vast majority of my old patients of special note. By this, however, it must not be inferred that I was in any measure instrumental in causing such a wholesale demise! In fact it may rather be said that, in spite of me, most of my patients lived to a ripe old age! Strange to say, I had never heard of such a man as James B. Haggin, and when I called him Hagin, he said shortly, but pleasantly enough, "My name is Haggin, sir, Haggin." He was not very rich, as compared with some other patients mentioned in these pages—Vanderbilt, Astor, and Moses Taylor; yet his estate settled up for something over twenty millions. He was always a mining man, and the foundation of his fortune was laid in early California days. He was also one of the leading thoroughbred breeders in the country, and owned the well-known Elmendorf Stud Farm at Lexington, Ky.

This stock farm, he told me, consisted of about eight thousand acres of land which was appraised after his death at some two million dollars. He was not averse to talking about his early beginnings, and when I asked him some questions about such a great stock farm as he owned, showing my ignorance in such matters, he said he should be glad to have me come to Kentucky some day and see it. His invitation was indefinite and he had about the same expectation of my accepting it, I imagine, as did Mr. Astor when he said he would like me to go off with him on his yacht some day.

If Mr. J. Hooker Hamersley was neither very notable nor very interesting, some members of his family were decidedly so. I saw much of this Mr. Hamersley in the nineties, and something also of his charming wife, who was a Miss Chisholm, and also a patient of mine. She was a devoted mother, and I recall a remark she made to me regarding her own children—"that whatever befalls, one must stick by them." These two, a boy and a girl, I believe now inherit the family fortune. Mr. Hamersley was very amiable and democratic, and yet quite unmistakably proud of his forbears and the family names. He was very religious so far as creed went, evidently sincere, and a man of good works. In theology, however, he was as narrow as a line, being a rather bigoted adherent of the old-fashioned Low-Church section of Episcopalianism. He was in greater sympathy with any kind of non-conformist faith than with anything savoring of High Churchism. To be a Methodist or a Baptist was better than being a High Churchman. In making that assertion to me I was able to counter it, and so in a way to show the absurdity of such petty distinctions, by referring to the views of an old friend who was himself a High Churchman, good and honest, too. He was a clergyman, and with such prejudices and narrowness of view that I verily believe he would have countenanced almost atheism and no religion, rather than the religion of one of the outside sects.

Poor human nature, where too often blind belief means more than evidence! I said that Mr. Hamersley was proud of his name, and in a way rightly so. He claimed to be a direct descendant of Hugo le Kinge, who went to England

about 1366, and acquired large estates known as Hamersley, from which the family name was derived. However that may be, his great-grandfather was William Hamersley, who was born in England in 1687, came to this country, became a vestryman of Trinity, and is buried there, as is his son Andrew and his grandson Lewis Carri Hamersley. John W. Hamersley of the following generation, born in 1808 and father of our John Hooker, led the easy opulent life of his forbears. He had literary ambitions, one of his productions bearing the curious and rather ambiguous title of "Chemical Changes in the Eucharist." Among other families from which Mr. Hamersley claimed descent or intimate connection were the Hookers (the Puritan Hooker who emigrated with his flock and founded Hartford), the Livingstons, Stuyvesants, Beekmans, Van Cortlands, and De Peysters. I had not the heart to tell him of my own humble ancestry and family connections, of the Smiths, and Comstocks, Benedicts, Keelers, Seeleys, etc. I believe that I did mention the fact that my great-grandmother was a Hawley, and as this name had become of some social importance and accredited wealth it excited a little interest and seemed to raise me a peg in the estimation of my good friend.

His peculiar religious prejudices were very similar to an old medical acquaintance of mine who, too, was an ardent Low Churchman, as well as strong and old-fashioned in his medical beliefs. Speaking of a well-known and popular Low-Church clergyman, who by all the ties of doctrine he should have loved, he said that he would on no account attend his ministrations because he was a homeopathist. The spicy part of the Hamersley name, however, is associated with Louis, a cousin of James Hooker, who married a Miss Lily Price of Troy, N. Y. She was a daughter of a Commodore Price of the United States Navy, and as a child lived nearly opposite the residence of my wife's family; so as children the two became playmates. After her husband's death, she married the Duke of Marlborough, father of the present Duke, who married Miss Vanderbilt.

Centenarians are so rare in fact notwithstanding the many claims made for that great age, that a well-authenticated case

is always notable, and especially if the person is well known to one. Very recently, Mrs. James B. Colgate, widow of the late banker of that name, passed away in her one hundred and second year. Some forty years ago I came to know Mrs. Colgate very well through my professional association with Mrs. Colby, the sister of her husband, James B. Colgate. Mrs. Colgate being the sister of Mr. Colby, there was thus a double relationship. In the winters the Colgates lived with the Colbys in town, while in summer the latter lived with the former in their fine mansion on the banks of the Hudson. The Colgates have always been excellent people, and from Mrs. Colby I learned the facts of her grandfather's flight from England to this country. He was a man of extremely radical views, and so outspoken in his sympathy for America and France in their struggle for liberty that the government decided that he should be suppressed. His name was one of a list of seven men "who were to be made an example of." William Pitt, with whom he went to school as a boy, was his friend, and sent a private messenger from London warning him of his peril and urging him to leave the country. Robert Colgate gave heed, and within two weeks set sail with his family for America.

In a small way his son began the manufacture of soap, and to-day a great clock in Jersey City which tells the voyager up and down the Hudson the time of day, marks the spot of their factory, grown from small beginnings to one of the greatest business developments of the country. William Colgate, the father of my patient, started the business in 1806, in a two-story brick building in Dutch Street, and it is now controlled, after a prosperous existence of one hundred and ten years, by his five grandchildren, all brothers and sons of Samuel Colgate, who succeeded his father. James B. Colgate, the other brother whom I have mentioned, was a banker. His was a great name in the world of Baptists, and he was fond of reminding others of his liberal contributions to that sect and to its institutions, notably Colgate University.

Mr. Robert Colgate, another brother, I also knew well in a professional way. For many years he suffered from a form of paralysis that rendered him quite helpless, but he was al-

ways genial and considerate, free from vanity, with a most pleasing personality in every way.

Mr. James B. Colgate's invariable order to the waiter in his restaurant downtown, was "roast beef rare and gravy from the dish." One day returning to the Stock Exchange, the young brokers formed in a long line behind him and stepping in unison roared out, "roast beef rare and gravy from the dish." Perhaps he took it as an evidence of popularity, but I imagine it was a little bit of hazing, innocently derisive. Some years subsequently Robert Colgate, Jr., came to me, and in the course of the treatment quite an incision in the neck had to be made. A quarter of a century afterward, when I went to Flushing to live, I was told that he resided there. I had forgotten his face, but remembered the scar and was able to pick him out in a crowd. He, too, like his father, was genial and kind, and always a gentleman, and my professional association with his aunt, Mrs. Colby, in her long and painful illness, revealed a character of patience and beautiful resignation seldom equalled.

Asa Packer was a well-known Pennsylvania railroad magnate a generation or more ago, and one of the comparatively few multi-millionaires of that time. A single professional relationship with the family will enforce the fact that it is not always worth while to underestimate the value of your own services, which I must admit, has been a rather foolish habit of mine. One of that family was in a very serious condition, and her life was in danger. Dr. Marion Sims, the great surgeon, called me in and by the aid of an electrical method, then new, the life of the patient was saved. It was a case technically termed ectopic gestation, which I have spoken of in fuller detail in another part of these memoirs. The operation took but little of my time, but it seemed to me that I might reasonably charge \$500. It was with some hesitation and misgiving that I finally adopted the suggestion of my wife that \$1,000 was not too much for a multi-millionaire to pay for services that saved the life of his wife, and so a bill of \$1,000 was sent. Promptly I received a check for that amount, accompanied by words of appreciation. Although Dr. Beard was no longer associated with me in prac-

tice, yet I frequently saw him and at this time told him of the big fee that I had in mind. "A thousand dollars, a thousand dollars, a thousand dollars," echoed he in his queer way, "if a thousand dollars, why not twenty-five hundred." I demurred. "Come," he said, "you charge \$2,500, and when you get it turn over \$500 of it to me for being instrumental in doubling your money." "On one condition," I replied, "if I do not get it, you are to pay me the \$500."

## CHAPTER XLVIII

LIEUTENANT GENERAL ADNA R. CHAFFEE—MAJOR GENERAL  
WILLIAM H. CARTER—STEWART L. WOODFORD—DR. JOHN  
T. METCALFE—GENERAL THOMAS W. SWEENEY

IT is one of my most treasured remembrances that for more than forty years I was honored with the more or less intimate friendship of the gallant soldier and true man, General A. R. Chaffee, the only man who ever rose from the ranks of the regular army to its head. There were few quite like him, and his character and career ought ever to be an inspiration especially to the youth of our land. A few years ago I attended a regimental reunion at Warren, Ohio. Pointing across the street to the entrance of the court house, a veteran said to me, "Through that door, at the very outbreak of the Civil War, I saw young Chaffee pass to enlist in the regular army, where he served from almost the first battle to the closing scene at Appomattox."

General Chaffee never forgot his humble beginning as a soldier, and always his sympathies were with the man in the ranks. Though a stern and strict disciplinarian, he was no martinet. When about to leave the Philippines to take command of the Department of the East, he bade his friends good-bye and turned to go. Suddenly he remembered the faithful sentry at the door. He retraced his steps, held out his hand, and said, "Good-bye, my man. It's a long step from an enlisted man to Major General, but I took it and so may you. Do your level best." A little thing to do, but under the circumstances, how rare, and what an inspiration and never forgettable fact in that enlisted man's career.

But Chaffee was a rare man, and self-made, and it is no mean distinction to have arisen (and to be the only man who has thus arisen) from the ranks of the regular army to its head. He always seemed to me the personification of duty. He stood through his whole career for it. He was a man of action, and scorned all underhanded methods. He was mod-

esty itself, and as brave as he was modest. He was never a seeker after preferment.

What he gained he gained through worthy deeds. At the outset of the Spanish-American War, when he was appointed Brigadier General of Volunteers, he expressed regret that it came before he had earned it, failing to see that he had in reality earned it long years before. He was without envious feeling. When commander of the Military Department of the East, subsequently to his good work in China and the Philippines, I asked what were his chances for the lieutenant generalship. His answer was characteristic. "I am not kicking. General — will probably get it. He deserves it." One of his brother officers once said in my hearing, "More than any other officer in the United States Army, Chaffee measures up to every duty he is called upon to do."

I take pleasure in the thought that for forty years we have corresponded in whatever portion of the globe he happened to be. I have just finished looking over again many of these letters. Among the first is a long one, written some forty years ago, when as captain or major he was serving in the wild far West as the Indian agent for the government. His account of that wild life and the characteristics of the Indians is most interesting, but what impressed me especially was his fearless and uncompromising stand in opposition to the universal and scandalous treatment of these defenseless wards of the nation.

Cruelty, hypocrisy, insincerity, undue self-assertion, the shirking of any duty, all these were foreign to his nature. And so, when at Peking he was aroused at what he believed unnecessary slaughter by some of the German contingent, he rode up to the commanding officer and bluntly said: "This is not war; it is murder."

A letter from my cousin, Captain Bertrand Rockwell, of Kansas City, and a brother-in-law of General Chaffee, throws an interesting sidelight on the General's career. "Secretary Hay's suggestion to Root," he writes, "to send my brother-in-law, General Chaffee, to China, was wise and fortunate. Hay's insistence and Chaffee's "My men will move to-morrow morning at daylight if we go alone," undoubtedly saved the legation at Peking. In Sir Robert Hart's "These from



the Land of Sinim," is found the following: "If the Allied forces had arrived on the 15th, and not on the 14th, not one of the refugees would have escaped to tell the story of the catastrophe, and worse endings than imagination pictures might have been theirs." The Captain goes on to say, "while Chaffee was on his way to China, I travelled with him from Omaha to San Francisco, and felt that I would never see him again, as I could not understand how six thousand Americans and sixteen thousand others could successfully go against four hundred million Chinese, and I asked what his orders were. He said, 'The only orders I have now is to go after Conger, the American ambassador, and get him. No doubt will have more at San Francisco, and Nagasaki.' I have a letter from Secretary Hay in which he says that, while Chaffee's treatment of Waldersee was not diplomatic, and he had to criticise, he didn't condemn, in fact silently approved."

General Chaffee married my cousin, Miss Annie Rockwell, many years ago. It is she who tells me this story: His first wife lived but a few years, during which time she was with him at some far-distant frontier post. Unlike the discipline of later years, the officers had little to do. Time hung heavily on their hands, and to pass dreary hours there was much gambling. At a late hour the Captain, as he was then, came to his quarters and found his wife sitting up for him and weeping. There was no need to ask the reason why, so he threw into her lap his winnings for the night, amounting to \$600.00, and told her to take it and stop crying. In surprise she asked if it was hers to do with as she pleased, and being answered in the affirmative, she threw the whole amount into the blazing fire where it was promptly consumed. From that day until his death the Captain never again played cards for money. Through and through he was an honor to his country, to his profession of arms, and to our common humanity. As Colonel Roosevelt after the Spanish War wrote of him—"He is a trump all the way through."

On a day in the spring or summer of 1868, a young fellow came into our office, then located at 914 Broadway, introducing himself as Carter from the State of Tennes-

see. He told me that he held an appointment to the Military Academy at West Point, from President Andrew Johnson, but feared that the condition of his health might prevent his being accepted. This greatly disturbed him, and contributed still further to the gravity of the neurotic condition that gripped him. He was an excellent example of the neurasthenic state about which at that time so little was known, but which through the genius of Beard was soon to become a household word. A course of treatment seemed somewhat to benefit him, but as the day approached when it became necessary to present himself at West Point for examination, he grew increasingly nervous. It so happened that the examining surgeon at the Academy was Dr. E. J. Marsh, who had been during the war, surgeon-in-chief of my division. We were good friends, and armed with a letter from me to Marsh, young Carter made his way, tremblingly I imagine, towards the goal of his hopes and fears. In this letter, I made out as strong a case for my patient as possible, asserting that the disease was absolutely functional, and that time and care only were needed to restore him to complete health. To what degree my strong words were of avail I never knew, but the young man was admitted, and for years I neither saw nor heard about him.

During the Spanish-American War my cousin, Mrs. Chaffee, the wife of the General, then in Cuba, was a guest at our home in Flushing. One morning she received a letter from a Colonel Carter, at that time Assistant Adjutant General at Washington. I told my cousin of my relationship with the boy Carter in years gone by, and wondered if the two could be the same. In a subsequent letter to Mrs. Chaffee, he acknowledged the identity and was good enough to say that he "was so glad that her Dr. Rockwell was his Dr. Rockwell." Possibly he would have passed the medical examination without my aid, but I like to think that my letter had some weight, and that in a measure it was due to me that the country for so many years was served by a soldier so distinguished and worthy.

For distinguished bravery in battle with the Apache Indians, General Carter received the medal of honor August 30, 1881. Unlike most soldiers he has also achieved distinction as an author, and although now retired from active service, he still continues his interesting and instructive contributions to such

periodicals as the *North American Review* and others on subjects connected with his profession. He commanded our troops assembled on the Mexican border some years ago, and, although "retired," recently resumed important military functions in the late days of national peril.

He and Chaffee were warm friends, and he has recently written and published the biography of that fine soldier.

It was during the summer of 1856 that I first heard Stewart L. Woodford speak, followed by a friendship these many years. The Academy of Music, corner of Fourteenth Street and Irving Place, had been but recently completed and was the pride of the town. It stood on its outskirts and doubtless there were those who thought it absurd to build such a fine structure so far away. It was the famous campaign year of Fremont and Buchanan, and there was a great Republican gathering at the new Academy. The building was crowded, and I had a fine seat. The enthusiasm was intense, and after several speakers had been heard, the crowd began to call loudly for a famous lawyer named Chauncy Shaffer. The chairman came to the front when quiet had been restored, said that he would introduce to them a young man who had done good work in the campaign, and then introduced Woodford. A young man came forward who seemed to me to be not more than eighteen or twenty years of age, although he was twenty-two. He was pale and evidently frightened, and I remember well the opening lines of his ten-minute speech. He began, "When I was a little child, I loved to sit upon my mother's knee and lay my head against her heart, and feel its beatings, telling so truly of love and affection for me. So, too, in my early manhood I loved to lay my head against the people's hearts, etc." It was but a boyish speech, but because of his youth and a certain eloquence his remarks were well received and he retired amid a storm of applause. Later in the campaign he spoke in New Canaan and stayed at my father's house all night. I told him I had heard his speech at the academy a few months earlier. He was interested and said that, when he saw the great audience, he was terrified and begged to be let off. When he advanced to make his speech he was dazed and everything seemed in a whirl. To use his own expression, his pants seemed too large for his legs,

"And," said he, "if I had not known my speech as well as I know the Lord's Prayer, I should have failed utterly." Woodford's subsequent career was a notable and honorable one. In the war he reached the grade of brigadier general. If not a great lawyer, he ranked well and became lieutenant governor of the State of New York. It was thought at one time that he would be put on the ticket with Garfield for vice-president, but Arthur was chosen, and so he narrowly escaped being President. He was a good man but perhaps of hardly heavy enough timber for the position of chief executive. Subsequently, he became ambassador to Spain at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War. He was afterwards elected commander of the Loyal Legion of the State of New York, but because of ill health he never presided. He died a few months after his election.

I should indeed be wanting in a proper sense of proportion and affectionate gratitude if I failed to mention the name of Dr. John T. Metcalfe, at one time not only patient, but friend and benefactor. He was one of the princes of his profession, as truly so as Phillips Brooks was of his. Those well-known physicians, T. Gaillard Thomas and William M. Polk, began their long careers of distinguished professional service in his office, and ever held him in affectionate and reverent regard. He held for many years the chair of clinical medicine in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and his clientele included much of the highest intelligence, fashion and wealth of the metropolis. Dr. Metcalfe was a West Pointer, and though I can hardly say why, he seemed to remind me, in the essentials of his character, of that other great Southerner, Robert E. Lee. He was kindness and sympathy itself, and he never seemed happier and more in his element than when he could be of service to a fellow creature, and especially to some struggling young man of his own profession. Dr. Metcalfe was one of the first to take any sort of interest in the work that Dr. Beard and I were attempting to do, and at one time, if it had not been for his helping hand, our road would have been discouraging indeed. He believed in our sincerity, appreciated the reasonableness of our contentions, and, seeing the good results that followed the practical application of our theory, sent us many patients, among the first of whom

was Colonel Theodoré Roosevelt, then by no means a robust boy of twelve years. Doctor Metcalfe was a fine example of high-bred courtesy, but yet so great was his hatred of all sham, that he could be severe. To a professional bore whose reputation had preceded him, and before the unwelcome visitor had fairly launched his shaft, Dr. Metcalfe, quickly rising, said: "Excuse me, Doctor, I have something which I have long wanted to show you. It is the door." One of the last notes ever received from him was an acknowledgment of the receipt of a copy of the sixth edition of "The Medical and Surgical Uses of Electricity," which we were privileged to dedicate to him. He wrote in his characteristic fashion: "My dear Rockwell:—You have always been too good to me, and as you grow older you don't seem to get any better. Let me thank you most heartily for the honor done my poor name in placing it so conspicuously to the fore in your excellent book. Need I say how much pleasure I have in contrasting your present eminence with that painful life of hard struggle in which you were engaged when I first knew you. As ever, faithfully and sincerely yours, John T. Metcalfe."

The struggle of which he speaks he did not know of at the time. It was only afterwards that I alluded to it, to his manifest surprise.

One summer's day a few years after the close of the Civil War, while driving along the country roads around New Canaan with Captain Chaffee—later Lieutenant General Chaffee and Chief of Staff—we overtook a one-armed pedestrian. I knew him to be General Thomas W. Sweeny, and halting, I introduced myself and the Captain. I felt sure that, as old soldiers, they would be glad to meet each other, both having served throughout the Civil War, and Sweeny also in the Mexican War, where he lost one arm. Subsequently, General Sweeny consulted me professionally, and I got to know him rather intimately, when he told me something of his varied and interesting experiences in the Mexican and Civil Wars, and earlier still, among the Indians. General Sweeny was an exceptionally modest man, and seldom spoke of his experiences voluntarily. It was only by questioning that I became fairly well acquainted with his career, and so I am able to tell a thing

or two concerning him that will not be found in the sketch of his life in the "National Cyclopaedia of Biography."

Under General Sherman he commanded a division in the corps of General Grenville M. Dodge and in one of our conversations he told me something about the battle of Atlanta, in which his division took a prominent part. I then remarked: "General Sweeny, I do not see your name in connection with the March to the Sea following the battle of Atlanta." "No," he replied, "after this fight I was deprived of my command and placed under arrest. About noon on the day of this battle," he went on to say, "my command had halted, and the men were getting their coffee, when the sound of furious fighting in the distance determined me to take advantage of a commanding officer's discretionary powers in an emergency, and without orders I hastened with my division to the firing line."

He was sorely needed and the division did effective service in repulsing the attack, besides capturing four battle flags and nine hundred prisoners. General Frank P. Blair congratulated Sweeny on his timely arrival, and said that his services would not be forgotten. It seems that there was a lack of cordial relations between Sweeny and General Dodge, his corps commander. At General Dodge's headquarters the next day an altercation occurred between the two generals relating to the battle just fought. The lie passed between them, followed by the military enormity of the subordinate striking his superior. Sweeny was placed under arrest, but appealed to General Sherman to be allowed to go with his command to the sea. Sherman consoled him with the assurance that all the hard fighting had been done and the march through Georgia would be an easy affair.

Confirmatory of this encounter with his commanding general, Sweeny referred to a letter of General Sherman's in the official record in which, naming General Sweeny, Sherman said: "He hoped no injustice would be done to so brave and deserving an officer."

In 1866 Sweeny took part, if he did not command, in the Fenian invasion of Canada—a quixotic scheme. For this he was disciplined by our government, but later, in view of his patriotic services, he was restored to his former rank in the regular army.

## CHAPTER XLIX

JOSEPH COOK—REV. WILLIAM H. H. MURRAY—GOVERNOR  
DANIEL HENRY CHAMBERLAIN—MARC KLAW—CAPTAIN  
FREDERICK HOBART

THE first three of these notable and somewhat famous men in their day were all classmates and friends of my partner Dr. Beard, at Yale College, and came occasionally to our office either on friendly visits or for professional advice. Joseph Cook was a singularly interesting character. Websterian in physique, and with a majestic delivery, he captured his audiences always, and for some years he held sway in Boston as its most popular lecturer. His Boston Monday Lectures in 1873 and '74 drew crowded audiences at Tremont Temple. They were devoted mostly to the subjects of religion, science, and current reforms, and, as he attempted to harmonize modern science with the teachings of the Bible, he was regarded with much favor by all the churches, without regard to denomination.

In 1880, he was invited to make a lecturing tour of the world, and was greeted by immense audiences everywhere. Two of his most popular lectures, as I seem to remember, were: "Does Death End All?" and "Certainties in Religion." He wrote many books in the line of his work, and the one on biology was revised and corrected by Dr. Beard.

I recall my first meeting with Joseph Cook, as he was walking along the street with Dr. Beard. He was at the full flood of his popularity, and I was quite overwhelmed with the cordial grandeur of his greeting. He spoke of our professional work, and in his explosive manner said: "I am proud of you, sir—proud of you both." After a few moments' conversation I passed on, but in a moment he turned and called out in stentorian tones: "If you find out anything new in physiology, let me know, will you?"

Cook was born near Lake George, and had a pleasant country place in that region. I called upon him one day while spending a little time in the neighborhood, and was welcomed

in his characteristic, cordial manner. When about to leave I said to him: "Are you aware, Mr. Cook, that you have been mistaken for Mark Twain?" "Why no," he replied with a somewhat surprised expression of countenance.

"The story is," I said, "that an honest farmer went to Boston to hear Mark Twain, but instead found himself in the Old South Church, and listened to one of your fine discourses of high import. He did not discover his mistake, but went home meditating perhaps on the qualities of humor. On reaching his home, his family inquired with much interest if he had heard Mark Twain. He admitted that he had heard him. "And was he funny?" he was asked. "Yes," said the farmer, slowly and somewhat doubtfully, "he was funny;" and then with a little more animation, "but he weren't so darn funny."

Joseph Cook had some of the elements of greatness. He was an orator, an omnivorous reader, and was primed with a thousand facts and quotations which he could at will call up to confront the superficial objector. His assurance, too, re-enforced by his impressive voice, figure, and manner, was overwhelming.

During one of his lectures, someone disputed him and a few words were exchanged—"Have you," said Mr. Cook, "read so and so, and so and so?" naming a number of foreign *savants*, mostly Germans. His antagonist admitted that he had not. "Then go home and read them, and when you have done so I will talk with you."

But Joseph Cook, it must be admitted, was not only more or less superficial, but he was also in every sense a special pleader, and no special pleader, along scientific lines at least, can achieve lasting fame. He contributed little to the world's equipment, and although he would not admit it and probably did not think it, he was not so much seeking pure truth as he was earnest in his search for arguments—to prove the infallibility of the creed in which he had been reared.

Rev. William H. H. Murray, popularly known as "Adirondack Murray" because of his early adventures in that region and the books he wrote about it, was as interesting as his classmate, Cook. When pastor of a Congregational church in



Meriden, Conn., he regularly mailed to our office every Monday morning, the local paper containing the full report of his sermon of the preceding day. These sermons abounded in startling and sensational surprises, which kept his hearers in an eager state of expectancy. The late Senator O. H. Platt, of Connecticut, was a member of his congregation, and an admirer and intimate friend of Murray. These two were not at all conventional, and moreover, were very fond of fishing. I have it upon the authority of one of the congregation that, during the singing of the hymn before the sermon, the preacher would beckon to his deacon, and on the steps of the pulpit they would quietly arrange for their fishing trip the following day. In the early seventies he became pastor of the Park Street Church, Boston, where for a time he held large audiences, and later his Sunday evening talks in Boston Music Hall were very popular. His books, "Adventures in the Wilderness," and "Adirondack Tales," in which he introduced a character copied after the *Leather Stocking* of Cooper's stories, enjoyed an ephemeral popularity. Murray had gifts and graces, and high ambitions. He aimed to become a second Beecher, and he stood not alone in that futile aim. He, indeed, succeeded in his ambition to preach from Beecher's pulpit. He finally left the ministry and engaged in business, but with little success, and died many years ago.

Daniel Henry Chamberlain, once governor of South Carolina, must not be confounded with that other famous Governor of Maine, Major General Joshua L. Chamberlain, whom Grant in his "Memoirs" tells of promoting on the field for gallantry, and asking the War Department to confirm the act without delay.

Nevertheless, the Governor Chamberlain of whom I now write was a notable man in his day and was endowed with abilities of a very high order. His gifts and graces undoubtedly would have given him a more lasting fame if it had not been for his unfortunate association with the so-called carpet-bag régime in the South after the Civil War, and the sorrows and failing health that came to him later. During the last two years of the war, he saw active service, with the rank of captain. Subsequently, he became a cotton planter in

South Carolina. Later he entered politics and was successively elected attorney general and governor of the state. In these positions he dominated the reorganization of a state ruined by the war, and he did his work honestly and well. It was his misfortune to be among the carpet-bag governors, but he was the exception, and for this he incurred the bitter hostility of the whole gang of plunderers. The Democrats themselves wished to renominate him, but, for reasons of national politics, hesitated to do so.

The famous Confederate General Wade Hampton was his opponent in his second campaign for governor, and disputed his election. Both went to Washington to consult with President Hayes, with the result that Chamberlain gave way to Hampton, and came to New York to take up the practice of law.

It was then, in his visits to our office, that I made the acquaintance of Governor Chamberlain, and I remember him as a man of quiet dignity and unusual charm of manner. He was an orator, and I recall that, as Dr. Beard at Yale was awarded the Townsend prize for English composition, so Chamberlain won the De Forest Medal for excellence in oratory. In referring on one occasion to these fine records, it was brought out that, while Chamberlain was also fourth in standing in his class, his brother, Leander, had even a higher record, as he was not only awarded the De Forest Medal, but was also first in his class.

In his youth Chamberlain showed an extraordinary maturity and power of study, and in oratory endeavored to follow the method of Wendell Phillips, whom he claimed to have heard more than fifty times.

In college he was regarded as the ablest politician. President Woolsey called him a born leader of men, and Secretary Fairchild said he was the ablest man of his time at the Harvard Law School. Whether excessive or not, such praise from such men indicated a high degree of merit. The things that he did are mostly forgotten now, but one cannot well forget his fierce and effective attack upon W. T. Jerome for not prosecuting the Life Insurance Directors in New York for abuse of their trusts. He was literally dying when he launched this philippic, with hardly strength to write.

Chamberlain took a high rank at the New York bar, and was engaged in many important cases. He had the misfortune to lose his wife and four children, and then his health, for the restoration of which he vainly sought change in travel. He died in 1907.

In the year 1888 there moved into a residence opposite mine, at 116th Street and Manhattan Avenue, a bearded young man with a wife and two attractive children (boys). I used to see the wife about five o'clock in the afternoon, drive out with the two children in a little hickory buckboard with one horse, and come back in an hour or an hour and a half later with her husband in the party. I soon learned, as I was called in professionally to see this little family, that the husband was none other than Mr. Marc Klaw, senior member of the prominent theatrical firm of Klaw & Erlanger. It might be interesting to the public to know, for they have vague ideas about the domestic relations of theatrical people, that Mr. Klaw and his family were together at all hours of the day and night when his business rendered it practicable. His wife, by the way, though a very brilliant musician, was not professional and had never been on the stage. She had a beautiful mezzo-soprano voice which was used for the exclusive entertainment of her family and church singing. These were the struggling days of Mr. Klaw, and, as he expressed it then and has since, the most interesting of his career. He has since told me that the exhilaration of the climb is the real joy of the whole thing; or as he put it, "When you get to the heights you usually find nothing but barren rocks and snow."

Mr. Klaw moved into the country a few years later with his little family, as his wife was failing in health; and the tragedy of his life was the loss of this estimable woman from tuberculosis a few years later. He gave several years of his time after her death to finish the early education of his boys, and never married again.

Mr. Klaw is one of the most modest of men, and if his name is a household word in connection with the drama, he cannot very well help it. He is a good talker, and a good listener, and this latter all too rare accomplishment accounts in some measure for his keen insight into human nature, and

his ability to gauge professional capabilities quickly and accurately.

Captain Frederick Hobart, whom it was my privilege to see many times, during his long, painful, fatal illness, illustrated in his character a combination of modesty and merit to a degree rarely equaled. He was not a man of great distinction, according to the world's gauge, although highly educated and of wide and solid information. He was one of those silent men, silently working, whose name never appears in the morning newspapers. But when he spoke he spoke sense. He was therefore the salt of the earth, and I take great pleasure in concluding these simple sketches with this reference to a man of such sterling worth. Here was a man whom all his friends and daily associates addressed as Mr. Hobart. Few of these were aware that he had served throughout the whole course of the Civil War, attaining the rank of Captain while still a mere lad, and fewer still that he had been four times wounded on four different fields of battle. He never voluntarily spoke of these evidences of his heroic service. "Captain," I said to him one day, "were you ever wounded?" "Why yes," he slowly replied, "I had rather an interesting experience on one occasion." "What was it?" "A bullet evidently fired by a sharpshooter, struck me in the chest, but some papers in my pocket, together with an unusual weight of clothing, saved me from more than a superficial flesh wound." He offered no further information, but on being interrogated, admitted that he had had another experience. In a second engagement, a bullet passed through his thigh. Again he offered no further information, but on inquiry I found that he had received a third and more serious wound. This time the bullet ploughed its way through the whole length of the thigh, from the effects of which wound he did not recover for many months. "I carried the bullet for seven years before it was extracted," he said. Further inquiry elicited the fact that there was still a fourth wound to be accounted for, which the Captain acknowledged with his gentle smile. In another engagement he was struck in the head and rendered unconscious, but through one of those strange freaks of fortune, instead of piercing the brain, the bullet was deflected under

the scalp, coming out on the opposite side of the head. It will be observed that in drawing from the Captain these interesting experiences by a pumping process, he began with the most trivial injury, where, if left to himself, the recital would have ended. With the same calm and modest courage with which he had faced death in a score of battles he uncomplainingly and even with a measure of cheerfulness endured the pains of a lingering illness. He was truly a remarkable man. One may well wish to have known him better.

## EPILOGUE

**O**N the anniversary of his eightieth birthday, the poet Whittier received a letter of congratulation from the poet Holmes, with the inquiry as to what the outlook was from that serene height.

Whittier replied that the outlook was good, and urged Holmes to hurry up and get there, since thenceforth there was no more hill-climbing, but all was down grade to the river.

As only a few months separate me from that height of four-score years which so few live to reach, I am constrained to say that my own view and experience accord with Whittier's. The years that have passed since my retirement from the more active duties of my profession have been among the fullest and most satisfying of my career. Time has been mine to review and to correct many impressions of men and affairs. I have been able to follow a better philosophy of living, "like a star unhalting, yet unhalting."

I recognize the fact that more than ever it is the day of young men. The old clergyman is not very much wanted, neither is the old doctor; and so it comforts me to recall the reply of the ancient warrior to the boasting young brave, that "the seventies have all the twenties and forties in them."

And yet age is not so much a matter of years as it is a matter of condition of mind or body, or both. The disadvantages of growing old are many and varied, but who cares to enumerate them? Youth and childhood have their disadvantages, too, and I firmly believe that in many ways the child, the youth and the mature man suffer more than do those who have crossed the indefinable border that places them on the side where the aged dwell. It is indeed a privilege to grow old and it is quite worth while. Only through the experiences of the years can one gain a correct idea of perspective, or a proper sense of proportion. Youth cannot understand age. Youth cannot even understand . . . Youth! Those expressive lines from "Sartor Resartus" come to me:

"Happy season of childhood . . . the young spirit has awakened out of eternity, and knows not what we mean by

Time; as yet Time is no fast-hurrying stream, but a sportful sunlit ocean; years to the child are as ages . . . Sleep on, thou fair child, for thy long rough journey is at hand."

And yet who can weigh the seeming trials of childhood, through groundless fears and erroneous estimation of values. Although transient, these keen fears are harder because there are so few who can sympathize with the woes of a child, and fewer still to whom a child will confide its troubles; for a child is strangely reticent!

Age is less troubled with what it has not. A serene old age not only has its future, but its past as a precious possession, which youth knows not of, or, if knowing, appreciates not.

To survey the past without too much regret and with no bitterness at all, and with all the hurts and disappointments softened by time—to put one's house in order, and to look forward confidently, and unafraid, and to feel that you love and are loved; to know that some of the things that used to seem so vitally important are of little or no importance, and that the little things are the big things after all—these are the blessed privileges granted only to the old.

To me each year brings a fresh fruition, a better understanding, a broader sympathy, and a deeper appreciation. A tranquillity has come into my life and a new enjoyment of Truth and Beauty. Surely these are the things of worth, and call for the deepest gratitude. One hardly needs heaven when one already has so much.

And so long as the advancing years do not make one a burden to others and to one's self—the culminating and supreme sadness that can come to the aged—one can linger on in happiness. We may gain heaven by grace and by the mercy of God, but one cannot gain love except by deserving it, and love is indeed the crown of old age.

And now I must bring these recollections to a close. I must not ramble on forever. Yet, as I sit here before the fireplace, faces glow kindly in the embers and many incidents come back to my memory from the long ago, all unmentioned in these pages. How hastily I have written! How much more interesting I would make it if I could write it all over again . . . of course! Every period of retrospection will bring back people, places, occurrences that merit a special place in

these memoirs. However, no matter how carefully or how often re-written, I should always see reason for wishing it could be gone over yet once more, for perfection is difficult, elusive, impossible.

And so, my reader, forgive me for not saying all that could have been said, and for not saying better what has been said. We are friends . . . old friends, let us say, proved and improved by time . . . and we have been sitting by the fire-side together, with tobacco if you like, and even something more, if the law and the conscience permitted. And so, as good old friends, we have had this chat about the folks we used to know. Surely the most critical can be kind in their judgment of a friendly fireside talk like this. But now my pipe is out, the glass is empty. The time has really come to say good-night. Let me grasp your hand and press it heartily as I leave you with the wish expressed in the poet's words, "Life is a dream. Dream long and sweetly!"



## INDEX

- Adelbert College, 112  
 Adler, Felix, 289  
 Agnew, Dr. Cornelius R., 217  
 Albro, Josh, 49  
 Allen, Rev. A. V. G., 97, 98, 100, 103  
 Alpha Delta Club House, 92  
 Alpha Delta Phi, 92, 182, 290  
 Altman, Benjamin, 289, 290  
 Amelia Court House, Battle of, 169  
 Andover Academy, 276  
 Andrews, John, 280  
 Andrews, Lorin, 82  
 Appomattox, 282  
 Appomattox, Battle of, 169  
 Appomattox Court House, 166  
 Arthur, President Chester A., 281  
 Ascension Hall, 83  
 Astor, John Jacob, 3d, 294  
 Astor, William, 294  
 Astor, Mrs. William, 294  
 Astor, William, Sr., 295  
 Authors' Club, 293
- Baker, Rev. Henry D. D., 205  
 Baldwin, Adjutant Henry, 134, 153.  
 Ball, Black & Company, 64, 75, 76  
 Barings, The, 269  
 Barker, Dr. Fordyce, 125, 234  
 Barnum, P. T., 29, 30  
 Barnum's Museum, 29  
 Beard, Dr. Geo. M., 182, 183, 189, 193,  
     197, 209, 210, 212, 214, 233, 245, 261,  
     269, 270, 302, 307, 312, 317  
 Becker, Tracy E., 223  
 Beecher, Henry Ward, 72, 73, 165,  
     270, 297  
 Bell, Alex. Graham, 298, 299  
 Bellevue Hospital, 123  
 Bellows, Rev. Dr. H. W., 292  
 Berkeley Divinity School, 95  
 Bexley Hall, 83  
 Bierstadt, Albert, 281  
 Biggs, Dr. Herman, 243  
 Black, Starr & Frost, 64
- Blaine, James G., 253  
 Blair, General Frank P., 316  
 Boggs, Rev. Dr., 285  
 Bozeman, Dr. Nathan, 215  
 Bristow, General Benj. F., 235, 237  
 Brooks, Mrs. Arthur, 98  
 Brooks, Phillips, 54, 103, 202, 203, 314  
     Life of, 98  
 Brown, Rev. Percy, 103, 116, 198  
 Browning, Edward, 17  
 Browning, William, 17  
 Brush, Warden, 231  
 Bryant, William C., 208  
 Buchanan, James, 313  
 Burchall, Norval W., 199  
 Burns, Robert, 199, 266  
 Burnside, General Ambrose, 140
- Camp Chase, 103, 113  
 Canterbury, Archbishop of, 97  
 Carlyle, Thomas, 199, 244  
 Carnegie, Andrew, 95  
 Carter, Major-General William H.,  
     311, 312  
 Chaffee, Lieutenant-General, 46, 251,  
     309, 310, 311, 313, 315  
     Mrs. Adna R., 312  
 Chamberlain, Daniel Henry, 319  
 Chamberlain, General J. L., 283, 319  
 Chancellorsville, The Battlefield of,  
     140  
 Chase, Bishop Philander, 83, 255  
 Chase, Camp, 103, 113  
 Chase, Salmon P., 253, 254, 255, 269,  
     272  
 Christy's Minstrels, 29  
 Church Hill Institute, 23  
 Clark, Dr. Alonzo, 130  
 Clay, Cassius M., 115  
 Clay, Henry, 83, 253, 256  
 Cleveland, Grover, 103, 259  
 Coan, Dr. Titus Munsen, 293  
 Cockran, Bourke, 222, 223, 226, 228  
 Cold Harbor, Battle of, 149

- Colgate, James B., 306  
 Colby, Mrs., 276, 306  
 Colgate, Mrs. James B., 306  
 Colgate, Robert, 306  
 Colgate, Robert, Jr., 307  
 Colgate, William, 306  
 Colton, Annie, 108  
 Colton, Lina, 108  
 Columbia University, 124  
 Comstock, Philo, 88  
 Comstock, Seymour, 14, 58  
 Comstock, Steve, 26  
 Comstock's Pond, 31  
 Conway, Moncure D., 293  
 Cook, Joseph, 185, 317, 318  
 Cook, Rev., 90  
 Corey, Rev. Dr. Geo. H., 198, 205  
 Crawford, General S. W., 282  
 Creighton, Bishop, 239  
 Crittenden, Major-General, 116  
 Curry, Rev. Dr. Daniel, 206  
 Custer, General Geo. A., 145, 169  
  
 Dana, Dr. Chas. L., 185  
 Danbury, Conn., 15, 16, 18  
 Darien, Conn., 30  
 Davies, Judge Henry E., 285  
 Davies, Mrs. Henry E., 285  
 Davies, General Henry E., Jr., 145,  
     152, 167, 285  
 Davis, Judge David, 253  
 Davis, Henry Winter, 253  
 Davis, Jefferson, 278  
 Davis, Murray, 93  
 Davis, Rev. Wesley R., 206  
 Dean, Caspar, 96  
 Dean, Dr., 108, 109  
 Detroit, Mich., 59  
 Dickens, Charles, 125, 243  
 Dinwiddie Court House, 167  
 Dodge, General Granville M., 316  
 Dodge, William E., 275  
 Dodge, Mrs. William E., 275  
 Doremus, Dr. R. Ogden, 125  
 Doty, Rev. William D'Orville, 95  
  
 Ectopic gestation, 215  
 Edinburgh Medical Review, 195  
 Edison Current, The, 222  
  
 Edison, Thomas A., 110, 184  
 Edwards, Life of Jonathan, 98  
 Electro Execution, 221  
 Eliot, George, 201  
 Eliot, Dr. Geo. T., 126, 132  
 Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 16, 247, 270  
 Emmet, J. K., 295  
 Emmet, Mrs. J. K., 296  
 Emmet, Dr. Thomas Addis, 130, 215,  
     216  
 Erb, Professor, 243  
 Erie Canal, 88  
 Evarts, William M., 273  
 Ewell, General Richard S., 169  
  
 Farmville, Battle of, 169  
 Fell, Dr. George C., 229  
 Five Forks, Battle of, 167  
 Flint, Dr. Austin, Sr., 130, 192, 196  
 Flint, Dr. Austin, 272  
 Flushing, Long Island, 23, 52  
 Ford, Henry, 278  
 Foss, Rev. Dr. Cyrus D., 204  
 Fremont, General J. C., 313  
 Franklin, Benjamin, 243, 256  
 Fullerton, Judge William, 270, 271  
 Funk, Rev. Dr. Isaac K., 297  
 Funk & Wagnalls, 297  
  
 Gallatin, Albert, 295  
 Gallatin, James, Diary of, 295  
 Gambier, 83  
 Garfield, President James A., 129, 314  
 Gardiner, Colonel Asa Bird, 216  
 George, John, 114  
 Gerry, Eldridge, 232  
 Gilbert, Dr. R. H., 288  
 Gilder, Mr., 28  
 Goin, Charlie, 24, 25  
 Gordon, General James B., 146  
 Gordon, Nathaniel, 280  
 Grant, General U. S., 137, 155, 167,  
     206, 235, 266, 277  
 Gray, Dr. Landon Carter, 225, 227  
 Greenwich, Conn., 18, 20  
 Green, Bishop D. H., 100  
 Gregg, General David McG., 145, 152,  
     164

- Griffin, General Charles, 282  
 Grimes, Senator James W., 272  
 Grosvenor, Rev. Dr., 23  
  
 Haggin, James B., 303  
 Hamersley, J. Hooker, 304  
 Hamersley, William, 305  
 Hamilton, Dr. Frank H., 128, 129  
 Hammond, Dr. William A., 126, 127, 185  
 Hampton, General Wade, 148, 153, 320  
 Hardy, Thomas, 201, 240, 242  
 Harlem, 78  
 Harlem, Old, 200  
 Harper, Jack, 84, 95  
 Hart, Sir Robert, 310  
 Hawes' Shop, Battle of, 148  
 Hawthorne, Nathaniel, 280  
 Hay, John, 310  
 Hayes, Rutherford B., 253, 259, 276, 320  
 Hayes, Mrs. R. B., 258, 276  
 Henry, Professor Joseph, 299  
 Hepworth, Rev. George H., 206  
 Hobart, Captain Frederick, 322  
 Hobart College, 92  
 Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 324  
 Hood, General J. B., 266  
 Hooker, General Joseph, 137, 140  
 Howells, William Dean, 105  
 Howland, Mrs. Gardner, 256  
 Hudson, Dr. E. Darwin, 180  
 Hunter, General David, 149  
 Hurd, Frank, 103  
 Huxley, Professor H., 245  
  
 Indian Rock, 63  
 Irving, Washington, 257, 276  
 Iselin, Adrian, Sr., 300  
  
 Janeway, Colonel, 172  
 Jay, John, 290  
 Jay, Chief Justice John, 290  
 Jay, Judge William, 290  
 Jerome, W. T., 320  
 Johnson, Andrew, 198, 199, 272  
  
 Kane, Colonel Delancey, 300  
 Keeler, Ralph, 105  
 Kemp, George, 300, 302, 303  
 Kendrick, Bishop John, 101  
 Kent, Chancellor, 286  
 Kenyon College, 82, 84, 99  
 Kerwin, General Michael, 228  
 King, Rev. James M., D. D., 206  
 Klaw, Marc, 321  
  
 La Bruyère, 244  
 Lake Waccabuc, 46  
 Landon, Henry B., 119  
 Landon, Susannah, 198  
 Lang, Professor Benjamin, 100  
 Langdon, Mrs., 283  
 Laudy, Professor, 221, 231  
 Lee, General Fitzhugh, 148, 153  
 Lee, General Robert E., 167, 169, 171, 172, 314  
 Leonard, Bob, 28  
 Lewis, Burroughs, 279  
 Lincoln, Abraham, 174, 254, 256, 291, 293  
 Linsly, Dr. Jared, 267  
 Loeser, Frederick, 288, 289  
 Loomis, Dr. Alfred L., 223  
 Lorillard, Pierre, 129  
 Loyal Legion, The, 92  
 Luaces, Antonio, 29  
 Luaces, Emilio, 29  
 Lyman, Commissioner, 238  
  
 McBurney, Dr. Robert, 215  
 McClellan, General George B., 140, 198  
 McCurdy, Robert, 298  
 McCurdy, Robert A., 298  
 Macdonald, Dr. Carlos, 221, 231  
 MacIlvaine, Bishop, 94  
 MacKenzie, General Ranald S., 172  
 McKinley, William, 254, 292  
 McLean, Dr. Malcolm, 217  
 McPherson, General J. B., 235  
 McVicker, Rev. William, 202, 203  
 Mann, George, 96  
 Mansfield, General J. K. F., 282

- Marlborough, Duke of, 305  
 Marquand & Company, 65  
 Marsh, Dr. E. J., 312  
 Marsh, Dr. E. T., 163  
 Matthews, Stanley, 253  
 Mayo, William S., 286  
 Mazzetti's, 25  
 Mendenhall, 93  
 Metcalfe, Dr. John T., 123, 262, 314, 315  
 Michigan, University of 121  
 Milan, Ohio, 88, 99  
 Miles, General Nelson A., 291  
 Miller, "Dr." William, 191, 194, 195  
 Milnor Hall, 85, 86  
 Morgan, General J. H., 115  
 Morgan, J. P., 276  
 Morgan, Tom, 115  
 Morton, Dr. William J., 220  
 Murray, Rev. William H. H., 318  
  
 Nall, Mr., 59  
 Nast, Thomas, 284  
 New Canaan, Conn., 19, 20, 42, 44, 75, 177  
 Newman, Rev. Dr. John P., 206  
 Niven, General Archibald C., 277  
 North, John, 102  
 Norwalk, Conn., 15, 23, 33, 88  
 Norwalk Gazette, The, 53  
 Noyes, Dr., 35  
 Nu Phi Kappa Society, 93  
  
 Old Sarah's Cave, 44  
 Oliver Twist, 181  
 Oronhyateka, 85, 86, 87, 246  
 Owen, Charlie, 29  
 Owen, Thomas, 29  
  
 Packer, Asa, 307  
 Parker, Dr. Willard, 21, 23, 28, 30, 192  
 Payne, Bill, 93  
 Pearsall, Marvin, 25  
 Peck, Alphonso, 18  
 Peet, George Creighton, 239  
 Peters, Dr. George, 215  
 Phillips, Wendell, 320  
  
 Phillpotts' "Dartmoor" novels, 241  
 Pitt, William, 306  
 Platt, Senator O. H., 319  
 Plymouth Church, 72  
 Poe, Dr. Charles, 132  
 Polk, Dr. William M., 314  
 Post, Louis W., 225  
 Potter, Hon. Mr., 273  
 Potter, Bishop Alonzo, 273  
 Potter, Hon. Clarkson N., 273  
 Potter, President Eliphalet N., 273  
 Potter, Rev. Dr. Henry, 273  
 Potter, Bishop Horatio, 273  
 Potter, Howard, 273  
 Potter, General Robert., 273  
 Price, Commodore, 305  
 Price, Lily, 305  
 Pryor, General Roger A., 165, 271  
 Putnam, Avery D., 301  
 Putnam, George Haven, 257  
 Putnam's Hill, 19  
  
 Rapidan, The Crossing of, 139  
 Read, Buchanan, 173  
 Reading, Conn., 14  
 Reams' Station, 157  
 Reese, Dr., 196  
 Richards, Dr., 35  
 Richter, Jean Paul, 183  
 Ridgefield, Conn., 15, 42, 44, 177  
 Ridgefield, Battle of, 43  
 Ridgeway, Rev. Dr. Henry B., 202, 204, 205  
 Roberts, Dr., 36  
 Rockwell, Alphonso David, 13  
 Rockwell, Captain Bertrand, 310  
 Rockwell, Charles Lee, 46  
 Rockwell, John, 178  
 Rockwell, Dr. T. Hawley, 121  
 Ralston, Roswell G., 275  
 Roosa, Dr. D. B. St. John, 219  
 Roosevelt, Theodore, 260, 261, 262, 263, 315  
 Roosevelt, Theodore, Jr., 263  
 Rosecrans, General, 254  
 Ross, Senator George, 273  
 Rosse Chapel, 83  
 Rosser, General Thomas W., 167

- St. Mary's Church, Battle of, 152  
 Sands, Dr. Henry B., 130  
 "Sartor Resartus," 324  
 Schiller, 244  
 Searight, William, 93  
 Sachs, Dr. Bernard, 225, 226, 227  
 Sailor's Creek, Battle of, 169  
 Salisbury, Mrs., 298  
 Salisbury, Professor, 298  
 Scribner, Charles, 280  
 Shaffer, Chauncey, 313  
 Shaffer, Dr. Newton, 289  
 Shepherd, A. R., 236, 237  
 Sheridan, General Philip H., 137, 146, 155, 166, 167, 168, 171, 173, 266, 282  
 Sherman, John, 267  
 Sherman, General William T., 141, 265, 270, 316  
 Shiloh, Battle of, 235  
 Shrady, Dr. George M., 127  
 Sickles, General Daniel E., 259  
 Silliman, Joe, 80  
 Sims, Dr. J. Marion, 130, 215, 307  
 Slattery, Rev. Charles Lewis, 100  
 Slicer, Rev. Thomas R., D. D., 292, 293  
 Smith, General Charles, 161, 162, 163  
 Smith, Daniel, 36  
 Smith, Professor Stephen, 129  
 Smith, E. Delafield, 280  
 Smith, Sydney, 207  
 Squibb, Dr., 196, 197  
 Stamford, Conn., 23  
 Stanton, Edwin M., 253, 259, 276  
 Stanton, Edwin M. Jr., 101, 259  
 Stedman, Colonel William, 134  
 Steele, Dr. Theophilus, 114  
 Sterne, Simon, 280  
 Stony Creek, 156  
 Strong, Rev., 84, 85  
 Stuart, Judge Edward, 112  
 Stuart, General "Jeb," 145, 146  
 Stubbs, Rev. Dr., 285  
 Stuvesant, Peter, 276, 277  
 Sumter, Fort, 282  
 Sweeny, General Thomas W., 315, 316  
 Tappan, Arthur, 218  
 Taylor, Annette, 108  
 Taylor, Dr. Isaac E., 129  
 Taylor, Judge, 108  
 Taylor, Moses, 274, 275, 304  
 Taylor, Rev. Dr. William M., 185  
 Taylor, W. W., 99  
 Thackeray, William M., 279  
 Thaw, Harry, 95  
 Thomas, Dr. T. Gaillard, 215, 216, 218, 314  
 Tiffany & Company, 64  
 Tilden, Governor S. J., 284  
 Tintern Abbey, 240  
 Torbert, General Alfred T. A., 152  
 Tracy, General Benjamin F., 271  
 Train, George Francis, 278, 279  
 Treadwell, Colonel, 262  
 Tremain, Colonel Henry E., 286  
 Trevilian Station, Battle of, 149  
 Trimble, Matt, 94  
 Trollope, Anthony, 242, 248, 279  
 Twain, Mark, 185, 283, 318  
 Tweed, William M., 283, 284  
 Twichell, Rev. Dr. J. H., 185  
 Tyng, Rev. Dudley A., 285  
 Tyng, Rev. Stephen H., D. D., 218  
 Tyng, Mrs. Stephen H., 284  
 Tyng, Rev. Stephen H., Jr., D. D., 218, 284, 285  
 University of Michigan, 121  
 Vanderbilt, Commodore Cornelius, 267, 268, 274, 275, 304  
 Vanderbilt, Captain Jacob, 269, 270  
 Van Dyke, Rev. Henry, 141  
 Van Orden, John, 201  
 Vincent, General T. M., 260  
 Waldersee, Count, 46  
 Waldersee, Countess, 46  
 Wales, Prince of, 86  
 Wallace, General Lew, 114  
 Ward, Mrs. Humphry, 99  
 Warren, General G. K., 282, 283  
 Washington, George, 256  
 Weber, Dr. Leonard, 243

- Webster, Daniel, 253, 256  
West, Alfred, 226  
Westinghouse Electric Company, 221  
Weyman, Stanley, 240  
White, Stanford, 95  
Wightman, T. W., 201  
Wilderness, Battle of the, 146  
Wile, William C., 16  
Williams, Bishop John, 54  
Williams, Rev. Mr., 79  
Wilson, General James H., 145  
Wirt, William, 256, 257  
Woman's Hospital, New York, 215  
Wood, Dr. James R., 128, 129  
Wood & Company, William, 195, 211,  
Woodford, Stewart L., 92, 126, 313  
Woolsey, President T. D., 320  
Yarrington, Rev. Mr., 20  
Yellow Tavern, Battle of, 146  
Yorkville, 200  
Young, Professor Charles, 112









